

THE INDEPENDENT

3,008

SATURDAY 8 JUNE 1996

WEATHER Hot and sunny 40p (IR 45p)

Exclusive: Masterpiece archives were tampered with to give fakes a 'real' history Frauds throw art world into chaos

JOJO MOVES

One of the biggest ever frauds in contemporary art, which threatens to seriously undermine the international art market, has been uncovered by Scotland Yard.

The investigation centres on the Tate Gallery in London following allegations that its archives were tampered with in order to authenticate forged paintings by modern masters.

Scotland Yard has already made several arrests during the

investigation, which began several months ago and involves works by, amongst others, Ben Nicholson and Giacometti.

"We can confirm that our Arts and Antiques Focus Unit, which is part of our Specialist Operations Organised Crime Group is conducting an ongoing investigation relating to records kept in the Tate Gallery," a Scotland Yard spokeswoman said yesterday. Police would not comment further, saying that the investigation was at a "sensitive" stage.

The fraud, thought to stretch back over five years, appears to have been operated by a number of people. One creates a painting, and a second visits an archive and alters or adds to information in the artist's file so that the new work appears to be authentic.

A third person, the "dealer" is then able to sell the work as genuine, telling the buyer that it can be authenticated at a reputable archive source. Police fear that the same technique is being employed in numerous

other galleries, involving other artists' work.

It has been discovered that catalogues, widely used in the art world as the authoritative guide to an artist's work, are said to include references to the forged artworks, giving them false credibility.

Those arrested have been released on police bail, pending further inquiries. They are not thought to be related to the art galleries concerned, none of which have been implicated in the inquiries.

The investigation is thought to have been triggered when a London-based art dealer bought a watercolour painting by British artist Ben Nicholson for £18,000 "in good faith" - that is without official records to authenticate it.

The dealer went to the Tate archives to check the work's history, and discovered it was a forgery. A number of alterations to the Tate's archive of Nicholson material, in order to validate the new, forged works of art, were later discovered.

All the forged works were described by one source as having "an extremely strong provenance" (authenticated history), which is why the fraud went undetected for so long.

"I have seen Nicholson paintings over the years which at first I accepted in good faith but then I came to realise something was wrong," said one expert. He added that if a work seemed a little "off", in some cases experts would assume that "the artist had had a bad day".

A spokesman for the Tate

Gallery yesterday confirmed that the investigation was taking place, but refused to comment. "It is ongoing and we're co-operating," he said.

During the course of its investigations, Scotland Yard's Arts and Antiques Squad is said to have been searching for one man in particular, who is believed to have been using the pseudonym "John".

The Tate's archives are available to the public by appointment and are widely used by students and dealers attempting

to authenticate or trace the history of works of art.

Staff at the Arts Council, which also holds an extensive archive of British art, are also believed to be amongst those questioned by police to determine whether they have been approached by the man.

Pamela Griffin, who manages the Arts Council archive, said she knew nothing about the inquiry and added that all files were given out individually and only available to be studied under supervision.

Bat brings fear of rabies back to Britain

NICHOLAS SCHOON
Environment Correspondent

Two women are receiving rabies prevention treatment this weekend after being nipped by a bat which is very likely to have carried the disease.

Ministers said last night that there was no cause for alarm after the discovery of the animal in Newhaven, East Sussex. But the Government advised people to avoid handling sick bats and to see a doctor immediately if bitten by one.

The tiny, fairly rare Daubentons bat, weighing just eight grams, was found hanging on a house wall, distressed and unable to fly. It attempted to bite anyone who tried to handle it.

The bat, which has since been put down, is highly likely to have come from the continent where bat rabies is widespread in several countries. The flying mammals are known to cross the Channel and North Sea on the wing but this one could have arrived on a ship.

The Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food has organised a search for a colony or other individuals of the same species but has not found any yet. Nor is it likely to, for there appears to be little suitable habitat in the area. The species hunts for insects over fresh water and roofs, under bridges and in other cool, damp places.

"We have no evidence that this was anything other than an isolated case," Tony Baldry, Agriculture minister, said.

In Europe there have been only two probable known cases of people having died from rabies contracted from bats. The most recent involved a 30-year-old Finnish teacher who had handled bats around Europe. In 1985 he developed classic rabies symptoms - spreading paralysis, intense pain and great excitability and fear.

The two women in Newhaven received small nips rather than deep bites. The MAFF declined to name them, but one is a volunteer with a bat conservation group who was called to see the sick animal, and the other was helping her.

The dead animal was sent to the MAFF's central veterinary laboratory at Weybridge, Surrey, early this week. An initial antibody test indicated that it had the virus. Three further sets of tests are now being carried out and it will take three weeks until rabies is confirmed.

The two women are receiving injections which should enable them to fight off the virus if it has entered their bodies. Judith Hilton, a senior medical officer with the Department of Health, said the prognosis with modern anti-rabies treatments was excellent provided it began very soon after the bite.



Five held in hunt for IRA bombers

JASON BENNETTO
and ALAN MURDOCH

Five men were being questioned last night by anti-terrorist officers hunting the IRA unit responsible for the bomb in London's Docklands which killed two people.

The arrests, which are considered a significant breakthrough, followed raids in London and South Armagh yesterday morning. Further arrests are expected soon.

But in an ominous development yesterday an Irish plainclothes detective was shot dead and another critically wounded in what gardai believe was an IRA fund-raising robbery in the Limerick village of Adare. The IRA denied any involvement in the incident - its members have long been under orders not to fire at Irish security forces.

The arrests of the five men in connection with the blast at South Quay in east London on 9 February are understood to have been a result of information obtained from surveillance cameras and from witnesses.

The men are being questioned about the lorry bomb as well as a number of other terrorist attacks. This is expected to include the two Semtex bombs that were planted at the south side of Hammer-smith Bridge in west London in April.

Four of the men were detained in South Armagh as Scotland Yard anti-terrorist officers, supported by the RUC and the Army, searched farm outbuildings near the village of Forkhill. The four were flown to London for questioning.

The fifth man was arrested in Barking, east London under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. Irish police last night named the dead policeman as Gerry McCabe 52, from Ballyknifford, County Kerry, a father of five. Ben O'Sullivan, 52, from Cork, who was also shot was taken to hospital in a critical condition with shoulder and facial injuries.

Intense preparations, page 2

Let's not get in a froth about *la rage*

SARAH HELM
Brussels

"The bats could be interesting for the UK," said Professor Pierre Sureau, when I met him a decade ago at the Institut Pasteur in Paris. The professor made his prophetic statement with distinct glint in his eye. He knew then Britain's rabies defences were threatened by bats.

The bat-man at the Ministry of Agriculture knew it too. Surrounded by bats in bottles, bats pinned on boards, bats on posters, he described Britain's multi-million pound programme of anti-rabies controls, and spoke of the need to monitor the passage of infected animals through the soon to be built Channel tunnel.

But he admitted there was no way of stopping an infected bat flying across the Channel. "You can't be sure. They do get blown of course," he said.

Europeans have always



Warning: Posters at Channel ports highlight British fears

laughed at Britain's draconian anti-rabies regulations, and Britain's rabies obsession has provided many a continental with a metaphor for Britain's fear and loathing of Europe. Yesterday, when they heard Britain had identified a rabid

bat, commission officials could not resist a laugh at Britain's expense. "Rabies in Britain? I know there's been a lot of frothing in the mouth in the Commons of late," said one official, who normally fields questions on the beef ban.

Ever since Fritz, a black and white terrier, went mad in Camberley in 1969, sparking the first rabies emergency for 50 years, Britain has insisted on six month quarantine for all pets arriving in Britain as well as instant vaccination on arrival. Yet, the fact is that no human rabies has been transmitted in Britain since 1902.

Rabies is virtually eradicated in animals in Western Europe, thanks to concerted vaccination programmes. Nobody has died from the disease within the EU for 22 years. Yet all around the British coast cats and dogs must linger in quarantine, while their owners pine away, spending vast amounts on the kennels.

The British rules have caused havoc for the EU's regulations on free movement.

Rabies has had a strong political symbolism in Britain and its appearance just at the time when the beef of Old England is being regarded on the continent as a danger is a remarkable coincidence. British ministers have often cited rabies as the prime reason for refusing to agree on European proposals for relaxing frontier checks.

When plans were laid for building the Channel tunnel, Britain insisted on numerous high-tech installations to ensure that rabid dogs or foxes did not slip across. Yet now, our defences have been punctured by a single bat.

Rabies symptoms in a human are horrendous, and include paralysis and hydrophobia (fear of water). A medical description I came across read: "The patient picks up a cup to drink, but even before the liquid has reached his



Carrier: A Daubentons bat is believed to have had rabies

lips his arm shakes and his body is contorted with violent spasms. . . . Cries of alarm may be distorted and the voice begins to sound like a bark."

But the fact is that although rabies does still kill hundreds of thousands of people every year, the deaths are almost all in Asia, Africa and South America. Nobody on the continent of Europe wants rabies in their midst either - which is why our Eu-

ropean partners have launched their eradication programmes. The disease has been pushed back on the continent by killing stray dogs and by immunisation with a vaccine that was invented by Louis Pasteur in Paris in 1882. Fears that rabies might be on the march rose in Europe in the 1960s when the number of foxes escalated.

Improved vaccination schemes have done the trick. According to the European Commission the number of cases of rabies in animals in EU member states was reduced by 70 per cent between 1990 and 1994. Possible spread of the disease from Eastern Europe, after the end of the Cold War, has been averted by stringent border monitoring and special vaccination along the borders.

Bats were identified as possible rabies carriers several years ago, and the European Commission is now examining ways of controlling bat rabies too.

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QUICKLY	
'Revolution' at BBC	Page 3
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The most radical reorganisation in BBC history will see the closure of its historic headquarters, Broadcasting House in Portland Place.	

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Ulster peace process: Parties and governments in intense preparations for crucial opening

Hopes and suspicions as talks draw near

DAVID MCKITTRICK
Ireland Correspondent

Northern Ireland parties and the British and Irish governments will spend the weekend in intense preparations for Monday's opening talks on the future of Northern Ireland and Anglo-Irish relations.

Opinions vary on whether the talks will represent the first steps towards a momentous new agreement, or whether they will degenerate into sterile hickering and walkouts.

The only near-certainty is that Sinn Féin will not be at the talks, since there appears no likelihood of the IRA declaring a new ceasefire in time.

Although the absence of the republicans means the talks will be more limited, some hope that they may nonetheless make useful progress. Others hope that a ceasefire will follow, allowing Sinn Féin to enter.

The Irish government and the main nationalist party, John Hume's SDLP, appear highly satisfied with the agenda and arrangements thrashed out during this week's negotiations. Unionist politicians, by contrast, have been critical.

The Rev Ian Paisley's Democratic Unionists particularly attacked the important chairmanship role given to the former US Senator George Mitchell. Mr Paisley's deputy, Peter Robinson MP, asked: "What degree of impartiality can Unionists expect from a Catholic Irish-American from the same stable as the Kennedys?"

There is expected to be close argument over the agenda and over decommissioning of arms. Mr Robinson's criticisms of Mr Mitchell suggest the chairmanship may also be raised.

The republicans will be ob-

serving whether the main Unionist leaders take as stern a line on the question of loyalist weaponry as they have on the issue of IRA de-commissioning. John Major yesterday brushed aside suggestions that the MP Terry Dicks was about to eliminate his Commons majority by resigning the party whip over government policy on Northern Ireland.

While party managers insisted that the immediate crisis over Mr Dicks had already been averted, the MP was said by colleagues to be considering the issue. Mr Dicks's complaints about Mr Mitchell's role have exposed pessimism over the outcome of the talks on the unionist wing of the Tory party.

Mr Major said in his Huntingdon constituency: "I think when Terry sees what's happening the problem will fall away. The peace talks are operating on the back of the Mitchell Report. Everyone agrees we will have to assert that they accept the Mitchell Report at the outset of discussions."

Ministerial efforts to calm backbench unrest over the influence Mr Mitchell will exercise were boosted yesterday when Andrew Hunter, chairman of the Tory backbench committee on Northern Ireland, said that his own "fears and apprehensions" had "proved groundless" now that he had read the documents outlining the form of the talks.

But another senior Tory backbencher, Nicholas Budgen, said Mr Dicks was not alone in his views. "A general argument that Terry Dicks put forward about resenting the interference of the Americans, and of being sceptical as to whether these talks can lead to any binding solution, is a view which is widely shared on the Tory benches."



A police cordon at a house in east London yesterday, the scene of a pre-dawn arrest by anti-terrorist officers, in connection with the Docklands bombing. Four people were arrested in the IRA stronghold of South Amagh.

New guard takes power Maverick unit opposes peace

DAVID MCKITTRICK

The question posed by those who live in hope of another IRA ceasefire is the same posed by those journalists now playing the game of "hunt the army council" - or, who calls the shots in the republican movement?

Until a few years ago the answer was clearcut: the IRA army council made the final decisions. Sitting at the top of the republican movement, appointed by an "executive" of holed-out old-timers, it arrogated the decision on who should live and who should die.

It would keep an eye on general republican opinion, and would often consult with Sinn Féin before reaching decisions, but it called the shots. For one thing it was the controlling body of an army, and thus had the right to command. In a more mystical sense it regarded itself as a kind of government in waiting, keeping the flame alive until Ireland could be united.

Speculating as to who is on the army council has long held a fascination. As far back as 1971 a British army general named five republicans as leaders of the IRA, including two relatives of Gerry Adams.

In the intervening years many newspapers have tried to update the list, concentrating, allegedly, on Joe Cahill, Martin McGuinness and, more recently, Gerry Kelly. What is striking, however, is how security sources are always so much less confident than journalists as to who exactly is on the army council and what precise positions individuals occupy.

The reality, as reflected in last week's strong election endorsement of the Adams approach, is that the republican movement is becoming more and more above board; that the grassroots are opting for negotiation rather than warfare; and that it is coming to matter less and less who is behind the masks of the army council.

ALAN MURDOCH

IRA units in south Munster who were last night blamed for the post office van raid in which a police officer was killed are understood to have always been strongly opposed to the ceasefire.

Gardaí believe they enjoyed considerable autonomy within the organisation. They have long played a leading role in raising the estimated IR£5m it takes to run the IRA annually.

Late last year Kerry IRA leaders were reportedly reprimanded for moving weapons without approval. A senior IRA official was reportedly sent to impose discipline. Earlier this week security reports spoke of a sudden increase in the level of contacts between known IRA logistics personnel who were under surveillance.

Munster IRA units were blamed for an abortive robbery in Charleville, Co Cork, in December. Two years ago at Kil-

mallock, 12 miles from Adare, they were blamed for another post office armed robbery.

In the 1980s they carried out the then biggest-ever Irish cash robbery when they closed a road to traffic before robbing IR£500,000 from a security van.

It emerged yesterday that only a month ago that the killed policeman, Gerry McCabe, had warned former justice minister and Limerick TD (MP) Des O'Malley of the serious security threat in the area during a three-day Anglo-Irish Inter-Parliamentary Group gathering. "I expressed surprise at the (high) level of security at the event," Gerry McCabe said it was a dangerous area and we cannot take any risks given," said Mr O'Malley. Garda McCabe was the 12th member of the Irish security forces to be killed since 1970, and the first to die on duty since 1985.

SIGNIFICANT SHORTS

An American doctor who has helped 28 seriously ill people to commit suicide is now planning to harvest organs for transplant from the deceased. The scheme has outraged the American and British medical establishments, who have barely come to terms with the success of Dr Jack Kevorkian's campaign in the United States to legitimise doctor-assisted suicide. Last month, Dr Kevorkian, 68, evaded imprisonment for the sixth time after years after a jury in Michigan acquitted him of causing the death of two women.

Critics of the new scheme fear that some patients who are terminally ill may feel pressured into agreeing to suicide so their families could benefit from any potential profits. A British Medical Association spokeswoman said that it opposed any attempts to legalise a doctor's part in a patient's suicide. "It would undermine a fundamental principle in a doctor's support for the value of life. Given this position, it would be difficult for us to condone the harvesting of organs," Profile, page 19, *LEADER*.

Members of a gang which smuggled alcohol worth millions of pounds into Britain for sale in London cash-and-carry shops were sentenced yesterday. Under the leadership of a former member, the men operated a commercial operation involving 50 hired vans and several semi-trailers. Over a nine-month period the gang, known as the Lymingtons, imported alcohol, particularly high-strength lagers, worth £4m. The total amount of beer and wine duty evaded between April and December 1994 was £2m.

Ten men who admitted evading duty received sentences ranging from 120 hours' community service to 30-month jail terms when they appeared before Maudsloe Crown Court in Kent. Four other gang members who had denied the charge and were tried last month were also found guilty. Two of them received nine-month and 18-month jail terms while the remaining two will be sentenced on 4 July.

Hampshire County Council was yesterday ordered to pay more than £16m compensation, plus a legal costs bill of at least £2m, over the destruction by fire of a prestige company headquarters because of a "bad blunder" by the county fire brigade. The High Court has ruled in March that the council was liable for damage to the Basingstoke headquarters of Digital Equipment Ltd, despite argument that fire brigades owed no legal duty to the owners of buildings and were, like the police, immune from being sued as a matter of public policy.

It was believed to be only the second judgment to be obtained against a United Kingdom fire service for alleged negligence in the course of its work. The council is to seek leave to appeal and a "stay" on the damages order.

A notably Karпов made a good start to the defence his (International Chess Federation) world championship, when his challenger, Garry Kasparov, resigned the first game after 16 moves. The game had been adjourned after seven hours' play on Thursday and was due to resume yesterday, but overnight analysis had convinced Karпов that his position was hopeless and he resigned without continuing play.

The match of 20 games, which is expected to last five weeks, carries a prize fund of almost £1m. It is being played in Elista, the capital of Kalmykia, a Russian republic on the Caspian Sea. Both Karпов, 45, and Kasparov, 22, are currently ranked lower than Garry Kasparov, who is champion of the rival Professional Chess Association. The full moves of the first game can be found in the Weekend section, page 31, *William Harrison*.

The broadcaster and former *That's Life* presenter Glyn Worsnip, who suffered from the brain disease cerebellar ataxia, has died. He was 56. Mr Worsnip joined *That's Life* in 1976 and stayed with the show for eight years.

THE INDEPENDENT ABROAD

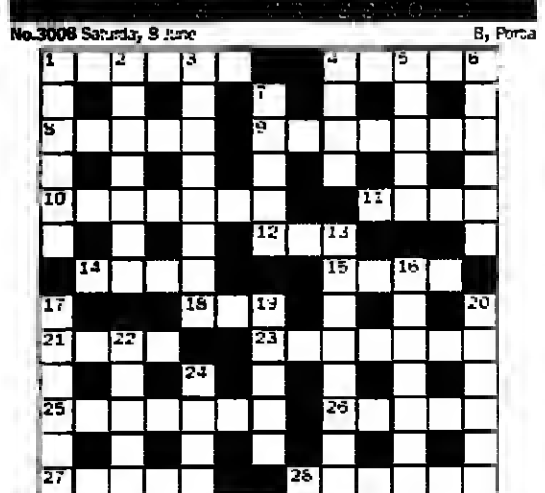
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- ACROSS**
- Woodland (6)
 - Compassion (5)
 - Prize (5)
 - Regular (7)
 - Under discussion (2,5)
 - Despicable (4)
 - Moderate (6)
 - Tranquil (5)
 - Persian fairy (4)
 - Reckless (4)
 - Intimidate (3)
 - Orient (4)
 - Shifty (7)
 - German port (7)
 - Mute (5)
 - Twang (5)
 - Scant (6)
- DOWN**
- Disturbance (6)
 - Attain (7)
 - Cruel (8)
 - Frozen rain (4)
 - Greek market-place (5)
 - Moderate (6)
 - Tranquil (5)
 - Introduction (8)
 - Nasty party (7)
 - Procedure (6)
 - Balance (5)
 - Slurm (6)
 - Brazilian dance (5)
 - Replete (4)

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:

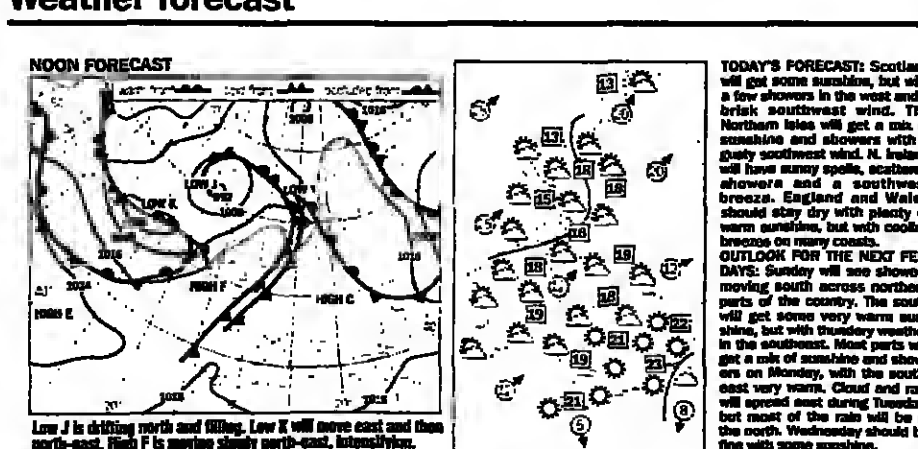
ACROSS: 1. Scone, 4. Aids, 5. Sunk, 10. Harb, 11. Inca, 12. Pato, 13. Mergat, 15. Gnat, 17. Vind, 19. Suede, 22. Joven, 23. Crag, 27. Marm, 29. Orion, 30. Quene, 31. Brown, 32. Elder, 34. Aids, 35. Crag, 36. Suede, 37. Aids, 38. Crag, 39. Suede, 40. Aids, 41. Crag, 42. Suede, 43. Aids, 44. Crag, 45. Suede, 46. Aids, 47. Crag, 48. Suede, 49. Aids, 50. Crag.

Notes

Out and about with AA Roadwatch

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Weather forecast



City	Temp	Wind	Cloud	Precip
London	15-18	SW	Partly	No
Birmingham	14-17	SW	Partly	No
Manchester	13-16	SW	Partly	No
Newcastle	12-15	SW	Partly	No
Glasgow	11-14	SW	Partly	No
Belfast	10-13	SW	Partly	No
Cardiff	12-15	SW	Partly	No
Edinburgh	11-14	SW	Partly	No
Liverpool	13-16	SW	Partly	No
Nottingham	14-17	SW	Partly	No
Sheffield	13-16	SW	Partly	No
Southampton	15-18	SW	Partly	No
Wolverhampton	14-17	SW	Partly	No
York	13-16	SW	Partly	No

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هكذا من الأصل

Changing face of BBC: Bureaucrats replace programme makers at Broadcasting House while Radio loses independent status

Radical shake-up seals Birt's final victory

MATTHEW HORSMAN
Media Editor

The BBC yesterday unveiled the most radical reorganisation in its 75-year history, in a move that confirmed the ultimate victory of John Birt's management revolution, and the final defeat of the corporation's retreating old guard.

The crowning insult was the confirmation that the BBC's historic headquarters, Broadcasting House in Portland Place, central London, would finally be emptied of all those who actually make programmes, and that the noble independent status of BBC Radio, the older but poorer sister to flash BBC Television, was to be crushed once and for all.

From early next year, BH, as it is known to staff and outsiders alike, will be home to "suits", the bureaucratic "Birtians", while the makers of such programmes as Radio 4's *Today* programme are to be banished to the soulless expanse of White City in west London.

That much had been known for some months. Worse, for those who hold the traditions of BBC Radio dear, the reorganisation unveiled yesterday will see the wireless operations completely subsumed under a new "streamlined" and efficient management structure, in the final chapter of Mr Birt's modernisation drive.

Judged against the extent of the British victory, the restructuring itself seems oddly prosaic. From 1 April next year, the public-service broadcaster will for the first time separate its broadcasting and production operations, giving a new chief executive of BBC Broadcast control over scheduling and commissioning of programmes on radio and television.

But the move, which mirrors to a degree the system used by commercial broadcasters Channel 4 and ITV, is an inexcusable step towards transforming the BBC into a "virtual corporation", which could eventually

shed its production operations altogether.

The new head of BBC Broadcast, responsible for scheduling and commissioning for both radio and television, is Will Wyatt, current head of BBC Television and, like Mr Birt, a man who has demonstrated little interest in radio.

Any doubt that Mr Birt, whose revolution has been bitterly resisted, had not won the battle outright was swept aside yesterday, when he confirmed that he would stay on as the BBC's £286,000-a-year director-general for another four years.

The BBC itself sees the changes as a way of "gearing up" for the digital age. In the next few years, it intends to introduce pay-television channels, a 24-hour all-news service and other supplements to the BBC1, BBC2 and radio operations.

It is the next logical move from Mr Birt's previous reforms - which featured cost-cutting, streamlining and "producer choice" allowing producers to choose whether to contract outside or internal services when they made their programmes. In the current round, another 20 per cent is meant to come out of production costs.

Mr Birt, who assumed his role in 1992, said the corporate restructuring had been contemplated as early as 1993, but was viewed as too radical a step. With digital television looming, a new structure was crucial.

"What we've got to ask ourselves in an ever more crowded broadcasting market place is how is audience need and taste changing, how can we satisfy the needs of our audience most effectively across television and radio," Mr Birt said in a BBC radio interview. "We now have a structure that will enable us to do that for the first time."

Reflecting Mr Birt's desire to introduce a more focused management structure, the reorganisation creates two new posts - a chief executive for BBC Broadcast, Mr Wyatt, and for BBC Production, Ronald Neil. Mr Wyatt



Past and present: Robert Douglas (left) voice of the BBC in the 1950s. Centre: Broadcasting House, which will no longer make programmes. Right: Today presenter James Naughtie



will oversee four "directors" of television, radio, regional broadcasting and education.

Liz Forgan, who left her job as head of radio last April, is believed to have been briefed about the proposed restructuring and found it not to her taste. The new director of radio, Radiol controller Matthew Bannister, will fill both positions but will report to Mr Wyatt.

Critics within the BBC immediately warned that the corporation's radio services would be downgraded and that the quality of mainstream services would be jeopardised.

"This is very concerning for radio," a senior journalist said. "We have always been the poor cousin, but at least when we had a separate directorate, we felt that we could

be independent and flourish."

There was also concern that the BBC World Service would decline in quality once its English-language services were placed under the direct control of the new production arm.

"It looks to me as if this is another stage in the steady corraling of the World Service into structures which may or may not suit the domestic BBC, but which I think probably do not suit the structures of the World Service," John Tusa, former director of the service, said.

Mr Birt rejected the criticisms. "By bringing together all production - television, radio and multimedia - and separating it from scheduling and commissioning, we are creating the world's largest broadcasting production powerhouse."

Shock waves set to hit quality of radio

PAUL FIELD

The radical shake-up at the BBC will inevitably result in a diminution of quality radio programming, according to the former head of the World Service.

John Tusa, now managing director of the Barbican Centre, London, said the restructuring of the corporation will involve more bureaucracy, which is likely to reduce resources for programme making.

"There must be real doubts about what it is going to achieve," he said. "I am also

concerned about suddenly separating commissioning and production. It seems to be excessively tidy, excessively rigid."

Mr Tusa was particularly alarmed by the changes to the World Service. "... if the programme making capacity of the World Service ... is in any way taken away and put into some centralised programme making, then I think the programmes are going to work less well for the World Service in English," he said.

One BBC radio journalist said: "We are totally bemused at the complexities of the

changes. People want to make sure that radio is represented as well now as it was before."

Joelyn Hay, chairman of the pressure group Voice of the Listener and Viewer, said she feared BBC radio would be sidelined by television under the new structure, which "bodes ill" for BBC core services.

After the announcement that Michael Green would leave the BBC once he has completed 10 years as controller of Radio 4, speculation mounted about whether any executives would leave opposition to its management.

It would not be the first time - it is understood that Liz Forgan resigned in February, as managing director of BBC Radio, aware that the radical reorganisation was on its way.

Other key BBC executives have recently quit the corporation: the head of light entertainment, David Liddiment, and Nick Elliott, head of drama series.

Charles Denton, who as head of drama oversaw the adaptation of *Bride and Prejudice*, said that the "Orwellian" regime under John Birt had undermined his ability to make good programmes.

Stubbs's equine masterpiece puts animal passion into the National

The most powerful and valuable thoroughbred in Britain will not be going into the stalls for today's Derby at Epsom. Instead, he will be found rearing up on his hind quarters in Room 34 of the National Gallery.

The name of the riderless horse with the untameable look in his eye is *Whistlejacket*. He was sired by Mogul, the Godolphin Arabian, out of a mare by Sweepstakes; he was owned by the Second Marquess of Rockingham, for whom he won a small fortune in prize money; and he was made immortal by George Stubbs.

Whistlejacket was painted in 1767 for 40 guineas. Worth rather more than that these days, the picture is one of the masterpieces not merely of British art but of world painting. Its arrival at the National Gallery - placed there on indefinite loan by a descendant of the aristocrat who commissioned it - constitutes one of the most thrilling additions to the public art of this country.

There was palpable excitement inside the museum as the huge work was hoisted on to the wall by two muscular but infinitely gentle picture-handlers wearing white gloves. As the great pictures always do, *Whistlejacket* immediately made its presence felt on the other works around it.

Hung alongside a line of elegant Grand Manner Augustan portraits - including Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Lord Heathfield, Governor of Gibraltar, and Thomas Gainsborough's portrait of Mr and Mrs Haller, otherwise known as *The Morning Walk* - this great brute of a horse unsaddled in its original plan, and ordered Stubbs to leave out the King. Stubbs's spirited charger is

'Whistlejacket' is a feast for the eyes, writes Andrew Graham-Dixon



Stubbs's *Whistlejacket*

Photograph: Private collection

was summed up by one of the first members of the public to see it in its new setting. A 10-year-old boy bounced into the room, looked up at Stubbs's horse, stopped dead, stared for several seconds and then, with reverence, murmured: "Cor".

According to legend, *Whistlejacket* was originally commissioned as an equestrian portrait of George II, but the Marquess of Rockingham subsequently decided that he was insufficiently fond of the monarchy to go through with his original plan, and ordered Stubbs to leave out the King. Stubbs's spirited charger is

the Whig view of history incarnate, an eloquent symbol of the British nation state as aristocrats such as Rockingham liked to idealise it - proud and free, having unseated the absolutist monarchy once and for all.

Compare *Whistlejacket* with the National Gallery's other, earlier great equestrian portrait, *Charles I on Horseback*, in Room 21 - and you have the before and after of British constitutional history in front of your very eyes. Charles's steed stands obediently still beneath his high and mighty burden, but no King will ever saddle *Whistlejacket*. We might still tol-

erate the monarchy, Stubbs's picture says - but we will never let them hold the reins of power again.

But the greatness of the picture lies not in its historical meanings, but in what Stubbs himself made of his unusual commission. His patron insisted not only that he leave out the King, but also that he leave the background unpainted. What to many other artists would have been an impossibly meagre subject was, to Stubbs, a chance to omit everything except the bare essentials.

Our attention is compelled by the bulk and daunting power of this incomparably painted animal. This lends the picture a whiff of scientific inquiry, the horse isolated as one might a specimen. But, pulling against that, there is the sheer life of the horse. Stubbs's picture is an emblematic compression of animal energy itself.

Stubbs had been to Rome in his youth and he surely intended his picture, so like a bas-relief in effect, to evoke Greco-Roman grandeur and monumentality. But the picture looks forward as well as back.

It prefigures the horse paintings of Gerico (see the National Gallery's *Horse Frightened by Lightning*, Room 41, which is deeply indebted to Stubbs), of Delacroix and of Picasso.

It was Stubbs who showed all those painters that to paint animals can be a way of grasping aspects of the human predicament that had seemed beyond the reach of art.

As Robert Hughes has tellingly written, the eventual progeny of the Stubbs horse would be "the horse in *Guernica*, thrusting its outraged neck towards the indifferent sky of the twentieth century".



Mobile phone contracts 'unfair'

CLARE GARNER

Nine out of 10 of the country's leading mobile phone suppliers require consumers to sign contracts that are unfair, unintelligible and littered with sneaky small print, the Office of Fair Trading announced yesterday.

Orange, Vodafone, Cellnet, Mercury, Asiac Communications, British Telecom, The Peoples Phone Company, Motorola Tel-co, and UniqueAir have all been threatened with possible legal action unless they improve their contracts.

John Bridgeman, director-general of fair trading, said

yesterday: "I have asked these businesses to drop unfair terms. If they do not, I may have to seek an injunction to prevent the use of such terms in the future. The sort of terms I am concerned about are those which unduly weight the contract against the consumer and in favour of the business."

"They could, for instance, be in small print or exclude a company from responsibility for what its representatives say."

Some contracts contain up to 100 clauses which few consumers would understand. Contracts should contain "no hidden terms", and the terms

in small print should not be in print much smaller than is used in any other documents intended to be read and understood, said Mr Bridgeman.

He said he was unhappy with some contract terms, of which each company was guilty of at least one. These included the length of time consumers were tied into the contract, the lack of a "cooling off" period once the contract was signed, the fees payable for disconnecting from a service and the absence of a full cash price alternative to the price of a subsidised handset.

The industry regulator, Ofcom, which receives around 4,000

complaints and queries each year from customers with mobile phones, supported the OFT's action. Don Cruickshank, Ofcom's director-general of telecommunications, said: "The single biggest area of concern to these customers is the terms included in contracts."

Vodafone caters for 2.5 million of the UK's 5.5 million mobile phone subscribers. A spokesman explained why it had 12-month contracts. "The phones are heavily subsidised by the operators... A customer can buy a phone on the high street for £25 that probably cost £250 from the manufacturers."

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news

Secondary schools' debate: Prime Minister joins critics attacking Blair over speech calling for end to mixed ability teaching

Labour under attack for failed education ideals

FRAN ABRAMS
Education Correspondent

The Prime Minister accused Labour of failing to live up to its own ideals yesterday as Tony Blair promised reform of comprehensive schools.

As the Labour leader called for fewer mixed-ability groups and criticised some comprehensives for low expectations, John Major dismissed his speech to a Oxfordshire girls' school as a public relations exercise. He said Mr Blair should apologise for 30 years of his party's education policies in Labour local authorities.

"If this is Mr Blair's policy we don't have to hear him saying it, we can see Labour education authorities actually doing it. Where they can actually take action, nothing whatsoever is happening," he said.

Mr Blair said at Didcot Girls' comprehensive that mixed ability schools were failing some pupils. A Labour government would ask all schools to stream pupils by ability unless they could prove that they could deliver high standards through

mixed-ability teaching, he said. While many comprehensives were doing well the disparity between the best and the worst in British education was still far too great.

Mixed ability teaching makes heroic assumptions about resources, teachers and social context," he said. "The modernisation of the comprehensive principle requires that all pupils are encouraged to progress as far and as fast as they are able. Grouping children according to ability can be an important way of making that happen."

Labour would reform both teacher training and school inspections to encourage the use of streaming and would expect its own, highly qualified "advanced skills teachers" to find ways of making it work.

Mr Blair said Labour's first priority should be to raise pupils' performances in maths, English, science and technology. The future of Britain's 160 grammar schools should be a matter for parents.

"We will not waste the energy of government in a vendetta

against grammar schools. No good school will close under Labour," he said.

The plan drew criticism from all sides of the political spectrum, though. Gillian Shephard, the Secretary of State for Education, said Mr Blair's commitment to comprehensive education proved he was against the choice and diversity championed by the Government.

"The Labour Party would abolish grant-maintained schools, specialist schools and grammar schools and would return to a monolithic comprehensive system, except of course for the children of some Labour frontbenchers, including Tony Blair himself," she said.

Doo Foster, the Liberal Democrats' education spokesman, dismissed the speech as another attempt by Labour to steal the Conservatives' clothes. "They're telling teachers what colour chalk to use next. Labour should be making a commitment to increase resources for education to reverse the Tory cuts that have done so much damage," he said.

Leading article, page 13



School memento: Tony Blair being presented with a book after his speech at Didcot Girls' school (Photograph: Dillon Bryden). Below: A 1960s comprehensive

Why a comprehensive change is not needed

Thirty years after a Labour government circular asked local authorities to submit proposals for comprehensive schools to replace grammars and secondary moderns, Tony Blair and David Blunkett, the party's education spokesman, argue that comprehensives in their present form have failed.

In one sense, they are right. Comprehensives have not persuaded some middle-class parents in inner cities – such as Harriet Harman, Labour's employment spokeswoman – that they are good enough for their children.

But a blanket denunciation of comprehensives is unwarranted. While they may appear to have

Analysis

failed from the London viewpoint of the Harman and Blair, in rural areas and where they have a balanced intake of different abilities, they are successful. Survey after survey has found most parents happy with their children's schools and around 90 per cent of secondary pupils are in comprehensives.

Only in places where the level of disadvantage is high is there significant discontent. One reason for recent concern may be a growing polarisation of schools. Research by Caroline Benn and Clyde Chitty,

leading figures in the comprehensive movement, suggests that increasing numbers of such schools have an unfair share of either middle-class or working-class pupils.

The effect of comprehensives on standards has never been satisfactorily measured. With private and grammar schools creaming off more able pupils in some areas, comparisons are difficult to make. Ms Benn and Mr Chitty found that comprehensive school exam results in areas without private, grammar or opted-out schools were much higher than in those with such schools.

Comprehensives under Labour would be better, Mr

Blair says, because they would be encouraged to replace mixed-ability teaching with setting, grouping according to pupils' ability subject by subject.

He is not advocating a return to the rigid streaming widely discredited in the Sixties for its failure to motivate lower-ability pupils. He is, however, attacking the notion of an ideological pursuit of mixed-ability teaching to promote equality. Nearly all the experts agree with him.

Professor Ted Wragg's research in the late Seventies and early Eighties, concluded that it was extremely hard for the average teacher to cope with children of all abilities. The result was often "the sheepdog effect",

with the teacher chivvying along those in the middle and neglecting the most and least able. Even the pupils disliked it with 72 per cent preferring setting.

But Mr Blair is wrong if he believes that mixed-ability teaching is prevalent throughout comprehensives. Even by the time the Wragg research was completed, schools were changing their tack on pupil groupings.

The Benn and Chitty study of more than 1,200 comprehensives found that mixed-ability grouping for all pupils in all subjects was confined mainly to the first secondary year, where about half schools use it. By the following year, the figure is down to 17 per cent, and a year later to 6.5 per

cent. Figures from the Office for Standards in Education show that the vast majority of schools set pupils for academic subjects in the two years leading up to GCSE. Only 6 per cent of pupils are in mixed-ability classes for maths, 19 per cent for modern languages and a quarter for English.

The scope for improvement by persuading schools to change their approach to grouping children may be less than Mr Blair supposes. He will need a more imaginative programme to persuade parents and teachers to have confidence in inner-city comprehensives.

Judith Judd



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Dixons There's a great deal going on

True blue professional pours scorn on 'amateurism' of sporting chiefs

A fierce blast of cold realism was dealt to a nation overheating at the start of a sporting summer yesterday with a Commons denunciation of the "incompetence" and amateurism of Britain's sporting establishment.

The Test and County Cricket Board was dismissed as an out-of-touch "gin and tonic brigade", the Lawn Tennis Association "a curse on the game", and the Football Association a "bunch of amateurs".

The drubbing came from David Evans, Tory MP for Welwyn and Hatfield but, more relevantly, a director and former chairman of Luton Town Football Club and the only MP to have been both a professional footballer (Aston Villa) and a first-class cricketer (Warwickshire and Gloucestershire).

As his colleagues jayed on about a summer of sporting success on the basis of the Test match starting well for England, playing host to the Euro 96 football championship and Wimbledon on the sweltering horizon, Mr Evans turned on the cold shower.

He did not think England was destined for victory in any of his three favourite sports – football,

Inside Parliament

Stephen Goodwin

cricket and tennis – until players and managers rediscovered "the old English virtues of discipline, modesty and common sense".

He said Terry Venables, the England football coach, had shown "moral cowardice" in refusing to name the players responsible for damage on the Cathay Pacific flight from Hong Kong.

He looked forward to Mr Venables's replacement, Glenn Hoddle who, he hoped, would be a manager with his top shirt button done up rather than a "Sunday morning Jack-the-lad manager".

As for the team, "Gazza and the rest" should not be taking the field against Switzerland at Wembley at all today. Mr Venables should have resigned over the flight fiasco and the whole squad should have been dis-

missed, he said. Those in future who wore the England shirt would then have been aware of their responsibilities and "worn it with pride".

Mr Evans' criticism of English cricket was much the same. Captains had press conferences "in flip-flops, unshaven, no jackets..." while the team wore watches and sunglasses on the field in a Test match, "not to tell the time or to keep out the sun but to line their pockets with money from sponsors".

Decrying the need for a manager for a home series, he said the Test administration team were all ex-players, "the gin-and-tonic brigade, all out of touch and flapping around now not knowing how to arrest the decline of cricket".

But he found tennis "the most ludicrous situation of all", with no female players in the top 100 in the world and only one male player won Wimbledon was 60 years ago.

The Lawn Tennis Association had the game in its grip but had been a "total disaster" in providing facilities for youngsters. The LTA was run by "losers", he said, "people who have never won anything either on or off

the field".

His solution was to end the LTA's stranglehold on tennis finance by ending its right to run Wimbledon and collect the £20m pot. "The LTA is a curse on the game and will continue to be so until the All England Club are brave enough to say enough is enough," Mr Evans said.

Paul Gascoigne's in-flight party was the subject of a bitter exchange between right-winger Lady Olga Maitland and Joe Ashton, Labour chairman of the all-party football group, who said the incident had been blown out of all proportion.

"Are you suggesting that it is totally excusable for this appalling behaviour?" demanded Lady Olga. The fact is that these men put on the most appalling behaviour, they were a disgrace to Britain and they should have been disciplined."

Mr Ashton retorted that Lady Olga only knew what she had read in the papers and added that nine hours after the flight had landed "two cleaners went on to the plane and then ran to the press and said there had been some damage. That's when it took off."

'the i writing is on fire!'

allison pearson, independent on sunday

arts news

edited by David Lister

Sound investment: Festival a celebration for independent record label that boasts established stars and bright new hopes

Grapevine tastes the fruits of success

DAVID LISTER

Today, one of the top rock events of the year, the Fleadh, takes place in London. Many of the headlining acts have one thing in common. They are all signed up to a small independent record label which has come from nowhere to challenge the multi-national record labels.

Last night, the Grapevine label took over a London venue, the Borderline club, and threw a fifth birthday party for invited guests. They were treated to a concert featuring some of the label's most famous names - Emmiyou Harris, Mary Black, Christy Moore and much acclaimed newcomer Sinead Lohan.

Black, Moore and Lohan will play at the Fleadh today, along with several lesser acts



Emmiyou Harris: Album has sold 100,000 in the UK

also on the Grapevine label. Emmiyou Harris is about to start a British tour under the auspices of the National Music Festival. Other stars on the label include Sixties heroes The Kinks and Joan Baez.

It is a remarkable success story, started by two disillusioned music industry workers who decided to "have fun and sign up some of our heroes".

Steve Fernie and Paddy Prendergast backed their hunch that, even though the artists had fallen out of favour with the major record companies because of changes in fashion, their creativity was bound to ensure future success.

The Kinks' last album on CBS sold 5,000 copies. Their first album with Grapevine sold 23,000. The current Emmiyou Harris album has sold 100,000 in Britain. Fernie and Prendergast are now moving from signing established stars to bright new hopes. Sinead Lohan's debut album has been hailed in the music press as one of the best albums of the year.

"We are not afraid to take on

people considered unhip," says Prendergast, who previously ran a record manufacturing brokerage company above Camden Market. He and Fernie, who used to work for EMI, use a personal touch with all their artists. They went to Nashville six times to sign country star Emmiyou Harris, and still leave postage-paid cards on every seat at concerts to build up a database of fans.

The company now has a £5m turnover and promotes and markets throughout Europe. Prendergast commented: "The difference between us and the major labels is that we will stand by our artists if they want to do something bold or something they feel a little bit unsure about. They can change direction as much as they like. We sign them because we believe in them."



Mary Black: Among the headlining acts at the Fleadh

Ray Davies of The Kinks: Enjoying a career comeback

Diverse images that transcend artistic divide

RCA students respond to criticism by 'Independent' photographer Brian Harris

Can photography be art? The Independent photographer Brian Harris raised this question (Independent 6 June) after viewing some of the work of the final year photography students. He was "appalled" by the quality and suggested that some students seek an alternative vocation.

As the controversy rages on at the Royal College of Art over the unprecedented high rate of failures and referrals of photography students, the suitability of a newspaper picture editor as assessor to a fine art course has been questioned by the students. We thank Mr Harris for his critique of students' work, albeit made after seeing the catalogue rather than the show. He eloquently illustrates the great difference between photo-journalism and contemporary art, of which he evidently, and not unreasonably, has little understanding.

A glance at contemporary art would confirm to any sceptic the importance of the photographic image across all disciplines. The majority of visual artists are multi-skilled, using a range of media in their work. This method is reflected in the RCA Fine Art Degree Show. Photography forms a proportion of the painting, printmaking and sculpture shows.

The debate is more complex than the simple question of whether photography is art. There are many more interesting and constructive ways to investigate photography's pivotal role in art, the mass media and popular culture. Any informed debate about photography must inevitably cover all these crucial aspects of photography's identity as a medium. The artist Cindy Sherman draws on and decries the iconography of Hollywood, yet also employs the language of Renaissance painting. Whilst she, rightly, never has to justify her status as an artist, Sherman has also produced fashion shots for *Vogue*, bridging what Mr Harris seems to see as an impossible divide.

The Canadian artist Jeff Wall produces work which encompasses straight photography as well as digital imagery, and is shown as light-boxes on the scale of advertising hoardings. Contemporary photography encompasses a variety of prac-

tices from photo-journalism to the abstract; its practitioners are aware of these complexities and choose their role knowingly.

This is nothing new. Throughout this century photography has been central to art practice, from Impressionism to Pop Art, from Surrealism to Minimalism. Used directly by artists such as Duchamp, Man Ray and Moholy Nagy, photography has also had a profound effect across the visual arts.

Given this rich diversity it is sad to encounter the narrow-minded view of photography as a rigid entity, unable to transcend the purely descriptive. Photography is as wide in its concerns as the world from which it draws its images.

The work of the RCA final year photographers is complex, considered and deserving of



Success: 'Brothers', which passed the RCA exam

serious attention. From the documentary to the abstract, through video and installation, the work is rich, exuberant and challenging. The depiction of a journey along a Roman Road tests our notion of history and change to the landscape. An enormous portrait has a broody presence which engulfs the gallery. These describe work by two unsuccessful students.

In assessing the students work, we would have preferred an informed opinion. As he says, Mr Harris shares our craft. He does not share our concerns though, and without even visiting the show he gave himself no chance to understand them. If we did our research as sketchily as Mr Harris, we would deserve to fail.

The Fine Art Degree Show runs until 16 June, Royal College of Art, Kensington Gore, London SW7.

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Russian poll: Zhirinovsky rides a new hobbyhorse

Fascist threat or court jester?

HELEN WOMACK
Moscow

On a hot afternoon late last month, a dozen park workers in the city of Yaroslavl were leaning on their shovels, taking a rest from digging the flower beds. Only one of them had made up his mind how he intended to vote in the coming presidential election. The rest, like about half of the Russian electorate, were still wavering.

"I'm for Wolfovich [Vladimir Wolfovich Zhirinovskiy]," said Alexander Zabelin with a grin. "And what's wrong with that? Germany had Hitler and see how well the Germans live now." Gradually his workmates began to take up the idea, and soon it was a chorus of "Zhirinovskiy, Zhirinovskiy, Zhirinovskiy."

The incident was very instructive. Russia's presidential election is being portrayed by the domestic and foreign media as a two-horse race between Boris Yeltsin and his communist challenger Gennady Zyuganov. But among the runners is a dark horse with a consistent track record of surprising those who discount him.

The notoriously unreliable Russian opinion polls predict Mr Zhirinovskiy, extreme nationalist leader of the Liberal Democratic Party of Russia (LDPR), will win about 5 per cent of the vote. But Mr Zhirinovskiy says he has a realistic chance of finishing third in the first round on 16 June.

If he does indeed beat contenders such as the market reformer Grigory Yavlinsky, the moderate nationalist Gen-

eral Alexander Lebed, and the eye surgeon Svyatoslav Fyodorov, he will be in a powerful position to bargain with Mr Yeltsin and Mr Zyuganov, who are widely expected to face each other in the second round.

In the latest election campaign, the bad boy of Russian politics, who in the past has threatened to extend the Russian empire over half the globe and make any countries which object, has been projecting a more moderate image. Coalitions are his new hobbyhorse.

Last week, he suggested he would be prepared to co-operate with Mr Zyuganov against Mr Yeltsin - "if Zyuganov goes down on his knees to me". Then this week he came up with the idea of a government made up of all the election candidates under Mr Yeltsin. The communists could have the social welfare portfolio, he said, General Lebed could be the defence minister, and Mr Zhirinovskiy himself could be in charge of justice and propaganda.

Six years after Mr Zhirinovskiy appeared on the political scene, it is hard to know what to make of him. Does he represent a genuine fascist threat? Or is he just a mad joker?

He emerged in 1990, arguing for Thatcherite-style market reforms. In the presidential election of 1991, in which he came third, he became more populist, promising cheap vodka, but there was still little sign of the rabid nationalism which was to help the LDPR to do so well in the 1993 parliamentary election: at his victory press conference, he gave out copies of his book *Last Thrust to the*

South, in which he spoke of Russian soldiers "washing their boots in the warm waters of the Indian Ocean". *Last Wagon to the North* followed, in which he described how those who disagreed with him would be carted off to Siberia in cattle trucks.

If, however, one cuts through the outrageous bluster, one sees that in practice, Mr Zhirinovskiy has done very little to undermine Mr Yeltsin, even remaining loyal to him over Chechnya. Is he then a licensed jester, acting as a safety valve for the Kremlin incumbent by frightening the sensible majority into sticking to the status quo and drawing off the loony vote?

Who the mystifying Mr Zhirinovskiy really is may become clear if he gets to hold the balance of power. For then he must say publicly whether he supports Mr Yeltsin or the Communists - and what he wants for himself.

But until then, it seems, Vladimir Zhirinovskiy is trying to be all things to all men.



All things to all men: Presidential candidate Vladimir Zhirinovskiy with supporters in Orechovo-Zuevo, 100km north-east of Moscow. Polls suggest he will come third behind President Boris Yeltsin and Communist leader Gennady Zyuganov in the first round of voting on 16 June. Photograph: Misha Japandze/AP

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Archaeologists in Israel fear grave-dig ban

PATRICK COCKBURN
Jerusalem

A prohibition on excavating ancient Jewish graves demanded by ultra-orthodox Jews in the wake of their election success may end serious archaeological research in Israel.

Archaeologists fear the incoming government of Benjamin Netanyahu will give in to an ultra-orthodox demand for rabbinical supervision of all excavations.

"Already we don't excavate ancient cemeteries even when we know where they are," said Professor Ami Mazar, director of the Archaeological Institute at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. "This makes it very difficult to carry out research. Now [the ultra-orthodox] want excavations to be supervised by rabbis."

The black-coated Haredim, the ultra-orthodox, have always objected to archaeologists disturbing Jewish bones, however long ago they were interred. When they suspect this is happening they demonstrate in their thousands, often bringing the excavation to a halt.

Professor Mazar said a turning point came last year when the Attorney-General, Michael Ben-Yair, decided that bones "should no longer be considered as antiquities. We thought the law was supporting us and we suddenly discovered that it didn't". As a result, all bones have to be handed over to the Ministry of Religious Affairs on the same day they are dug up.

Israeli archaeologists fear that restrictions on their work are about to get much tighter. In negotiations about joining a coalition under Mr Netanyahu, the ultra-orthodox are asking that all excavations of graves be ended. They also demand that in future no excavation be started without the permission of the Chief Rabbi and that work should be supervised by an ultra-orthodox inspector.

The professor said that archaeologists in Israel already try to excavate settlements rather than graveyards, and warned: "In future archaeologists could be sued for digging up a tomb."

Nor is it just archaeologists who can be inconvenienced. By law in Israel rescue excavations must be dug before new houses or roads are built. This causes problems for contractors if graves are discovered. At Givat Ram, in west Jerusalem, for instance, the construction of the Route No 4 highway has stopped because an old Jewish cemetery lies in its path.

■ Damascus (Reuters) — Leaders of Egypt and Saudi Arabia arrived yesterday for joint talks with the Syrian President, Hafez al-Assad, as Syria warned that Israel's hardline Prime Minister-elect, Benjamin Netanyahu, was imperilling the Middle East peace process.

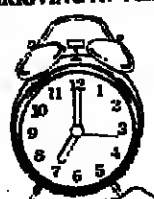
Mr Netanyahu said on Thursday that he envisaged "confidence-building" moves with Syria ahead of a full peace deal, although he was opposed to giving back the Golan Heights.

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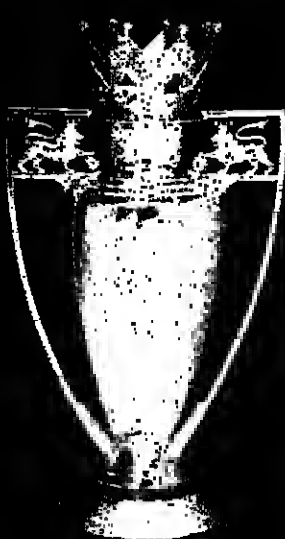
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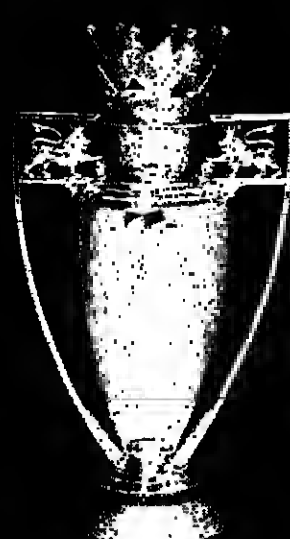
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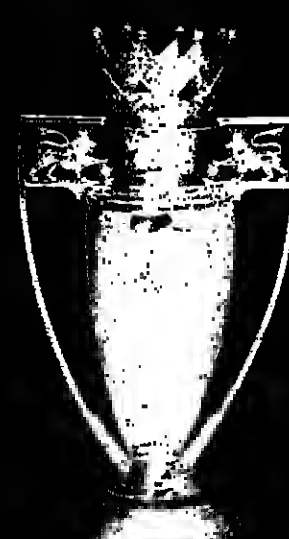
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Urban futures: In Istanbul they are discussing partnership; in Los Angeles division is the issue

World's cities talk one language

HUGH POPE
Istanbul

It all began with the twinned town: a noble idea to build peace in post-war Europe whose proud signs on the roads into so many cities now mean little more than how well the mayor and corporation can expect to wine and dine on their summer break.

But today's local governments are having to fit into a far more sophisticated international network. This is not just a case of a British local council managing funds from Brussels. An emerging class of world mega-cities is looking to follow cities, not national government, for ideas and solutions.

As the two-week United Nations Habitat II "City Summit" in Istanbul tries to "cure the urban soul", local government is emerging as the key in a new approach to increasingly similar city lifestyles, environmental standards and ways to deal with poverty.

"It's been very good to find ourselves the darlings of the conference. Without us, there is no way the UN can get down to local level. Without us, it can't deliver its shelter and housing agenda," said John Harman, leader of the council of Kirkcaldy, a town of 400,000 people in Yorkshire.

Mr Harman claims the honour of being the first member of a local authority to officially address a UN forum, speaking on the first day of a conference that would normally be the sole preserve of central government. Non-Government Organisations (NGOs) have also been allowed to have a say for the first time.

Before the Habitat II conference, 400 local government leaders also met in the largest gathering yet of the World Assembly of Cities. The group acts as an umbrella for the four international federations of local government representatives, and published an ambitious declaration of future inter-city co-operation and demands for greater devolution of national power.

"The town must be recognised as the pivotal human settlement... this World Assembly should be considered as the institutional interlocutor and partner of the specialised agencies of the United Nations system," the declaration said.

Local government leaders are quick to stress that they do not see themselves as alternatives to central government. In most developed countries, including Britain, local government representatives felt they were fully part of the process of putting together a national agenda for Habitat II.

"I don't think the 21st century is going to be city states in opposition to governments. It's about partnership," said American delegate Kurt Schmoke, the mayor of Baltimore. Developing countries are more likely to see political differences between local and national government, and when the 21st century starts, they will have 18 of the world's 25 mega-cities of over 10 million people.

According to one of the NGOs trying to break down the national barriers, the New York-based Mega-Cities Project, such independent action is part of a growing appreciation that despite cultural and economic differences, big cities have their own agenda.

Mega-Cities' executive director, Janice Perlman, noted the political anomaly that while half of the world's absolute poor will be in urban areas, only 15 per cent of the worldwide flow of \$4bn of aid money goes to address basic urban needs. "All very large cities have a great deal in common," she wrote. "Every First World city today now has within it a Third World city in which unemployment, over-crowding, hunger, disease, malnutrition and high infant mortality are the norm."

Government agencies are also trying to cross-fertilise in order to keep themselves relevant. In Baltimore, Mayor Schmoke was astonished to find himself adopting a USAID project designed for Kenya that brought up school immunisation rates from 62 per cent to 96 per cent.



Areas like Bombay's slums (above) are closer to the First World than their inhabitants realise. Photograph: Rex Features

"Likewise, every Third World city has within it a First World city of international fashion, high-technology, global communications, transnational corporations and post-modern taste."

Mega-Cities is just one of a new generation of organisations seeking to link up city governments, and not all are private. A UN-sponsored "Best Practices" initiative to be put out on the Internet for all city managers singled out 100 ideas for awards, including a Glasgow energy-saving housing initiative and Britain's magazine for the homeless, the *Big Issue*. Government agencies are

also trying to cross-fertilise in order to keep themselves relevant. In Baltimore, Mayor Schmoke was astonished to find himself adopting a USAID project designed for Kenya that brought up school immunisation rates from 62 per cent to 96 per cent.

Above all, Mega-Cities is trying to change negative attitudes towards cities among rich elites. It portrays them not as nightmares but as their poorer residents see them, particularly in developing countries, as the main source of economic hope.

Most Habitat II documents can be found on the Web site: <http://www.undp.org/urban/habitat>

Residents see them, particularly in developing countries, as the main source of economic hope. Most Habitat II documents can be found on the Web site: <http://www.undp.org/urban/habitat>

LA's angry suburbs threaten to secede

OTIM CORNWELL
Los Angeles

This was not, it was clear, California's answer to the break-up of the Soviet Union. The dozen people gathered on the steps of a boarded-up municipal building in the San Fernando Valley were law-abiding businessmen and homeowners who cleared their throats before they spoke.

No, no, they insisted, they weren't ready to declare their independence from Los Angeles. They didn't even want to talk about secession, or the "mega-divorce", as one headline irreverently called it. While they spoke of democracy and self-determination, they were more interested in policing and potholes.

The city of Los Angeles on any map resembles two large splotches joined at the hip by the Santa Monica mountains. The south-eastern blob contains most of what visitors think of as Los Angeles: Hollywood, the downtown, the airport. Geographically it also embraces Beverly Hills and Santa Monica, although they are separate municipalities.

The Valley, to the north-west, is home to 1.2 million people, roughly a third of LA's population. Taken alone, it would be the sixth largest city

in the country and one of the richest. But it is treated like a poor stepchild, said Irwin Sliem, a member of the chamber of commerce at the meeting.

"You go travelling, somebody asks you where you are from, you say the San Fernando Valley and they say 'where is that?' People don't come to the Valley because nobody knows anything about it."

On 12 June the California Senate votes on a bill pushed by local assemblywoman, Paula Boland, that would remove the right of the LA city council to veto a secession vote by the Valley or any other part of the city.

The Boland Bill's chances of passage seem poor. But it has revived long-held gripes that the government of a city with 3.4 million people and covering an urban mass that stretches for 60 miles is a sprawling monster, which is dysfunctional and out of touch.

For Valley residents, driving to City Hall to make a point is easily a two-hour round trip. Secession, supporters say, may be one answer.

"It's too big, just too big. Split it, break it up," said Raymond Jackson, who blamed gangs, graffiti and abandoned buildings in the mostly black south-east section of the Valley on years of short-changing by the city.

The Los Angeles city charter was drawn up in 1925 when a population of 900,000 included just 25,000 in the Valley. It was only after the Second World War that its citrus groves were carved up for cheap suburban housing along endless straight avenues criss-crossing the valley floor. Eighty-six per cent of the homes were built after 1950.

Although it has nearly half of LA's 467 square miles, the Valley has only a fraction of its sights and restaurants and just one museum, the "Merle Norman Classic Beauty Collection", which boasts vintage cars and mechanical musical instruments.

But the *LA Daily News*, the Valley's newspaper, a poor sister of the *Los Angeles Times*, has championed the Boland Bill and the cause of a separate Valley identity. "Why do the downtown powers treat the Valley with unfairness, disrespect and outright contempt?" it asked in a recent editorial.

"This is part of the ongoing debate on how to reform city government," said Councilman Michael Feuer. People in LA from South Central to the up-market West Side, like residents of every major city in every country in the world, felt "very frustrated, that they've got the short end of the stick," he said.

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Dole attempts to end party's abortion feud

RUPERT CORNWELL
Washington

With his Presidential candidacy still stumbling, Senator Bob Dole has set forward a compromise to patch up the Republican feud over the critical issue of abortion. But the first signs yesterday were that he had failed to satisfy either pro-life conservatives or pro-choice moderates.

In a carefully worded statement designed to defuse an argument which could wreck this summer's nominating convention, Mr Dole said he wants to retain the plank which has been in the Republican platform since 1980, supporting an amendment to the constitution making abortion illegal. But as a matter of "civility", he urged the party must show "a decent regard for the opinions of those who disagree".

With that formula, the presumptive nominee hopes to prevent a spectacle which would surely doom his White House prospects — an ill-tempered public brawl in San Diego pitting prominent party moderates

against the hardline social conservative Republican wing, led by the former commentator Pat Buchanan.

"Let me be very clear: no one will be turned away from our convention because they do not agree with me on these issues," said Mr Dole, who is opposed to abortion but with an intensity often deemed insufficient by the Christian right and other pro-life activists.

This faction reacted with some suspicion yesterday, as Ralph Reed, the leader of the Christian Coalition, warned he would resist any attempt to place any language conciliatory to the pro-choice camp alongside the demand for a constitutional amendment. And Mr Reed warned Mr Dole would face massive protest if he picked a vice-presidential candidate who favoured abortion rights.

That alone would rule out the two possible running mates who would give Mr Dole the highest lift — retired General Colin Powell and Governor Christine Whitman of New Jersey, as well as other popular figures

from the centre such as Governors William Weld of Massachusetts and Pete Wilson of California. All of them maintain that the anti-abortion clause should simply be excluded from the platform altogether, and Mr Wilson said yesterday that Mr Dole had not gone far enough in the search for a "realistic and relevant" stance on abortion.

By moving now however, the outgoing Senate majority leader hopes at least to have secured time to quell any mutiny before the convention, the party's last and greatest set piece opportunity to showcase its policies before the election on 5 November. And with the campaign's dynamic still running in the President's favour, there is scant margin for error.

Despite the tumult in political Washington over the recent Whitewater guilty verdicts, Mr Clinton's standing in the polls has not been affected. He continues to lead Mr Dole by 15 or 20 points in most polls, and though a growing number consider he and his wife are hiding something, only one in six Americans believes White-

water to be a "very important" matter and few deem the candidates' "character" a decisive factor in the forthcoming vote.

That proportion may increase in the next few weeks, as Republicans sitting on the Senate Whitewater committee deliver what will be a scathing report on the affair, and a new trial begins in Little Rock on 17 June, in which Mr Clinton has again been subpoenaed to give video-taped testimony. Most menacing of all is the investigation of the special prosecutor Kenneth Starr, and the possibility — to put it no higher — of further indictments of people close to the President.

Most importantly, perhaps, the economy is voting for Mr Clinton. Yesterday's news of 348,000 new jobs in May is further proof that solid growth continues.

Above and beyond the rhetorical skirmishing over a balanced budget, the figures show that under this administration the deficit has halved, from \$290bn (£190bn) in 1992 to a forecast \$145bn in 1996.



Dirty business: A mock gas mask fixed by Greenpeace activists to the Siegessäule (Victory Column) statue in Berlin in protest at pollution by ozone. They say traffic is one of the primary sources of the toxic gas. Photograph: Reuters

Mystery clouds the many deaths of Brother No 1

STEPHEN VINES
Hong Kong

First he died from bullet wounds. Then he was dying of cancer. Now it's malaria which is said to have finished him off.

Pol Pot, Asia's most infamous mass murderer, dies on a regular basis — in the world media, at least. The latest dramas in international newsrooms were triggered by a report from the French news agency, Agence France Presse. Nobody else could confirm the story, but it was too good to miss, so other world news agencies followed up with reports of their own, about the (possible) death of the Khmer Rouge leader who is held responsible for the deaths of up to 2 million people.

Yesterday, a Khmer Rouge spokesman denied the reports of Pol Pot's death. Which neither proves nor disproves the veracity of the original reports.

Pol Pot, now 68 if he is still alive, has not appeared in public for more than a decade and a half. He has been surrounded by guerrillas who specialise in the art of concealment. It is almost impossible to know what goes on inside the Khmer Rouge leader's various hiding places near the Thai border.

The government in the capital, Phnom Penh, has every reason to wish for Pol Pot's death, but is being careful about confirming his demise.

Nevertheless, King Sihanouk, who has his own health problems and twice formed an alliance with the Khmer Rouge, could hardly contain his glee. "If Pol Pot is really dead," he said, "Cambodia and its people will be rid of their worst criminal."

Thai intelligence sources were dismissive about the

reports of Pol Pot's death. They are alleged to be closer to the Khmer Rouge than the Bangkok's official position of support for the Cambodian government would suggest.

Confusion over the life and possible death of the man who organised the murder of a quarter of Cambodia's population, is typical of Pol Pot's history.

Even his age is a matter of dispute, as is his family background. The Khmer Rouge insisted his circumstances were humble but most sources say he came from a family of prosperous farmers.

Such was the secrecy that surrounded Pol Pot's life that his brother, Saloth Nhep, did not even know that he had become the Khmer Rouge "Brother Number One" until he saw a poster of him in 1977 — two years after Pol Pot had gained power.

The official word from Phnom Penh is that the Khmer Rouge will wither without Pol Pot at the helm. But like its leader, the guerrilla organisation has been written off as dead a number of times before, only to spring back to life.



Wanted dead or alive: Pol Pot, elusive mass murderer

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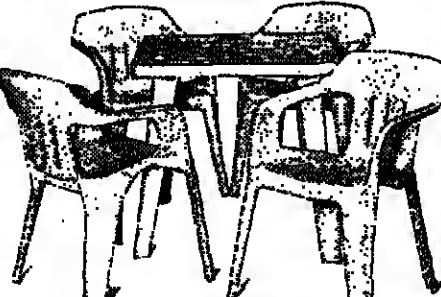
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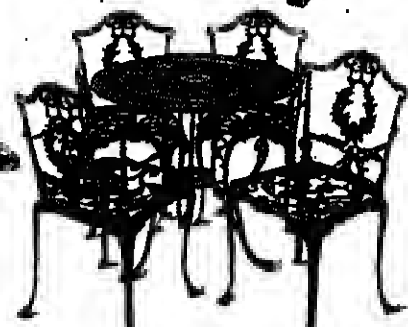
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Here is a theme for Labour's school song

Education is not the same as education policy. The former is a dense, half-understood business of classrooms, corridors and bells - 15,000 hours for each child's school life, Michael Rutter calculated, and during how many of them are the grey cells switched on? On the outcome of that daily grind, oppressive and liberating in equal measure, whole lives hinge. Education does not just secure access to a job, it builds capacity for lifelong stimulation.

Education policy, by contrast, is what Tony Blair was engaging in yesterday in his Didcot speech. It is also what Gillian Shepherd is striving to do with her voucher plans as the right-wing Tory hounds bay at her heels. Education policy is usually about structures - local management for schools, opting out, selection, national tests. Structures affect what happens in the classrooms and corridors, but only tangentially. The teacher is the key to every educational door. There was meat in Mr Blair's speech yesterday, but a lot of it was dead flesh from slain holy cows. Real education - what the teacher does, her values, competences, responsibilities and rights - were disconcertingly absent.

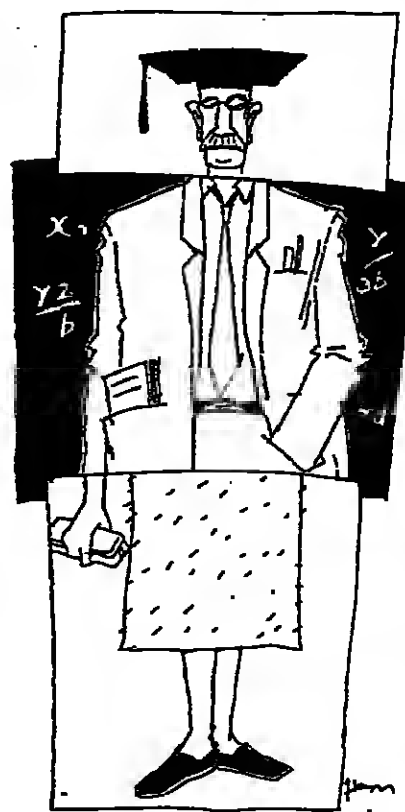
Labour will say it is building policy brick by block. That is fine; but cultures were never changed by agenda item - they are changed by creating a new, appealing idea to which people (in this case, the teaching pro-

fession) yearn to subscribe. We need, along with the policy detail, a convincing picture of what the New Labour expects an ideal teacher to be.

Mention bricks, and those who remember their education history will think of Pink Floyd and "Another Brick in the Wall". The song - with its angry chorus of Islington Green children - is a handy symbol for the burden Labour still carries: urban nightmare schools staffed by trendy-lefty teachers who cared more for the "socialist" project than they ever did for the individual children passing through their classrooms. It was a hit just four years after Jim Callaghan's celebrated speech at Ruskin College, Oxford, to which Tony Blair yesterday did obeisance.

Ruskin was indeed a remarkable event. Here was a politician saying for the first time that what goes on inside the secret heart of the school, the classroom, not only matters but should radically change. Callaghan was unable to translate his alarm into a policy. Not only Pink Floyd but twenty subsequent National Union of Teachers' annual conferences have demonstrated the extent of the failure to shift the profession's core.

Tory analysis is right, in part. The hearts and minds of significant numbers of professional teachers were captured by an ideology not just alien to the bulk of parents but detrimental to the life chances of most children. But that is not the whole story. Tory analysis never



accepts the responsibility of successive Conservative education ministers, and their cabinet colleagues, for belittling the ethic of public service on which, ultimately, good teaching rests; nor does it see how there is a vital difference between a trade union consciousness (which schools could well do without) and properly rewarded professionalism.

New Labour buys much of the Tory critique. David Blunkett has been audacious enough to spice it with Woodheadery. Chris Woodhead, chief inspector of schools, is too evidently enamoured of the political game to make him a trusted auditor. Yet it is hard not to agree with his savage horticulture. Some schools are rank with pedagogical weeds.

But once they are out, what kind of teachers should replace them? Tony Blair talked yesterday - again this is a cross-party commonplace - of bringing more real world experience into the schools. Good, but he still needs to tell us what he thinks a good teacher looks and sounds like.

Hard policy choices will have to be made, some of them offensive to Labour supporters. Teaching is first and foremost about mental skills, from reading and figuring at the early ages, to knowledge acquisition and expression later. And because teachers are not, therefore, social workers, they need political support, for example, in excluding disruptive pupils.

Messrs Blunkett and Blair will of course

bear in mind the paradox of idealism. Those left-wing teachers who have done so much damage were sincere, and very often passionate in their desire to achieve an egalitarian social revolution. Mr Blair instead offers a kind of realistic idealism, in which values such as discipline and self-discipline are paramount, though not in some anachronistic sense of physical punishment: whatever he may do to his young children, beating has no place in a modern British school. The purpose of discipline and order in schools is to create the space in which people can learn, and live safely with each other. It also has the secondary value of generating an ethic of respect.

Teachers must - in this respect also they are a microcosm of the paradoxes and opportunities New Labour presents - mix a commitment to achievement for all with a lust for the success of the best. They must be egalitarians who love individual achievement, able to distinguish sheep without losing touch with the goats.

Teachers will always have mixed motives. Few will ever do it for the money (though Labour will need to think more about how professional behaviour merits professional pay). Some might however yearn to do a vital job because they see it - rightly - as one of the greatest commitments to the idea of society and the expansion of opportunity within it. In that idea, New Labour needs to find the theme for its new school song.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Challenges to faith and atheism on the streets of the Holy City

Sir: Before launching what could be seen, ironically, as a call to crusade or jihad on behalf of liberalism ("Liberalism has grown complacent and lazy..."), perhaps Polly Toynbee ("Cradle of fanaticism", 5 June) would profit from the work of the 15th century cardinal Nicholas of Cusa.

Following the fall of Constantinople in 1453, a conflict as imbued with religious fanaticism and hatred as any in our own era, many in Western Christendom responded negatively to the victory of an Islamic army. Pope Nicholas V exhorted Christian princes to unite behind the banner of the cross, thus sadly paralleling the Muslim enemy which had united behind, and for, the Koran.

Nicholas of Cusa urged, instead, a peaceful dialogue with the infidel, with the "other" that we all fear in our ignorance and presumption. In his work *De Pace Fidei* Cusa formulates an approach to faith and the "other" which grasps the inability of us all to grasp the fullness of any truth. It is liberating, yet admittedly difficult, to live with Cusa's precept, "All will know that there is only one religion in the variety of rites." It is this humility in the face of the absolute which should be our strength, not recourse to extremism.

How does faith survive? Faith survives because it is greater than the parody Toynbee presents in her article; it survives because some of us consider values such as tolerance and reason to be as integral to a meaningful religious life as to Toynbee's humanistic alternative. MARK JAMES LILLEY, Dublin

Sir: Polly Toynbee ("Cradle of fanaticism", 5 June) accuses Christians, Jews and Muslims of being full of savagery and hatred. That some believers are sometimes violent and revengeful is beyond question, as is the fact that hatred and savagery are regarded as great sins and condemned by the three religions she attacks.

This century's bloodiest mass murderers have not been believers; Mao, Stalin and the Khmer Rouge were atheists. Hitler spoke only of Providence and rejected Christianity. Faced with such savagery, the liberalism she espouses has been at best



Intolerant? Muslims praying at the Dome of the Rock in Jerusalem

ineffectual. At worst, liberals have been fellow travellers with the totalitarians, never more admiring than when they have been persecuting the religious.

Tolerance, decency and humanity are fragile virtues. Given its history of conflict and oppression, it should be no surprise that they do not thrive in Jerusalem. More surprising is that, on the evidence of her article, they have wilted so badly in whatever prosperous untrodden milieu Ms Toynbee inhabits. DREW PETER HATTON, Droitwich, Worcestershire

Sir: Polly Toynbee argues that religions are essentially intolerant and "once they try to incorporate tolerance, they lose the plot, like the Church of England". Yet the very symbol of Christianity which she derides as sanctifying "a particularly disgusting Roman torture" is a guarantee that tolerance is integral to the Christian faith. Such is the freedom which God gives us that He even lets us kill Him. Far from imposing His will on us by force, He gives us the freedom to make our own choices and decisions, even when we make them in ways of which He disapproves.

We should, therefore, give the

same freedom to one another. When we fail to do so, we are acting in ways totally inconsistent with the essentially tolerant nature of our religion. Fanaticism and Christianity are not just different in degree, but in kind. MICHAEL LLOYD, Chaplain, Fitzwilliam College, Cambridge

Sir: A less snobbish and sectarian liberal than Polly Toynbee might rejoice in the strange richness of humanity in the Holy City as she describes it. A man in a floral shirt (how common) with a wife in a luminous pink cap (even worse) and a mobile phone (disaster) carries a cross down the Via Dolorosa. There are "crow-like" Jews in 18th-century East-European dress, spared by the Holocaust; Franciscans selling Virgin's milk: the cross on which so many Roman slaves were crucified transformed into a symbol of salvation.

Why do the heathen so furiously rage? What strange experience of sin and suffering, what odd incomprehension, make your author so angry with God and the gods? SHERIDAN GILLEY, Department of Theology, University of Durham

Sir: Instead of tolerance of difference Polly Toynbee seems to be implying that some action must be taken against fundamentalists. What action does she suggest and would it be her who decided what, or who, was fundamentalist?

If it was her I would be slightly worried especially as she seems to consider the symbolic act of hauling a cross along the Via Dolorosa as a sign of intolerance. Surely the ultimate test of liberalism is tolerance of illiberal doctrines. Otherwise what is the value of liberalism? GRAHAM RICHARDS, London EC2

Sir: Polly Toynbee cannot get away with defining liberalism to mean the same as the atheist secularism she openly avows.

There are plenty of Christian liberals who understand and seek to practise their faith in ways which repudiate the fundamentalism and fanaticism Ms Toynbee projects on to them as primary characteristics. Bigotry is not only for believers. The Rev JOHN SWARBRICK, Bath, Avon

Let the deaf choose implants

Sir: I am afraid Bryan Appleyard is confused about cochlear implants (article, 6 June). He says the argument that "hearing people have no right to define something as a problem and then impose a solution to impose normality" is profound. Fine. But he should not imply that I want to impose anything on anyone.

On the contrary, I maintain that opponents of cochlear implants must choose for themselves and their families. I support their right as well as their culture.

What I object to is their emotive condemnation of cochlear implants for others, and of the surgeons. This includes calling for a complete ban on cochlear implants, and claiming that the principles of the surgeons are little different from the Nazi scientists playing with victims in the name of medical science.

This vociferous campaign by a few people confuses the public and can be seized upon by some district health authorities that are reluctant to spend money on cochlear implants. The real problem is that children and adults desperate for cochlear implants cannot have them because some health authorities will not fund them.

Mr Appleyard may deter some deaf adults from having cochlear implants when he says they are "most likely to work" when fitted before the age of 10. This is only applicable to children born deaf or deafened in early infancy. They work very well at any age for most deafened people.

JACK ASHLEY, (Lord Ashley of Stoke) House of Lords, London SW1

Flying the flag for Quebec democracy

Sir: Hugh Winsor, writes (report, 1 June) that a Canadian might be sent to jail for "waving a flag for Canadian unity". That is inaccurate and misleading.

The person in question is being charged for the violation of the Quebec law on referendum. Inspired by the British experience in the referendum on the common market in the 1970s, the Quebec law provides for two umbrella committees, whose purpose, in the spirit of democracy, is to make sure that each side plays by the same rules and restricts itself to the same expenditures.

Three days before the referendum on the sovereignty of Quebec and a new partnership with Canada on 30 October 1995, money was spent for a rally without it being channelled through one of the two committees. It is irrelevant whether such an activity was in support of the "yes" side or of the "no" side. It represents a violation of the British inspired - referendum law.

To describe this offence as flag-waving for Canadian unity is disingenuous, unless, of course, Mr Winsor suggests that people who agree with the cause that he supports can violate the law where others cannot.

RICHARD GUAY, Délégué Général, Gouvernement du Québec, Délégation Générale, London SW1

Childish drivers

Sir: Road rage seems to be fashionable just now, perhaps because of its macho appeal. Should we not debate the currency and just call it "infantile rage"?

Dr PETER WELLS, Macclesfield, Cheshire

LETTER from THE EDITOR

I am getting a special bag in the office: the Robert Fisk bag. It will have scarlet tassels and sit on a special ebony stand, and will contain our fine collection of anti-Fisk and pro-Fisk letters. They range from examples of molten fury to what are, in effect, love letters of the intellect. Bob Fisk, one of my heroes, divides people. He also wins awards (he has more than the average Soviet marshal). My best evening this week was Monday, when I went to the grand Carlton Terrace headquarters of the Foreign Press Association, where he won the 1996 media award for his reporting of Algeria.

The FPA's house was once William Gladstone's London home, and Sir Peter Ustinov, who lived along the road as a boy, gave a long and hilarious speech about diplomacy, politics and much else. As a boy before the war, he informed the assembled multi-national caste, he had been taken to dinner nearby, to hear a leading Nazi diplomat explain the wonders of the new regime. "Ze new Germany is so efficient," the Nazi had told the attentive room, "that in my office I haff my desk. And on my desk I haff a bottom. And if anything should happen, I only haff to press my bottom... and four policemen come out

Lihs-kind building opens in 2001, everyone will be able to see it. It includes a glass viewing gallery arching high over the museum. Some people have written in to the paper complaining about our enthusiasm for the Lihs-kind design. I can only say that if they could have seen it as a three-dimensional model, with shimmering tile and plunging angles, many of them would have been captivated and entranced, rather than outraged.

One characteristic of *Independent* readers, if the postbag is anything to go by, is that man of you are fascinated by const

'In my office I haff my desk. And on my desk I haff a bottom. If anything should happen, I only haff to press my bottom... and four policemen come out

tutions and radical politics change. We have had some brilliant blueprints for a British federation posted to us recently, but my favourite is the plan from Duncan Armour for interactive democracy. Wit admirable self-confidence, he writes that "With the help of people across the country I'm putting together an initiative which will mean the replacement of politicians after the next general election with direct input from the People via push button voting." Let no-one see our readers lack ambition.

Speaking of constitution our initiative on European confederation has produced deluge of letters, running heavily in favour. To my surprise, senior member of the Cabinet and a clutch of leading Labour people have been among those who have told me, privately, they think we are about right. Could it be that there is after all some common ground here, where Euro-sceptics and Anglo-sceptics can unite?

Andrew Marr

QUOTE UNQUOTE

If everyone is going to behave like that, then you can just forget about Europe - Karel Van Miert, EU competition commissioner, attacking Britain's non-co-operation tactics over the beef crisis.

Remember my name, you'll be whispering it later - Philli Oppenheim, trade minister, describing one of his most effective chat ups lines.

Why is it that Conservative MPs seem so much more virile than MPs of other parties? It cannot be the oratory of the Euro-sceptics, which is more likely to send us into the arms of Morpheus than of Molly - Sir Julian Critchley, Conservative MP.

It was the biggest thrill of my whole life. It seemed very sure - Kelly Frederick, 30, who travelled 300 miles and wept with joy at seeing the Princess of Wales in Chicago.

I am less driven by ambition these days, and more driven by my own integrity - Jason Donovan, *entertainment*.

I can see the day when we would use synthesised calls from computers to engage in conversations with pigs in their own language - Professor Stanley Curtis, an animal scientist.

Failing the sweet shop maths exam

Sir: Margaret Brown ("Our children had at maths? It just doesn't add up", 5 June) attempts to pour cold water on the idea that children in this country are not as good at maths as they used to be.

I have a sweet and grocery shop in a residential area and we find it remarkable if any of the 300 or so children who come in every day can add up the price of two items (even if the price is the same) and we spend the whole day answering questions such as, "How much will I have left if I buy this?", as they hold a 40p bar of chocolate in one hand and a 50p piece in the other. And this from children of all ages.

This is proof enough for me that there is something dangerously wrong with our schools. J S BRISKHAM, Stevenage, Hertfordshire

Sir: Anyone who has ever spent five minutes in a primary classroom knows the real reason why pupils are seated in groups is the only way they can share textbooks. MAURICE WALLER, Broad Oak, East Sussex

Tourists in the usurped hotels of northern Cyprus

Sir: It was with disappointment and surprise that we read the article "Inaccessible due to the Turkish occupation: Well, up to a point" (25 May) by Simon Calder.

Since the illegal Turkish invasion of the Republic of Cyprus in 1974, 37 per cent of the island is under Turkish military occupation. As a result of the invasion, 82 per cent of the Cypriot population, particularly Greek Cypriots, were evicted from their homes and properties and made refugees in their own country. The international community, and

the United Nations Security Council in particular, has strongly condemned the secessionist entity which Turkey has set up there.

The majority of hotels operating in this area belong to Greek Cypriots who were forced to abandon their properties in 1974 and which have been usurped and are utilised without the consent of their legitimate owners.

Mr Calder mentions the non-recognition of the "Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus", as well as the fact that Ercan airport is an illegal

point of entry into the island. Why encourage people to visit it then? Furthermore, in his piece below the Cyprus article where he refers to Burma, he makes the statement "how can we possibly justify running travel stories on other countries where human rights abuses have taken place: Guatemala, China and - on this very page - North Cyprus?" How indeed?

O ROSSIDES, Cyprus High Commission, Tourist Office, London W1

Gallery memories

Sir: Why won't British museums and galleries, unlike so many European ones, allow one to video and photograph (without flash) pictures and sculptures? I have just come back from Berlin with a wonderful record of the things I want most to remember, many of which (as is so often the case) are not recorded in available books or postcards. DEREK PARKER, London W14

BBC's mythical country called Europe

Sir: The bias in the BBC's coverage of European issues is even worse than John Lichfield demonstrates in his admirable article about fairs from Euro-sceptics (7 June).

In the *Nine O'Clock News* programme to which he referred, Peter Jay's analysis closed with a statement that in the end it all depended on whether you wished to belong to "a country called Europe". The same frequent reference to "a

country called Europe" featured constantly in a disgracefully slanted *Panorama* programme, also by Peter Jay, a few weeks earlier. It is a favourite loaded and misleading question asked by British Euro-sceptics, which would be considered meaningless in, say, France or most places on the Continent.

DICK TAVERNE, (Lord Taverner) London SW1

Letters should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, The Independent, One Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5DL (Fax: 0171-293 2056; e-mail: letters@independent.co.uk) and include a daytime telephone number. Letters may be edited for length and clarity. We regret we are unable to acknowledge unpublished letters.

Glyn Worsnip

As a reporter on Esther Rantzen's television consumer magazine programme *That's Life!* during its early days, Glyn Worsnip became a household name, earning himself the nickname "One Like Worsnip", after a career in acting that had led him to the West End and the Royal Shakespeare Company.

Born in Gloucestershire in 1938, Worsnip showed an interest in performing from an early age but, after service as a photographic intelligence officer in the RAF (1956-58), he continued his academic studies and read English at St John's College, Oxford.

Deciding on acting as a career, over the next 15 years Worsnip rose from working in repertory theatre to performing with Frankie Howerd, appearing in *Pirandello's Henry IV*, with Albert Finney in the title role (1963), playing a ood-speaking role in an RSC production of *Thomas Middleton's Women Beware Women* (1962) and acting in the musical *Our Man Crichton* (1964-65). *Oliver!* (but out in the original 1960 cast) and *Canterbury Tales* (1968).

Acting work was sporadic and, while earning £20 a week as a clerk-typist during a "resting" period, Worsnip was offered an audition as an on-screen reporter for *That's Life!*, which had begun the previous year. The show mixed serious consumer issues with comedy, songs and quirky items, such as Cyril Fletcher's "odd odes" and an item entitled "Heap of the Week". It evolved from *Bruden's Week*, a magazine programme hosted by Bernard Braden, which introduced Esther Rantzen to television audiences as a researcher and reporter. Now, she was in charge and "her boys" for the first year of *That's Life!* had

been George Layton and Bob Welling. Worsnip was paired with Kieran Prendiville, and both continued on the show - which gained a reputation for lambasting bureaucracy - until 1978.

Some of the most memorable items presented by Worsnip included a dog that could count, a crow that had a taste for real ale and a retired colonel who described the alligator he lived with in a basement flat in Surrey as "perfectly harmless" but ended up in hospital with a hole bitten in his arm during filming.

In 1979, Worsnip joined the BBC evening current affairs magazine *Nationwide* as a reporter and presenter, staying with it until its demise eight years later. Although the programme had a reputation for technical breakdowns as it tried to link BBC studios around the country, Worsnip won praise as a thorough reporter and critical acclaim for *Paras*, his 1983 documentary about the Army. His other television appearances included *Omnibus*, *Arise, Help Yourself* and *Joint Account*.

Then, in 1986, he began to show symptoms of the brain disease cerebellar ataxia. His speech became slurred and walking difficult. He was working for BBC radio, presenting the *News Review* on *Stop Press*, *Pick of the Week* and school programmes, as well as being host of a new series, *The Press Gang*. His behaviour led people to think he was drunk and, shortly before Christmas 1987, he was sacked from *Stop Press* after listeners' complaints.

When cerebellar ataxia was diagnosed, Worsnip was encouraged by his colleagues to "come out" and the result was *A Lone Voice*, broadcast on Radio 4 in March 1988. The response from listeners was overwhelming. "I heard from old school, college and university chums I had not seen in 30 years," Worsnip wrote in his autobiography, *Up the Down Escalator* (1990). "I heard from a mass of disabled people, offering solidarity." But there was no cure. In his one of his last programmes, for *Horizon*, he reported on illnesses such as his affecting the brain.

Anthony Hayward

Glyn Worsnip, actor and broadcaster, born Hereford, Gloucestershire 2 September 1938; married Jo Glaville (one daughter); died 7 June 1996.



Worsnip: 'A lone voice'



A limpid and full tone: Brown playing in New Orleans earlier this year

Photograph: David Redfern

Pud Brown

Whether or not he was a New Orleans clarinet player born and bred, Pud Brown certainly played like one. He claimed to have been born in Shreveport, Louisiana, but some reference books say he was a son of Sacramento in California, whilst others put his birthplace as Wilmington, Delaware. No matter, last week he was given his final send-off as one of the Crescent City's finest in a street parade through the lower French Quarter. The music, first funeral and then eulogistic, was played by the *Algers Brass Band* and by the *Spirit of New Orleans Brass Band*.

Brown possessed that limpid and full tone that made the clarinet playing of Jimmy Noone and Irving Fazola, both classical New Orleans-born clarinetists, so distinctive and attractive. He began playing music when he was five and - after playing a charity benefit two weeks ago to raise money for musical instruments for the *Algers* area of New Orleans, where he lived - worked his last job at the New Orleans café where his band was resident on the evening before he died.

His first job, in 1927, was as a member of a family band led by his father. Pud was billed as "The World's Youngest Saxophone Player". Already a multi-instrumentalist, he was working in theatre-pit bands in the early Thirties before settling in Chicago. He became part of that city's robust musical scene and over the years worked there with, amongst others, Jimmy Dorsey, Bud Freeman and cornetist Pete Dally. He made records with Dally before moving to Shreveport in 1945. It was later, with the polished jazz of Los Angeles and the West Coast, where he settled in 1949, that he made his name, first as a member of Jack Teagarden's band from 1951 to 1952 and subsequently in the band that Kid Ory led in 1953.

The trombonist Ory had been one of the main jazz influences to come out of New Orleans in the earliest days of the century, and Brown was happy to settle into the traditional style with him. After Ory he worked with a variety of traditional jazz groups in Los Angeles, recording with another New Orleans veteran, the trumpeter Lee Collins, and

playing in a band with Collins and the pianist Ralph Sutton which broadcast regularly from the Hangover Club in San Francisco, where it was resident. During the Sixties Brown added trumpet and cornet to his instruments and also played double bass for a time. In his later years he played all the different saxophones, but mostly tenor, and even concocted new instruments from bits and pieces of instruments which he had collected.

His talents in constructing instruments were all part of his useful skills as a mechanic. He drew teeth as a dentist and was invariably able to fix the band bus if it broke down. A keen pedal and motor cyclist, he ran a bicycle shop in New Orleans for five years, and when the time came for him to move into a balcony apartment in St Peter's Street, his old apartment was so filled with bike and car parts that he had to keep it too just to store them.

Brown lived in Shreveport from 1973 before finally moving to New Orleans, playing at the city's Blue Angel in Bourbon Street for a long spell. But he hadn't entirely shed the musical refinement of the West Coast and he put together an all-star band in 1977 for recording which included Shelly Manne, Dick Cary and Eddie Miller, sophisticated far from the simple New Orleans tradition.

During the Eighties Brown was a member of Clive Wilcox's Original Camellia Jazz Band, a group highly thought of in New Orleans. In 1984 he travelled to Singapore in a band led by the drummer Trevor Richards and worked there for six months, but in the main he was content to work around the New Orleans area, and when he came back from Singapore he was booked into the band which played in the long-running New Orleans stage production of *One Mo' Time*.

Brown had led his own band at the Palm Court Café in the French Quarter of New Orleans for a long time and played his last evening there with it on the Sunday evening before he died.

Steve Vose

Albert "Pud" Brown, clarinetist, saxophonist and band leader, born 22 January 1917; died New Orleans 27 May 1996.

Rex Collings

"I've just taken on a novel about rabbits, one of them with extra-sensory perception," Rex Collings wrote to me many years ago. "Do you think I'm mad?"

Certainly it was a mad risk for a one-man publishing firm working on a shoestring to accept a book as bizarre by an unknown writer which had been turned down by the major London publishers; but it was also dazzlingly brave and intuitive. Today, Japanese tourists are said to crawl about the Berkshire countryside in the wake of those world-famous rabbits and Rex Collings is remembered as the discoverer and first promoter of *Watership Down*.

Publishing was not his only activity, though, and Richard Adams's 1972 book, though Collings's most spectacular success, was not his only one. After working at Penguin and Oxford University Press he set up his own publishing firm, specialising in African, reference and children's books. His experience of Africa was wide, deep and long-standing: family connections from the 1850s began it, travels for OUP, political, philanthropic and business trips followed, and he published some distinguished writers including Wole Soyinka, the first African Nobel prizewinner, Seretse Khama, and white writers in Africa such as Margery Perham and Breyten Breytenbach. In South Africa, after linking up with a Cape Town publisher, he was able to publish books which were banned locally. Brazil was another country he visited several times and he was awarded the Machado Assis medal for services to Brazilian literature.

He was active in politics. Twice he stood for Parliament as Liberal candidate (at the general elections of 1965 and 1978), impressing friends when he won 16,000 votes in Plymouth. He was chairman of the Liberal Party's committee on Africa, a founder member of the Middle East Committee, a trustee and vice-chairman of the Africa Educational Trust, which has given students and refugees millions of pounds in grants and scholarships; and a member of missions, trusts and international bodies of all sorts. A practising Anglican, he was involved with African churches, knew Archbishop Tutu and other churchmen; he was "green" before the term was used, a nature-lover and traveller around Britain, as well as Africa.

Collings's last years were dogged by money worries after disastrous losses in African publishing and he became reclusive. Friends found it hard

to know whether he was waiting to be contacted or wanted to be alone. He had always been something of a loner (even close friends knew little about his family or background); he kept his activities and friends in separate compartments, so that he had little general social life and no circle of people who overlapped.

His personality was like no one else's - sometimes sharp, sometimes formal, often charming - its main characteristic an unswerving integrity that refused to budge. This uncomfortable quality might have made him seem prickly but it was balanced and sweetened (though not softened) by humour and a kind of oblique view of things. Contradictions abounded: for all his tough liberalism, his support for the right causes, a total unworldliness which made him, despite brilliant choices and editorialship, liable to lose money whenever possible - despite all his credentials as a man on the side



Collings: a total unworldliness

of the angels, he disliked political correctness, again before the term was invented. Or perhaps it would be truer to say that he disliked hypocrisy and liked to puncture the accepted respectabilities and stifle the treacles.

His irony and dryness were salutary and likeable; they seemed to be trying to veil the fact that he was straightforwardly honest and honourable, an immensely kind man who loved the old virtues and tried to live by unfashionable standards of decency. He seemed born out of his time, into an age where ideas of loyalty and trust in publishing, as in everything else, were not those he tried to live by, and the rather anachronistic personality, the sense of displacement, the lonely dignity with which he faced troubles and let-downs, were a result.

Isabel Quilty

Gustav Rex Collings, publisher, born 18 June 1925; died Hitchin, Hertfordshire 23 May 1996.

Sanjiva Reddy

Sanjiva Reddy rose from humble peasant beginnings in southern India to become the country's sixth president during one of the more turbulent periods in Indian politics.

His five-year tenure as the first Indian to be elected to India's topmost job without the support of the omnipotent Congress Party - which had ruled India since independence in 1947 - was riven with controversy.

The centre-left Janata Party coalition which defeated Congress for the first time in 1977 wanted to right the wrong done Reddy in 1969 by the prime minister Indira Gandhi by successfully making him their presidential nominee. Gandhi had

unceremoniously ditched Reddy by withdrawing her support for him as president at the last minute in favour of a "spoiler" candidate whose election she successfully manipulated.

India's president, who is head of state but out of government, is elected by the legislative college comprising MPs and legislators from all states. He is also the supreme commander of the armed forces and enjoys perhaps the best perquisites of any of his peers around the world, living in an awesome sandstone presidential palace designed by Sir Edwin Lutyens, with its own golf course, polo grounds and cavalry.

The Janata Party thought

that, since Reddy owed them his job, he would be owed them his vote once it became clear that the coalition would collapse under the weight of inter-caste rivalry, personality clashes and individual ambition, and would appoint one of their nominees to head a minority government.

But, amidst great controversy, Reddy installed a lame-duck prime minister, who lasted barely a few months, thus paving the way for a mid-term poll which led to Indira Gandhi's return to power in 1980 and a period of turbulence which ended with her assassination four years later.

Sanjiva Reddy was born in 1913 into a rich agricultural

household in the famine-prone Anantpur district of Andhra Pradesh. He matriculated from the Theosophical High School at Madras and attended the local Andhra Arts College, but left in 1931 to join the Congress Party, then in the forefront of India's freedom movement.

He was elected to the Madras Assembly in 1946, a year before independence, and, soon after, to the Constituent or interim Assembly of Free India. A string of ministerial posts followed, but it was only in 1950 that he was baptised as an occasional leader when he succeeded Gandhi as president of the ruling Congress Party, with her father, Jawaharlal Nehru, as

prime minister. Two years later he returned home as chief minister of the newly created Andhra Pradesh state.

In 1964, however, Reddy resigned of his own accord, ostensibly to set high standards in public life; however, unable to stay away from power, he returned to national politics as an MP. But in 1969, after his defeat as the presidential candidate, he retired to his village in the south. "What can a poor farmer do if the fence itself swallows the field?" he said, and remained in the political wilderness for eight years. But in 1977 he emerged from his exile, first as an MP and a few months later as India's sixth

president, elected unopposed. Blunt and forthright, Reddy claimed that he had been widely misunderstood as he was basically a peasant and lacked upper-class niceties. Unlike other former Indian presidents, however, he often commented on government after retiring and recently withdrew his biography from the printers as many people mentioned in it had received harsh treatment from him and were still alive.

Katip Singh

Nedam Sanjiva Reddy, politician, born 18 May 1913; died Bangalore 1 June 1996.



Reddy: 'What can a poor farmer do?' Photograph: Camera Press

General Tito Okello, army officer, died near Kampala 3 June, aged 82. Commander of the Ugandan army when he ousted President Milton Obote in July 1980. Six months later he was overthrown by Yoweri Museveni, and fled to southern Sudan with the remnants of his army. Returned home in 1993 under an amnesty granted by Museveni, the president.

Ariel Rosen-Zvi, law professor, died Tel Aviv 3 June, aged 52. Dean of the law faculty at Tel Aviv University, editor-in-chief of three Israeli law journals and a member of the Rabin Inquiry Commission. George Tibener, KGB officer, died Moscow 31 May, aged 88. Joined the State Security Ministry in 1953 and became first deputy chairman of the KGB from 1982 to 1985.

Births, Marriages & Deaths

BIRTHS

ENDALL: On 30 May, to Sarah (née Sackville-West) and Simon, a son, Edward Bertrand Montague.

DEATHS

AKITLEY: Brian Joseph Hartley CMG OBE, died peacefully after a short illness in Monksman, Kenya, on Wednesday 5 June.

ONES: Stephen R., Aesthetician, Museum Director, Commissioner of Art and Life. Died 1 June, after a short but brave fight against cancer. Funeral Eucharist at Southwark Cathedral, Tuesday 11 June, at 2.30pm. Private cremation. Memorial service at Southwark Cathedral, Wednesday 10 July at 11am. No flowers please. Donations to The Friends of Leighton House for a memorial yet to be finalised. Leighton House Museum, Kensington, London W14 8LZ.

REYNOLDS-KITCHEN: On 1 June 1996, suddenly in his sleep, at his London home, James, aged 28 years, eldest son of Graham and Clara, and much-loved brother of Paul. The funeral service will take place at the Parish Church in Sutton-under-Brilles on Thursday 13 June at 12 noon. Flowers and condolences to Mr Locke & Son, 14 High Street, Sutton, Surrey, Surrey GU1 5AZ. 01895 685274.

N MEMORIAM

ERNSTER: Lady Theodora Anna Wether: born 1901 St Petersburg, Russia, died 1974 Northampton. Innocent victim of evil. Her daughter Alexandra.

BIRTHDAYS

TODAY: Mr Colin Baker, actor, 53; Sir William Barclay, former chairman, BBC, 72; The Rev John Barrett, Headmaster, The Leys School, Cambridge, 53; Lord Campbell of Croy, former government minister, 75; Miss Linda Cierach, dress designer, 44; Mr Michael Cotnam, theatrical producer, 66; Professor Ali Corman, geographer, 73; Professor Francis Crick, biologist, 82; Mr Hugh Faulkner, Honorary Director, Persistent Virus Disease Research Foundation, 91; Earl Ferrers, Minister for the Environment and Countryside, 67; Mr Dudley Fishburne MP, 51; Sir Iain Gildewell, a Lord Justice of Appeal, 72; Miss Gwen Harwood, poet, 76; Mr Ray Hingworth, chairman of the England cricket selectors, 64; Lord Kilmuir, a Senator of the College of Justice in Scotland, 64; Sir Michael Levey, former Director, National Gallery, 69; Lady Lister, former Director-General, IBA, 64; Miss Millicent Martin, actress and singer, 62; Dame Jett Maxwell-Scott, royal equestrian, 79; Sir Ian Morrow, former chairman, MAF, 84; Mr Tony Mottram, tennis player, 76; Miss Alison Moyet, rock singer, 35; Mr Roger Murray, president, Cargill Europe, 60; Maj-Gen William Odling, President, English-Speaking Union, Eastern Counties, 87; Mr Cransley Ouslow MP, 70; Sir Eric Packer, chairman, Graham Consumer, 63; Sir David Poole, High Court judge, 58; Brigadier Gail Ramsey, director, National Centre for Leadership, 54; Mr Nick Rhodes, keyboard player, 34; Sir Julian Ridsdale, former MP, 81; Miss Nancy Sinatra, singer, 56; Dr Robert Stevens, Master, Pembroke College, Oxford, 63; Mr Martin Taylor, chief executive, Barclays Bank, 44; Mr John Thompson, former Director of Radio, IBA, 67; Mr Derek Underwood, cricketer, 51; Dame Anne Warburton, former diplomat, 69; Sir

Alwyn Williams, former Vice-Chancellor, Glasgow University, 73.

TOMORROW: Mr Tony Britton, actor, 72; Professor Bryan Cole, Emeritus Professor of Solid State Physics, Imperial College, 70; Mr Michael Fox, actor, 35; Mr Jeremy Hardie, chairman, WH Smith, 58; Sir Peter Healey, former chairman, Communist Party, 72; Mr Douglas Henderson MP, 47; Mr Royston Hughes MP, 71; Mr Derek Hunt, chairman, MFI Furniture Group, 57; Sir Roger Hurst, chairman and chief executive, Smiths Industries, 58; Mr Peter Killyell MP, 50; Sir Nicholas Lloyd, former Editor of the Daily Express, 54; Mr Robert McNamara, former US Secretary of Defence, 80; Mr Michael Mates MP, 62; General Sir Geoffrey Munnion, former Adjutant-General, 86; Mr Charles Satchell, advertising executive, 53; Mr Peter Sanders, former chief executive, Commission for Racial Equality, 58; Sir Douglas Smith, former chairman, Aca, 64; Vice-Admiral Sir Patrick Symon, former Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic's Representative in Europe, 63; Mr David Troughton, actor, 46; Mr Peter Wilson, chairman and chief executive, Gallaher, 55.

Anniversaries

TODAY: Birth: Robert Stevenson, civil engineer, 1772; Sir John Everett Millais, painter, 1829; Frank Lloyd Wright, architect, 1869. Deaths: The Prophet Mohammed, 632; Bishop Richard Scudamore, executed, 1405; Gerard Manley Hopkins, poet, 1889; Sir Norman Haxell, royal dressmaker, 1979. On this day: the electric suction vacuum-cleaner was patented, 1869; the second Labour government, under Ramsay MacDonald, took office, 1929. Today is the Feast Day of St Cloud of Metz, St Maximilian of Ais, St Medard and St William of York or Thewy.

TOMORROW: Birth: Elizabeth Gerrett Anderson, physician, 1836; Walter Woodson Gresham, comedian and author, 1853. Deaths: Jan van Eyck, painter, buried 1441; Charles John Foulsham, politician, 1870. On this day: the Book of Common Prayer was issued to all dioceses in the Church of England, 1549; in Britain, the proceedings of the House of Commons were broadcast live for the first time, 1975. Tomorrow is the Feast Day of St Columba of Iona, St Ephraim, St Pelagia of Antioch, Saints Primus and Felician, St Richard of Andria and St Vincent of Agen.

Lectures

TODAY: Victoria and Albert Museum: John Nash, "William Morris: calligraphy", 2.30pm.

TOMORROW

National Portrait Gallery: Paul Webb, "Evelyn Waugh", 3pm.

Dinners

Corporation of London: The Duke of Kent was guest of honour at a dinner hosted yesterday by the Lord Mayor of London, Mr John Chalotrey, accompanied by the Lady Mayoresse, at Guildhall, London EC2, to mark Euro 96, the 1996 Football Championship Finals.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENTS

The Duke of Kent, President, the Football Association, will attend the Euro 96 England v Scotland match, Wednesday, 13 June, at Wembley Stadium, London. The Queen's Life Guard at St James's Palace, 10 Downing Street, will be on duty at the match. The Queen's Life Guard at St James's Palace, 10 Downing Street, will be on duty at the match. The Queen's Life Guard at St James's Palace, 10 Downing Street, will be on duty at the match.

The end of the Conversion of England

faith & reason

A Bethnal Green congregation has gone over to Rome. Does this bode the 'greatest realignment of Christianity since the Reformation'? Andrew Brown thinks not.

The announcement of the departure of 67 adults, a couple and a deacon from the St Matthew's, Bethnal Green, in east London, to the Roman Catholic Church last week may seem insignificant. But it is, I think, the end of the Conversion of England. That was a phrase used in an inauspicious moment by Cardinal Hume in 1992, when he was asked to estimate the effect of the ordination of women.

The idea was less popular among Catholics than among the converts and prospective converts to whom it applied. Naturally, they wanted to be part of the "greatest realignment of Christianity since the Reformation", as the *Times* called it. Bishop Victor Guazzelli, who actually received the congregation of St Matthew's on Pentecost Sunday, said to me: "Talk of large numbers makes my blood curdle." Bishop Guazzelli's hagiologist can relax. Leaders of Forward in Faith admit privately that this congregation is about the last that can be expected to move. I don't suppose anyone has kept or could have kept accurate figures across the whole country, but 67 adults following their priest to Rome seems to be by some margin the largest single movement of lay people as part of the Conversion of England. The figures in most news reports have been closer to 20 or 15. And there have been surprisingly few news reports.

At the time of the first ordinations of women, in 1994, the religious correspondents were all scrambling frantically around to find a parish which was determined to march behind embroidered banners of the BVM into the bosom of the Pope, en masse. We found none. Though there have been a few since, St Matthew's appears to have been the only one where a clear

majority of the congregation followed its priest to Rome. In other cases, the congregation moved in dribs and drabs if at all. In all, perhaps 1,000 lay people and 300 priests have converted to Rome to escape from women priests.

There are several reasons why the greatest realignment of Christianity since the Reformation should have turned out such a damp squib. One of the most interesting emerges from an analysis of the figures from St Matthew's: as well as the 67 Anglican adults received into the Roman Catholic Church on Pentecost Sunday, there were 23 lapsed Catholics reconciled to the Church, who had been worshipping as Anglicans. This suggests a fairly substantial previous movement towards the Church of England.

The movement in the other direction was always more of a priestly phenomenon than a lay one: the ordination of women was for most people a dispute about the role and status of priests. Besides, lay people who were upset could simply vanish. They did not have pensions,

houses, and dependent families to worry about. Such practical matters seem to have weighed heavily on a number of Anglican clergy. Fr Christopher Bedford, the vicar of St Matthew's, will delay his own reception into the Roman Catholic Church until September, when he turns 50 and the compensation he is entitled to rises. This is a very prudent decision: one hopes someone has told the Pope that he will become infallible in matters of faith and morals as soon as Fr Bedford can get the Church Commissioners to cough up for his convictions.

Then there is the experience of those priests who have gone over to Rome. Three former Anglican clergy have returned to the Church of England after a brief period as Catholic prospective ordinands, and one of the 11 ordained by Cardinal Hume last December has already withdrawn from public life because of personal problems. The two churches are very different institutions. Anglo-Catholics accustomed to a church where celibacy is optional and public argument essential can find it difficult to adjust to the reversal of both these conditions.

However, the greatest change in all this has surely been the expansion of the Church of England. It now contains not merely two separate and irreconcilable ideas of the priesthood, but the incarnations, so to say, of these ideas. It reminds me of nothing so much as an exhausted, still functioning marriage. The two sides are not staying together for the sake of the children, though they certainly don't want to split and lose the houses. They are really staying because there is no one else so much fun to argue with - and that, I suppose, is a definition of love.

صلى الله عليه وسلم

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The Independent Weekend

The great movie controversy con

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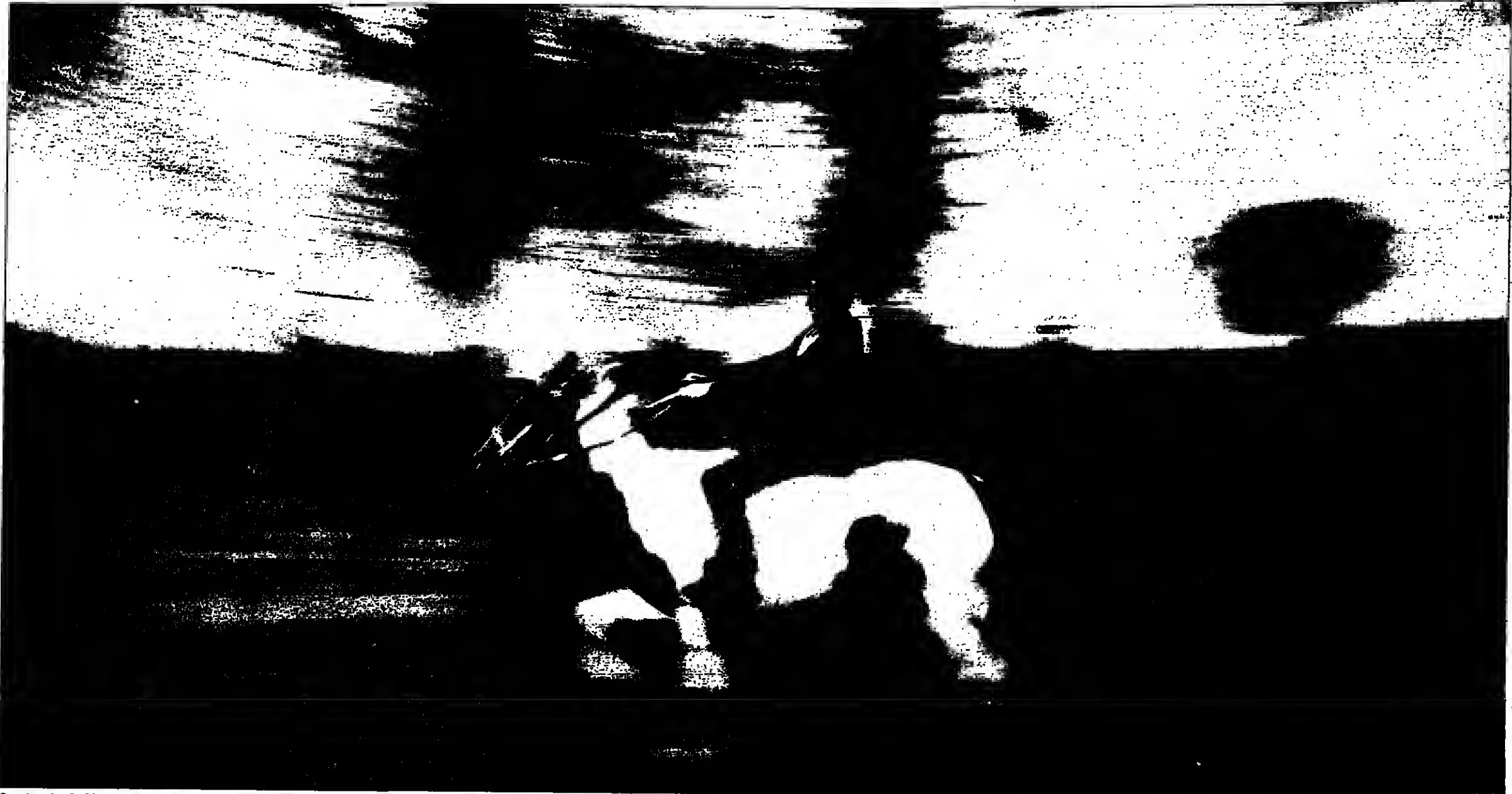
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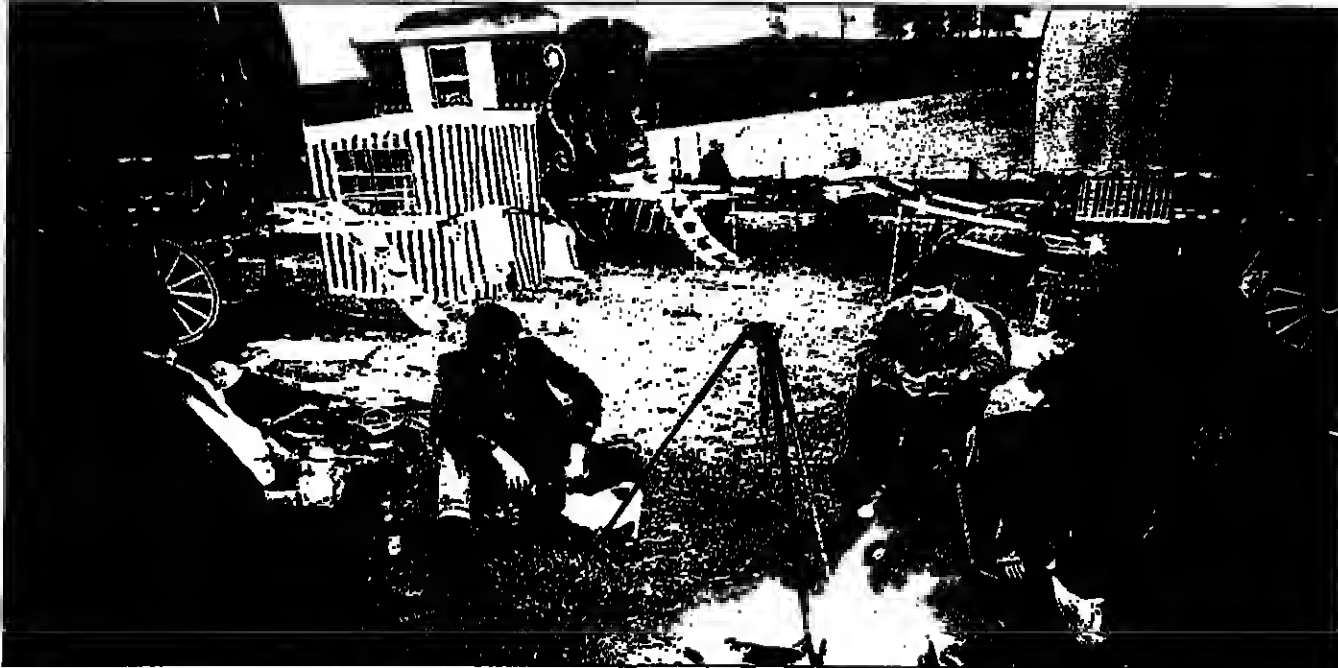
Star bareback riders are employed by the owners to race their prize animals. The screams of "Oil Oil Oil!" help avoid broken limbs among the watching crowd. Every year sees casualties among riders, horses and inexperienced tourists



Trotting races on the main street show off the animals to other traders, and overall winners command the highest prices

ROMANY ROMANCE

Appleby Horse Fair in Cumbria is said to be the largest of its kind in the world, and was reputedly given its charter by James II in 1685. Gypsies, tinkers and travelling folk come to trade horses and set up stalls for a week until the climax on the second Wednesday in June. Craig Easton visited a festival of folk history



The men gather round the camp fire after a hard day's business. Romany people come from all over Britain in their horse-drawn caravans



A trader guards his horses as he watches the trotting races



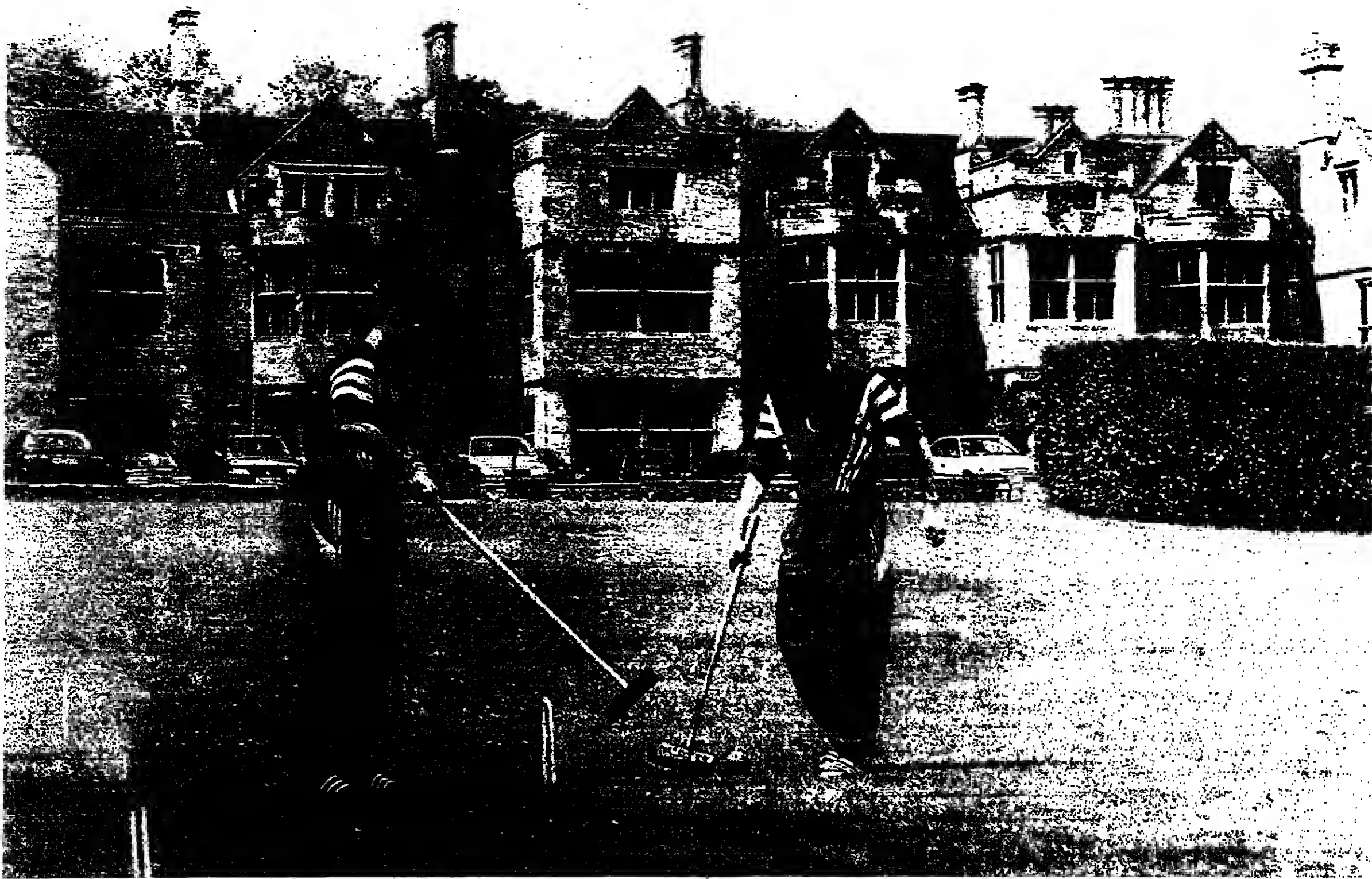
Blacksmiths come from afar with their mobile foundries for a week of roaring trade



Irish tinkers come to barter for horses and gamble on pitch and toss. Hundreds of pounds can change hands in seconds

Yes, we have no beetroot

For the next three weeks, small corners of Britain will be occupied by small armies of footballers about to do battle in Euro 96. In the North-east, they've got the Romanians and the French... By Rebecca Fowler



There is an unblemished corner of Northumberland, at the foot of Hadrian's Wall, where the wood-pigeons coo softly and the pavements are littered with cherry blossom; the only signs of life are the sheep, a football pitch overgrown with buttercups and a 17th-century inn, which is being transformed by the invasion of the French football team for Euro 96.

When Graham Kelly, the chief executive of the Football Association, outlined his hopes that the Euro 96 championship would be "a celebration of an English way of life", there were scoffs: which particular brand was he referring to? Beer-soaked pubs, laddism and the dreaded British hooliganism?

So Mr Kelly must be delighted that the French have picked the village of Chollerford as their base; and he would surely glow as brightly as the Romanian team's shiny track suits at the sight of their goal-keeper and striker playing croquet on an English lawn near Darlington where they have chosen to stay.

The 15 visiting teams to Euro 96 bring with them 330 players and 600,000 fans to British shores. The battle for the best locations and hotels for the teams has proven a preliminary contest in its own right. When the Italian team tried to reserve the Mottram Hotel near Manchester, they found the Germans had got their first.

It is the French and the Romanians, however, who have emerged on top in the Euro invasion. The two teams, who will meet on the pitch at St James' Park in Newcastle on Monday, have each taken over idyllic corners of England, where their national flags are flitting in the breeze and unlikely loyalties are being formed among the locals.

At Redworth Hall in County Durham, a converted 17th-century mansion, the Romanian team is unmistakable. Sultry, pouting young men slink around the hotel in their red, yellow and blue track suits, under the permanent gaze of coaches and officials.

The Romanian FA is anxious that the players should be protected from the glare of publicity. The Romanian team were due to visit the Gateshead Metro Centre, the largest in Europe, but the trip was cancelled over concern that the track suits would make the players too noticeable. But despite their initial reticence, the stars agree to exclusive interviews on their hopes and fears for Euro 96, and their views on England.

In a corridor of Redworth Hall, "one of the world's best wing backs" is sucking on a lollipop. Dan Petrescu, who plays for Chelsea, is among the

few who are able to celebrate the English way of life in English: "We play tactical, we pass the ball around," he informs me. "No, we don't eat beetroot for breakfast, but we do eat a lot of feta cheese."

"Who gave you the lollipop?" "My friend."

"Is that part of the official diet?"

"No. Would you like some?"

"No thank you."

In a bid to bring just a little of the Romanian way of life to Darlington, the team did bring its own chef, beetroot or no beetroot. Their chef is known as Ice Man among the locals, because he is often seen carrying huckles of ice around the hotel (he may also be the team's physiotherapist, but no one is saying for sure).

The team eats dinner separately from the other guests in the Kelvinston Suite, where they dine on fish, broccoli, chips, bread and feta, and a large pile of fruit. One of the few special pleas made to the hotel was for the right kind of feta, following a bitter disappointment in the United States during the World Cup where supplies were poor.

Ioan Sabau, a tanned midfielder, picks up a banana. "Yes, England is very nice," he says. "But the weather is bad, windy and cold. The hotel is nice. It's very different to Romania, very green. Very green." He adds: "No I didn't eat beetroot for breakfast. The food we eat comes from all over, not England. Bananas are not English." His sultry expression breaks momentarily. "I've never seen a banana that comes from England. Ha ha ha."

The king of the team is sitting with Gaby, the second coach, in the bar. "He's just got an aura about him," says one local pointing him out. George Hagi, the "tremendously gifted but temperamental play-maker" clasps his hands together in a manner that suggests that this is indeed the case. He is known in Romania as the Maradona of the Carpathians.

"This is Hagi," announces Gaby adoringly, and he adds: "It is very nice to be here. This is the country where football began."

Hagi looks over as Gaby offers to translate. He gestures with his hand to the outside, where the sharp lawns spread out to perfectly cut hedges, which lead down to rolling hills dotted with sheep. Hagi speaks. "England is a very beautiful country, with a very great history," he says, and looks away again.

When the French meet the Romanians at St James' Park, the locals from Chollerford and surrounding villages will be among those supporting them, including pupils from the school where



A very English way of life: Florin Tene and Dinu Moldovan playing croquet on the lawns of Redworth Hall Hotel; Mark Archer, head chef at the hotel, with the huge supply of feta needed to satisfy the Romanian team's penchant for that cheese; the hamlet of Chollerford, where the French team has taken up residence; Sid Thompson ensconced in the bar at the Anchor Inn

they are training. But the Romanians will have an equally strong following among the locals at Redworth Hall.

"Here we are surrounded by a team of players that I'd barely heard of apart from those in the World Cup," says Alan Grey, a legal executive. "The rest were all Popovs and Crackoffs and Sawmoffs. But suddenly you're swimming in the same pool as them, and you're going to be watching them live on television."

He adds: "I'll be putting a five on the local team, the Romanians that is. They came fourth in the World Cup, so they must stand a chance in the European. I'll put some money on the English as well, but with the Romanians at 12 to 1 I could make a bit of money."

Craig Morley, a newsagent who has played semi-professional football, says: "When you're sitting with your family you can say, 'I was sat there having a pint with them... well, they were drinking coffee actually. I was having the pint.'"

Back in the village of Chollerford, not so much sleepy as unconscious, Les Bleus (as the French team is known) will have most support from the George Hotel, somewhat cut off from village life, where they have taken over all 48 rooms. Last week the staff could be heard practising phrases in their final French lessons before the team arrived.

"We're just really looking forward to them coming now," says Steve Grant, the manager. "And we're hoping for them to go all the way. A France/England final is our hope. Then, of course, patriotism takes over."

As the sun bounces off the Tyne outside it is almost possible to imagine any of Les Bleus, including Zinedine "Zorro" Zidane, the £4m midfielder from Bordeaux, sitting back after a Continental breakfast and musing "this sceptred isle... set in a silver sea".

Despite the enthusiasm of staff at the hotel, there was bewilderment elsewhere. There had been little advance warning about the impending arrival of the French team and the media circus that would follow: just a notice at the nearest post office in the neighbouring village of Humshaugh warning people that a television station would be setting up a satellite at the surgery.

In the sunshine outside, Alan Ritson, a retired quarryman, says cheerfully: "They won't be getting any frogs legs round here, but it's fine by me they're coming."

At the newsagent's, Lesley Anderson says: "They're closing the George from the public for them. And we won't be able to use the sauna and the pool there."

"You don't use them anyway, though," says Pierce Grant.

"I know," she says. "You just don't like the idea of not being able to use them," he adds.

Mr Grant continues: "It won't be a cultural shock to us. We won't see them. They'll be cosseted. Whereas if they take a stroll up to the Crown, that'll be a cultural shock for them, a scruffy little English hoozer. But it's good for the kids. I'll take them down to watch the practice matches."

There are refurbishments going on at the Crown pub, although not in honour of the French. "I don't think people realise what a big thing it's going to be. Last Saturday was the village fête. That's the most exciting day of the year for us, that's as big as it gets. We never see anybody here," says Jane Buck, the landlady.

There were also a few oblivious locals in Haydon Bridge, where the French are training, a few miles down the road. The small town, remote in winter when the snow falls, will be transformed into an international media centre.

"The French coming here are they? Well I'll be following all of it," says Sid Thompson, a retired miner enjoying a bottle of brown ale at the Anchor Inn. "So the French are coming here are they? When are they coming?"

L'Equipe, the French sports newspaper, announced grandly that the national team would be practising at the "Haydon Bridge Stadium". David Thompson, headmaster of the local secondary school, explains this is, in fact, the local school pitch, and as he does so a few local ducks from the pond walk over it.

But Mr Thompson, who is searching for a flag-pole to fly the *tricolore* from, has thrown himself into the role of ambassador of Haydon Bridge with zeal. "We're all behind this 100 per cent. The chances of anything like this happening again are small, it won't be until the end of the 21st century," he says.

When the teams set off for Newcastle they will experience a very different brand of English life, although locals in the city are confident that Euro 96 will be a well-behaved celebration of football. A local policeman says there is one problem he can see: "The only trouble I can see is the girls playing off the local boys against the foreigners in the Bigg Market. The lads'll be saying, 'I'm from Paris, honest pet.'"

shopping

The thing about... Raybans



No sooner does the sun finally hit this shivering land than the sneers start flying. I got on the bus the other day, going from the sort of light that shows up the dirt on window-panes to that pond-like gloom familiar on public transport. I forgot to remove my sunspecs. Two girls were watching me. I tried to ignore them. Finally one spoke up. "Who does she think she is?" she said. "Stevie Wonder?"

If God had meant us to walk around with tinted glass on our noses, he wouldn't have invented trees. Sun glare has a function, which is to make us get out of the sun at noon. The human eye is perfectly well adjusted to cope with all but the most unrelenting desert light. We don't need sunglasses.

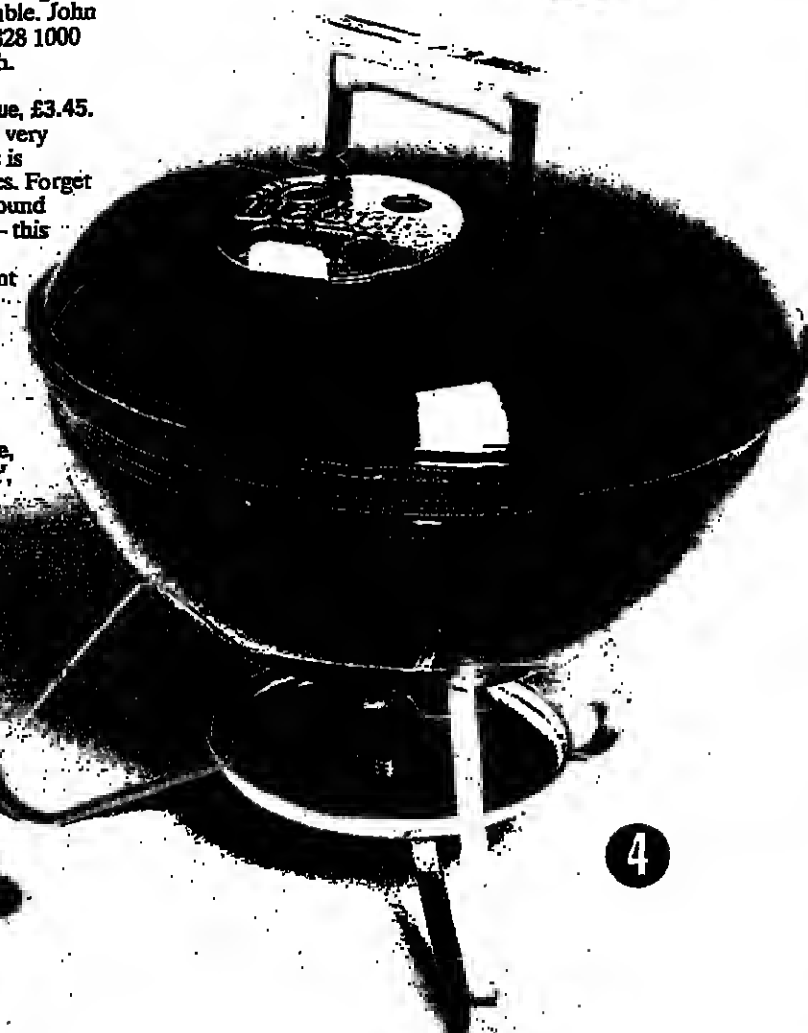
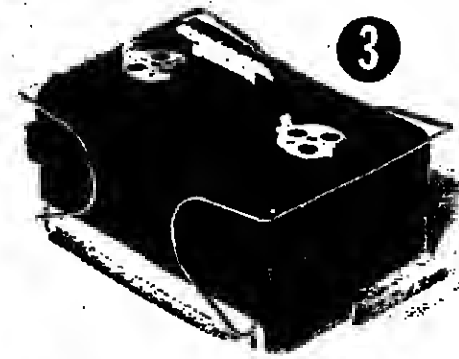
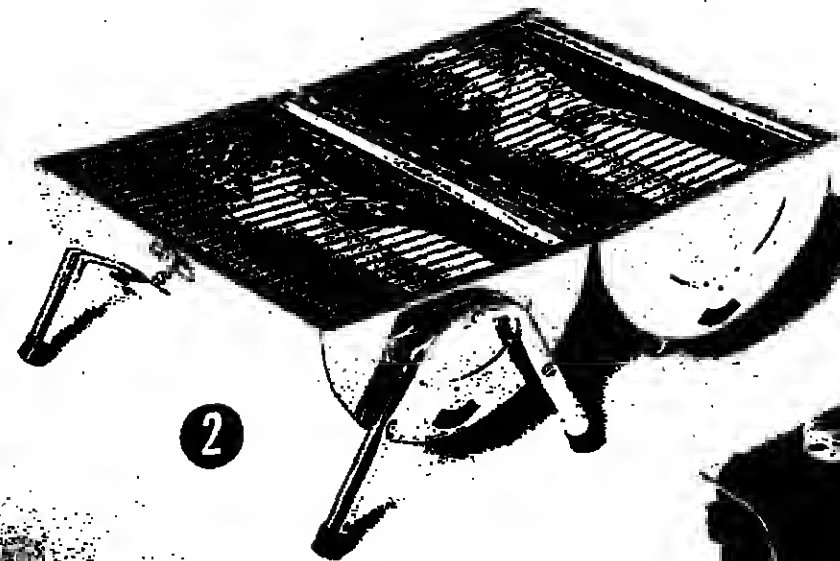
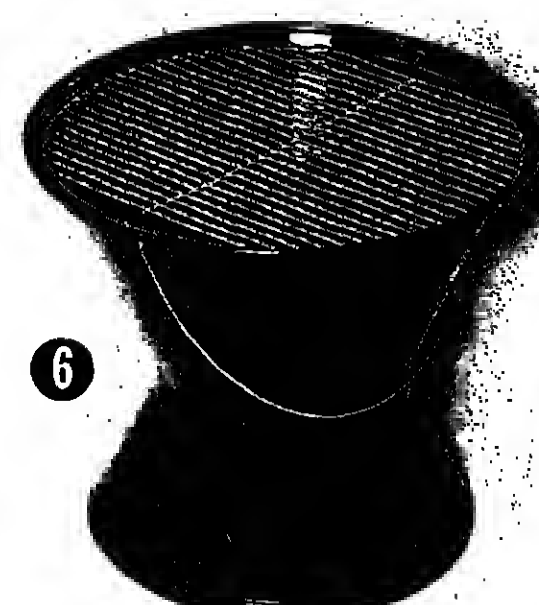
But our egos do. The thing about sunglasses is that they have two roles beyond sheltering the pupil - self-protection and status. The theory runs that you can stare at other people and they won't notice. This is arrant nonsense. The human animal is still sufficiently highly-tuned to know perfectly well that it's being watched. Pop stars claim sunglasses help them avoid meeting the eyes of the public. Pull the other one. Wearing sunglasses is like wearing a big sign around your neck saying "look at me! I'm a pop star!"

Which is why pop stars manqué wander the streets of Portobello in them: they hope someone will think they're someone interesting, someone with standing in the world. Someone with money to squander on accessories. How else do you explain the Ray-Ban phenomenon? When they could walk into Boots and come away with a perfectly adequate piece of eye protection for between £9.99 and £26.50, why would anyone in their right mind go to the Sunglasses Hut and lay out between £79 and £120?

Although Police specs (designed to make you look like an LA motorbike cop and retailing around £100) are gaining in popularity, the Ray-Ban is still the only spec for the desperate-to-impress. One hears a lot about resilience and UVA filters, but our weak northern light is never going to send anyone blind. People buy these icons purely to be able to say "Oh, no, I've lost my Ray-Bans" in public places. Because "Oh, no, I've lost the sunglasses I bought for £2.50 from the man with the felt board outside the station" just doesn't sound the same, does it?

Serena Mackesy

Six of the best barbecues



2 Barbecue cylinder Barbecue, £59.99. Sleek stainless steel BBQ for style junkies. Lid open, it functions as a conventional barbecue, lid down it smokes your food. Lightweight and easy to assemble - a very cool addition to the garden. Selfridges; 0171-629 1234

3 Weber Go Anywhere Grill, £40. Neat folding legs and a secure lid make this the ideal portable barby. B&Q (0500 300 150).

4 Smokey Joe Grill, £39.00. Reminiscent of the aliens in the 70s Smash adverts, this BBQ has a

good deep bowl which makes it possible to cook whole chickens, stews and vegetables. Made from porcelain enameled steel it is rust-proof, lightweight and easy to assemble. John Lewis; call 0171-828 1000 for nearest branch.

5 Instant Barbecue, £34.5. Although not very attractive this is brilliant for picnics. Forget about messing around with fire lighters - this is, as the name suggests, an instant BBQ with an hour's cooking time. Sainsbury's Homebase; 0181-784 7200

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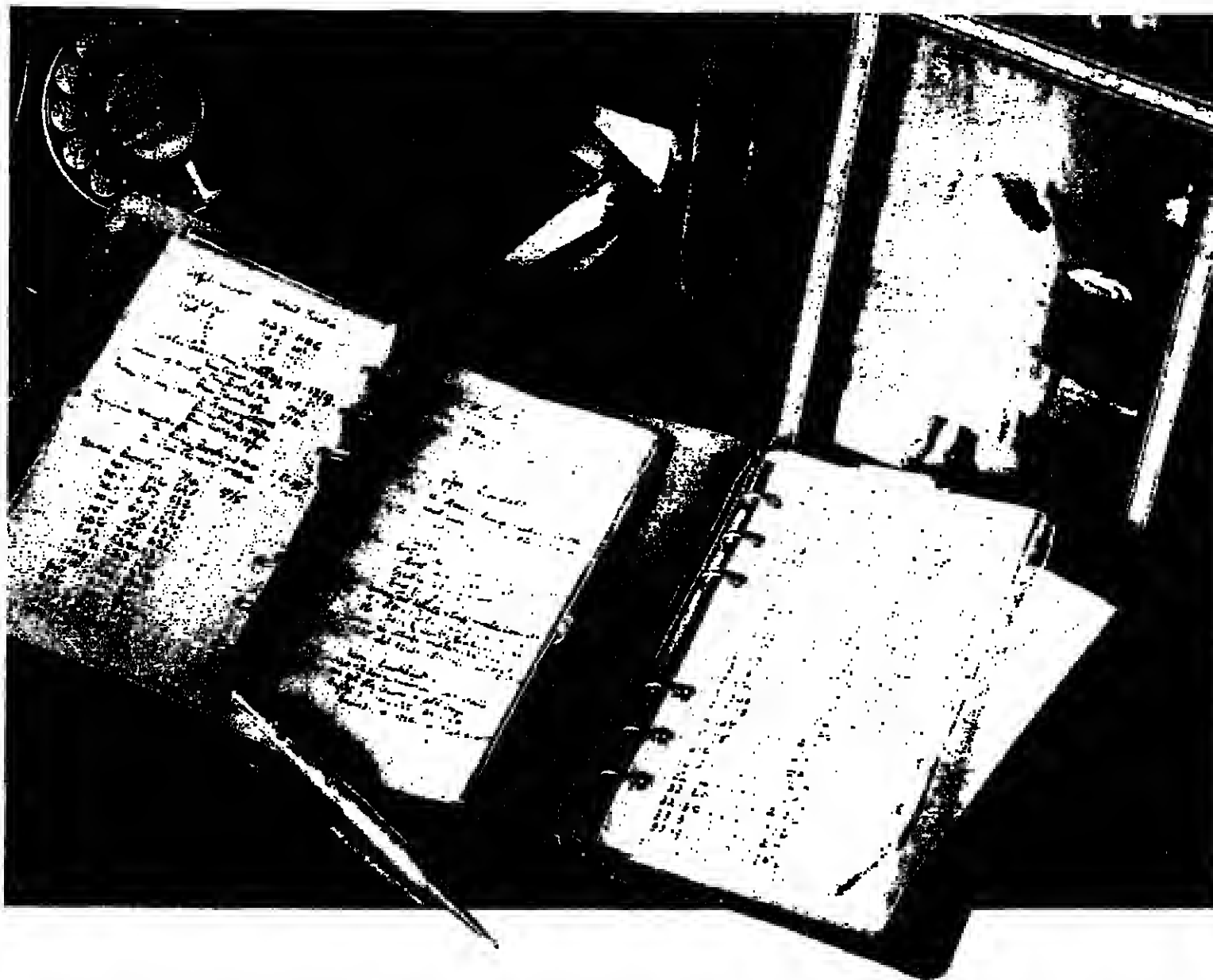
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A decade since its heyday and 75 years since its creation, can Filofax keep up with the digital diary revolution?

By Gina Cowen



Filo facts

One million Filofaxes are sold each year. No one knows exactly how many inserts are sold to accompany them. What we do know is that the designers responsible for these useful inserts have been nothing less than inventive. How else do you explain the following offerings? Filofiction: scaled-down, hole-punched novels which slipped easily into your trusty Filofax. The first author to have their work jostle alongside City whizz-kids' bulging diaries, address books and financial planners was Jeffrey Archer, with Not a Penny More, Not a Penny Less. Prefax: launched in 1990, this was an insert designed for the woman trying to have children. It came with a guide to gestation, charts and diet sheets as well as the all important nursery planner. Gerryfax: a jolly insert aimed at the older man or woman for recording bridge sessions and bowls.

The diary that launched the icon of the Eighties: Grace Scurr's Filofax.

What could the upwardly agile of the Eighties not be with — along with their mobile phone, Golf convertible, wharf conversion and negative equity? The Filofax of course. But surprisingly, perhaps, this little bible of "essentials and trivia" wasn't born in that decade. Last week it turned 75.

To mark the occasion the company is producing a limited edition of 1921 (get it?) burnished calf-leather, dual gilt-mechanism Filofaxes (a snip at £500), complete with cream 18-month diaries and other delights. The commemorative design is based on one of Filofax's earliest incarnations: a diary owned by Grace Scurr, who started at Norman and Hill (now Filofax) as a temporary secretary. When the company's offices were blitzed during the war, it was Grace's diary, in which she had recorded customers and suppliers, that literally saved the firm. And it was Grace (who went on to become Chairwoman, retiring in 1955) who coined the name Filofax — "a file of facts".

The original idea was based on an American organiser system, Lefax of Philadelphia — loose leaf information sheets on technical matters and trade information, for practical

and flexible reference. Filofax came quietly but firmly into British life, used mainly by journalists, lawyers, doctors, soldiers and clergymen. (The Rev Geoffrey Cox has been using a Filofax since the year Grace Scurr retired, making meticulous notes for sermons in his perfect handwriting, his filofax was on display at the celebration of the anniversary at the Design Museum in April.)

However, the reason we think of the Filofax as an Eighties icon was its boom during the decade. David Collischon, a life long Filofax fan, set up a business in 1976 to market Filofax by mail order, and went on to acquire the company in 1980. In 1987 he brought Filofax to the Unlisted Securities Market, valued at £12 million. It is now valued at over £30 million and sells in over 40 countries worldwide. Filofax, like the Hoover, has become synonymous with its genre.

It also became a style icon whose cool was indisputably established when fashion guru Paul Smith placed a black filofax in his shop window alongside a Montblanc pen. But it was a style of tradition, not of hi-tech. The fast growing hi-tech alternatives, the so-called Palm Tops, beaded by Psion with their 3a series, are the new pocket computer life sup-

port systems. The Psion seems to do everything short of making your bed and bringing you a cup of hot cocoa at night. It has an agenda, database, word processor, spread sheet, calculator, international clock, automatic telephone dialling, and an alarm which can be programmed to wake you up to the "sound of a loved one", bleep you with a message or tell you it's time to go to that meeting. You can attach it to your PC, print out, fax out, even phone out short messages. All kinds of software can be added from language phrase-books to games (users tell me that HomeRun, the card "patience", is addictive). Hewlett Packard has recently brought out competition in its HP Omnigo series. Apple even marketed a computerised notepad that can recognise your handwriting, though not many had the patience to sit down and teach it.

Is the classic personal organiser threatened by these thoroughly modern models? According to W H Smith it is only at the top end of the range — executive classic organiser versus, say, the Psion — that sales are being affected. There's still as strong a market for the average personal organiser as for the mid-range electronic ones, such as Sharp or Casio

which start at £29.99. The Psion 3a1 and 3a2 — one or two megabytes of memory — sell for £339 or £399.

Filofax is however responding to the digital dream by researching its own electronic database to add as an insert. The manufacturers of the Seven Star diary, the Dutch equivalent of Filofax, has already created a digital planner to insert in its 1997 diary. This quiet little winner from The Hague is even older than Filofax and was started by a certain Peter Schreuder just after the First World War. It's definitely worth a look. The day by day diary pages include quotations to keep up morale — "There is nothing permanent except change" or "Only men of small stature go chasing after titles" or, best of all, "A woman needs a man as much as a fish needs a bicycle". Now that's what I call progress.

Limited Edition Filofax, available from the end of June from Harrods, Selfridges and The Filofax Centre (0171-499 0457) For details of the classy new range of Filofaxes call 0171-432 3028. Dutch organiser at Success of London, 60a, Crawford St, W1H 1HS tel 0171-723 0738

To raise your flower consciousness, head to Sheffield

By Jenny McClean



Max Marsden
Photograph: Asadair Guzelian

Man cannot live by bread alone, the saying goes, but bags of flour have given Max Marsden his income for the past 18 years. Marsden believes he may be the only person in the country whose day job is selling professional baker's flour to the public.

A former chartered accountant, Marsden started off with half-a-dozen different flours after a friend in the trade asked him to open a shop in Sheffield. He became so enthused with his new life he bought out his friend and now sells up to 40 types of flour from four outlets of The Flour Bin, all within striking distance of his Derbyshire home.

"People couldn't believe I was just selling flour; and they still can't," he says. Logistics make mail order a non-starter but regular customers from all over the country drive up to stock up, or send a carrier. He even sends supplies in diplomatic bags to the British Embassy in Peking.

What's so special about Marsden's stock is that much of it comes from Canada where cold winters and mild, dry summers make for strong, pest-free wheat and flavoursome bread. Unfortunately for the British home

baker, import restrictions and an EC levy make Canadian flour too scarce and expensive for the supermarkets to stock, so most of us don't know what we are missing.

To make tasty, crusty, high-rise bread with body you need a high-protein wheat. Professional bakers are supplied with flour containing up to 14.5 per cent protein whereas we amateurs have to make do with so-called "strong bread flour" from the supermarket with protein levels as low as 9.9 per cent. No wonder we are so often disappointed at the results, even when we have followed a recipe faithfully.

"Canadian flours are so strong they can take anything," Marsden explained. "Tomatoes, onions, olives: you can put what you want into the dough and it will support it." He issues free computer print-outs of bread recipes but clearly likes it best when customers come in to ask his advice or share their bread-making — and other — experiences. Some of his customers still bake on a daily basis; while I was in his shop an elderly woman came in for 0.5kg of flour and 1/2 oz of yeast.

Marsden's flours, packed in sturdy brown bags, are not expensive: 1.5kg of strong white,

his best-seller, costs £1.05, or £17.25 for a 32kg sack (kept in a cool, dry place, flour can last for up to a year). Another top-seller at the same price is a Canadian wheat which is about 90 per cent wholemeal but behaves like a white.

He scorns the floppy "easy-pour" flours that have had much of their guts removed but thinks heavy wholemeal bread is a fad. He is also a great fan of bread machines: "the last

thing I want to do when I go home is knead dough. Machines, especially the Panasonic, are easy to use and make loaves that rise well."

Other flours he sells include organic, cobber (a malted brown with wheat chips in it), French flour (much weaker than Canadian and used for making brioche), pastry flour (a yellow wheat-maize blend originally devised for Marks & Spencer) and a range of specialist flours such as soya, potato, rye, rice, chapatti and buckwheat, and he is planning to introduce a new durum and wheat flour mix for making pasta.

Marsden would love to have a place in London but the rents are prohibitive and there's a limit on how much you can charge for a bag of flour, however high the quality. Meanwhile the kneady not-so-few are happy to travel up the M1 in order to put beautiful bread on the table.

The Flour Bin is at 36 Exchange Street, Sheffield (0114 2724842). Closed Thurs. Also at Sheffield's Moorfoot Market, Chesterfield Market Hall and Mansfield Market.



AUCTIONS

All eyes on London this week. The Grosvenor House Art and Antiques Fair, the Ascot of the art market, opens on Thursday (until 22 June) and the auction houses will be dusting off their star lots to lure the rich private buyers. The Olympia Fine Art and Antiques Fair, which opened last week, continues until Sunday of next week. Dealers without stands at the big fairs will be skulking in the backrooms of their London galleries, praying for high-rolling Americans or Japanese to ring the bell. A "good fair" is expected at Grosvenor House, following the vicissitudes of the recession. A bad fair — such as 1991, after which one in five exhibitors jumped ship — can put a damper on the entire trading year. This year, some of the defectors of 1991 are limping back. Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London W1, 0171-499 6363

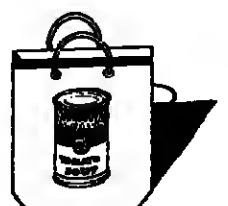
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If you are shocked by those who sell scraps of pop stars' clothing in showbiz memorabilia auctions, peep into Christie's Glasgow sale, The Jacobites and Their Adversaries, Wednesday (2.30pm) and you will find that Bonnie Prince Charlie's followers gave him the same treatment back in 1745. Now, on the 250th anniversary of the defeat of the Jacobite army at Culloden, canny Scots have ransacked cupboards for any bric-a-brac that can be said to have come within spitting distance of the Prince.

A three-legged wooden stool with brass plate alleging the Prince sat on it is est £300-£500. A tiny fragment of fabric bearing a label marked "portion of tartan trews worn by Charles Edward Stuart from the time of his landing in Scotland in 1745 till after the Battle of Culloden..." is estimated £80-£120. The star turn is the Prince's death mask: £5,000-£8,000.

In the same book and manuscript sale as the rediscovered leaf of George Washington's unpublished inaugural address — est £150,000 at Phillips, Thursday (11am) — are two letters by the late Kingsley Amis, signed with a hammer and sickle around his name, imploring a fellow Oxford undergraduate to rejoin the Communist party, est £200-£300. The sale also offers books owned by Leonard Smithers, wily publisher of Aubrey Beardsley and Oscar Wilde — including a rare copy of Beardsley's Lysistrata, which earned Smithers a quick penny after he disobeyed Beardsley's death-bed plea to destroy all copies (£3,000-£4,000).

John Windsor



bazaar

Bestseller

If you are toying with the idea of splashing out on a limited edition Filofax, why not really push the boat out and treat yourself to a little something from Montblanc, the classy pen manufacturer, to go with it? Here are the top ten sellers in their distinctive Meisterstück range — you know the one: glossy black with a splash of white on the end.

Meisterstück small ballpoint	£109
Meisterstück small fountain pen	£159
Meisterstück medium fountain pen	£220
Meisterstück small mechanical pencil	£109
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Leather notebook	£49
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Good thing

Father's day mug £2.50

For a perfect, and very worthy Father's day present all you need to do is rush out and buy a bottle of Daddies Tomato Ketchup, send your proof of purchase and a cheque for £2.50 to Daddies and they will donate 25p to the NSPCC and send your father an 'I love my Daddy' mug. The promotion is expected to raise at least £80,000 for the NSPCC's work with neglected and abused children. The offer closes on Father's day, June 16.

Mad thing

Seafood shopper, £18.99

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What is it? A stationery and accessories shop founded in 1887 and still the first word in de luxe for the desk. Recently relocated to a building in which every room is stamped with a preservation order.

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What services do they offer? At the back of the shop the stationery salon is staffed by experts ready to advise on special letterhead orders (from £206 for 250 die-stamped sheets and envelopes). Gold stamping is also on offer. There is an

even more intimate *salon privé* for those who want to bespeak their orders more discreetly.

What should I buy? Wonderful long grain, half bound morocco leather photo albums — from £89. Superb quality everyday stationery reasonably priced: £6.50 for 50 sheets and £6.50 for 25 envelopes — all hand-folded, coloured tissue lined envelopes are £13.50 for 25.

Most popular item: The featherweight series of little blank books, £15.50, with titles such as "Blondes, Brunettes, Redheads", "Places To Remember" and "Friends, Lovers, Husbands", stamped in gold on their covers.

Tel: 0171-629 8558

The honey bee under threat

The varroa parasite is devastating Britain's hives, with disastrous knock-on effects. By Daniel Butler



Bees have been farmed for centuries, but they are also highly valued for their by-product: pollination. So what happens if all our hives are wiped out? Photo: Steve Hopkin

Like Williams, of the Bee Farmers Association (BFA), is understandably worried as he contemplates the ravages of a parasite that is rampaging through Britain's bee hives. The environmental impact could be far, far, worse than myxomatosis – rabbits are a pest while bees do nothing but good. The effects on farming and wildlife could be devastating. His fears, however, are nothing compared with the concern of fruit growers.

"The only real solution is to develop self-pollinating varieties of apple," says William Barnett, manager of Tillington Fruit Farm in Herefordshire. "But to do this we should have started work 40 years ago – now we are stuck with a terrible problem."

The villain is a tiny mite, varroa, which originated in South East Asia where it lives harmlessly on a native wild bee. Around the turn of the century, however, it managed to transfer hosts to the honey bee, *Apis mellifica mellifera*, which had been imported by European imperialists. From there it slowly leap-frogged back through colonies across Asia until, in 1992, it was first noticed in Devon.

What it lacked in speed arriving, it has made up with the ferocity of its impact. Although at first an infected hive shows few signs of damage, after about three years the colony collapses under the combined pressures of falling reproduction and secondary viral infections. Last year's warm weather helped the mites increase – a problem compounded by the cold winter which further weakened host colonies.

As a result, varroa is now sweeping across southern England and reports of the parasite are also coming in from Wales and as far north as Cumbria. The mite appears to be causing the most devastation in the south east.

"Around my home in Sittingbourne, losses among local bee hobbyists are 100 per cent," says Mr Williams. "Commercial keepers have lost fewer, but we're still talking about 80 per cent."

A partial cure is possible if varroa mites are detected early enough. However, this involves insecticides which for obvious reasons have to be used in minute doses. Consequently, an infected colony can never be completely cleared of the pest and even if it were, once the mite is established locally, the colony would be open to reinfection from untreated local hives. Soon all colonies will have to be treated regularly or face extinction.

This could mean the end of one of the oldest forms of farming. Bees have been exploited for honey for thousands of years, but increasingly have become valued more for their beneficial by-product: pollination, necessary to transform flowers or blossom to seed and fruit.

Although wind and wild bees can also perform the task, Brian Stanhouse, general secretary of the BFA, says domesticated honey bees are easily the best pollinators. "Not only are there far more of them than wild insects at the vital time of year, but once they latch on to a pollen supply, they stay with it," he says. A typical hive, which starts the year with 35,000 bees, will systematically milk an orchard of pollen before turning to alternatives.

In comparison, the tiny colonies of bumble bees (any "wild" honey bees are really feral colonies which have swarmed) are inefficient, wandering randomly from hedgerow flowers to blossom.

"Bees are vital for pollination – particularly in cold weather such as the spring we've just had," says Janet Chapman, an apple farmer in Gloucestershire.

Not surprisingly, the disappearance of honey bees has worrying implications for agriculture: "Our local apple farmers are beginning to panic," points out Mr Williams of the BFA. As pollination secretary he liaises between hive owners and farmers, administering bee contracts where fruit farmers hire colonies from professionals at £25 a hive for the month trees are blossoming. "Traditionally they might rely on a couple of hobbyist hives," he says. "These would be helped out by contracting in more for the pollination period, but this spring there are almost no bees at all in many orchards, and farmers are finding they can't get hold of alternative supplies."

The effects could also be serious for oil seed rape growers where bees are not essential, but greatly speed up pollination. This ensures an even seed set, with the result that everything ripens at the same point. As a consequence, Britain's 350 professional bee keepers are in constant demand throughout the summer, shutting their 35,000 hives between straw-berries, beans, commercial greenhouses and rape fields. The process culminates with the heather contracts in late summer and the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food advises fruit farmers to provide one hive per acre in apple orchards, rising to four in the more insect-dependent cherry orchards. Although no one can put a firm value on this work, one estimate puts it at £900m every year (in contrast, the honey is only worth £15-20m).

Now a wide range of crops whose success is based on natural pollination are under threat. "Every one of my 300 colonies in Kent is affected, although my 150 Scottish hives are still clear," confirms Mr Stanhouse. "I'm lucky not to have lost any, but I'm almost sure I know one farmer who's lost all but 19 of his 400 colonies."

Others are still fighting hard. "I'm taking steps to guard against the danger," says fruit farmer Mr Barnett who keeps 20 hives of his own. "I won't touch anyone else's swarms and won't allow hives from outside on to the farm." He adds, however, that varroa has been found just to the south and east and admits he is probably struggling against an unstoppable tide.

Further west, Pam Gregory, bee inspector for Wales, is resigned to the parasite's arrival. Because sheep and cattle are the mainstays of local farmers, agriculture is unlikely to be as hard hit as in England, but she says ordinary gardeners face falling yields. "There's no doubt bees make a difference – I know, for example, my broad and runner bean crop is much better thanks to local hives." Far more important, however, is the potential damage to wildlife. "Bees are vital pollinators for many wild flowers and trees," she says. "Without them, many nuts and berries will fail and the effects on birds and animals could be terrible."

A dainty dish to set before a duke

Where, in May, can you eat rook pie in the company of a duke, his head gamekeeper and 30 other roistering locals? Only, I fancy, in the King's Arms in the Gloucestershire village of Didmarton, where the enterprising proprietors, Nigel and Jane Worrall, have instituted an annual event which is clearly here to stay.

The Worralls took over the pub early in 1994, and that spring Nigel went out shooting rooks with Mervyn Barratt, head keeper to the Duke of Beaufort on the Badminton estate. Mervyn told him that 12 May was the traditional date for thinning out the rookeries, when the young birds are just off their nests but not able to fly far. The keeper also recalled how, when he was a boy, his grandmother and mother made rook pie every spring as a matter of course.

And so in 1994, when they had downed 90-odd birds, Nigel said, more or less as a joke, "Why don't we all meet up at the pub and eat them?" His chef – the Roux-trained, award-winning Sue Andrews – consulted old recipe books, went to work, and produced a pie so delicious that the 10 who sat down to it a couple of weeks later pronounced it a masterpiece.

Thus was born the annual Rook Pie supper. Last year's was heavily over-subscribed, and this year the dining room could have been filled three times over.

Dress for the occasion was variegated, to say the least. Mervyn, who took the head of the top table, wore a white polo shirt, horizontally striped with dark blue, which emphasised his impressive girth. Chas Wright, the brewer from the nearby village of Uley, whose ale we were drinking, looked equally massive, but in a dinner jacket. Nigel also appeared in a dinner jacket, extended to heel level by a tail of black bin-liner, which gave him a suitably avian appearance.

The company was equally variegated. The Duke of Beaufort sat next to a pig-man who works at a nearby farm. There were several barristers, a lady who sells pyjamas in Savile Row, and at least one bearded artist. Mervyn, who has worked on the Badminton estate for 33 years, reckoned that this year had been been "a bit lily" for rooks. Nevertheless, he, his son and nephew (the two underkeepers) shot 200, and he himself skinned them, filleting off the dark breast meat. Sue Andrews then marinated it for a fortnight.

Expectations ran high, and the company was in such fettle



DUFF HART-DAVIS

that singing broke out before the first course had been cleared away. It needed only a few notes from Chas's squeeze-box to set everybody off into "It's my delight on a Friday night, To be a farmer's BOY, oi-oi-oi", and other favourites.

Then suddenly Chas struck a mock-heroic chord – and in came the first of two mighty pies to the blazing hymn tune "Thine is the glory". There was no doubt that the chef had done her stuff. The pie was delicious, with crisp pastry, glutinous gravy, cubes of beef and slimmer slices of rook. In the gravy, the beef taste predominated, but the rook was rook, and no mistaking it. I am not sure I would want to eat it every day, yet it was fascinating – gamey and different.

Perhaps unwisely, our talk turned to rooks' habits and diet. The birds eat large amounts of seeds, and in late summer can seriously damage corn crops; but on the whole they are the farmer's friend, because they gubble up harmful grubs. As another of the diners remarked, "They be the huggers what scatter the dung". Exactly.

The sing-song picked up riotously before, during and after the spotted dick pudding. Called upon for a riposte, Mervyn rose to his feet and recited a poem which featured a squirrel. His diction seemed less clear than it had been, but I think I heard the lines:

I got up to close the window,
I smashed his bloody head

Chas began to sing in Irish, in Gloucestershire, in Cornish. Most of his words were – fortunately, I suspect – incomprehensible. Later he led an impassioned rendering of Bread of Heaven, which he announced as "the Western Samoan national anthem". Later still he was seen clog-dancing with Catriona, lithest of the lawyers, and sliding along the bar.

Next day several of the company could not recall when, or by what means, they had reached home. But I am willing to bet that, come next May, they will be back at the King's Arms for another dose of the same medicine.

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To celebrate 100 years of British cinema we have linked up with Odeon Cinemas to offer all readers two tickets for the price of one at participating Odeon Cinemas throughout the UK. Among the films showing next week are *Primal Fear*, *From Dusk Till Dawn*, *Mr Holland's Opus*, *Muppet Treasure Island*, *Spy Hard*, *The Birdcage*, *Copcat*, *Things To Do In Denver When You're Dead*, *Toy Story*, *Executive Decision* and more.

How to Qualify

The offer is valid until Thursday 13 June 1996. Simply collect three differently numbered tokens from the twelve we will be printing in *The Independent* and the *Independent on Sunday*. Token 8 is printed today; Token 9 will be printed in *The Independent* tomorrow. Attach them to the voucher which is printed today and again on Sunday 9 and Wednesday 12 June. Then take the voucher to a participating Odeon Cinema to qualify for your free cinema ticket when you purchase another. To find out where your local Odeon Cinema is simply call Talking Pages on 0900 600900.

Now And Then (certificate PG) stars Melanie Griffiths, Demi Moore,

Rosie O'Donnell and Rita Wilson in a nostalgic and funny portrait of how one Summer set in motion the adult lives of four remarkable women. In 1970 they made a friendship pact as the no-so-innocent world of childhood adventure was cracked by the reality of divorce and the spectre of a 25 year old murder mystery. Now they gather together to solve one final mystery: how the girls they were at 12 could have become the women they are now.

From Dusk Till Dawn (certificate 18), tells the story of the notorious Gecko Brothers (George Clooney & Quentin Tarantino), two of America's most dangerous criminals, on the run from the Texas police and the FBI after a crime spree through the South-west. Also stars Harvey Keitel and Juliette Lewis.

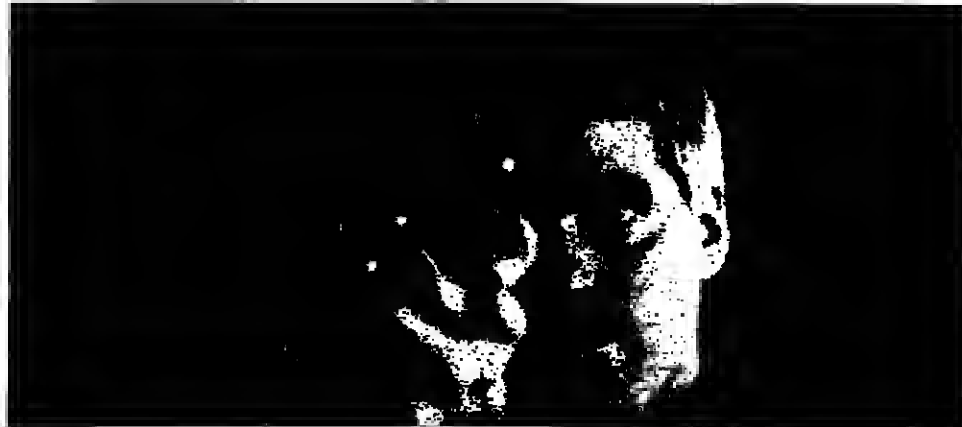
In *Muppet Treasure Island* (certificate U), the Muppets are back and ready to cast off and set sail on their zaniest adventure ever, as they encounter pirates, buried treasure and some angry warthogs, in Walt Disney Pictures' all-new, live-action, musical feature.

Spy Hard (certificate PG), stars Leslie Nielsen as Agent WD-40,

a.k.a. Steele – Dick Steele in a comedy of high-voltage adventure, high-tech gadgetry and lowrow humour.

In *Toy Story* (certificate PG), six year old Andy's toys have a life of their own when left alone. Led by Andy's favourite toy Woody, the fearless pull-string cowboy doll, the toys live a quiet life of dedication to their master. All this is thrown into jeopardy on Andy's birthday, the most dreaded day in the life of a toy, when the fear of being replaced by another toy can become a reality.

Up Close And Personal (certificate 15) stars Michelle Pfeiffer as Tally Attwater, an articulate, sophisticated and charming newscaster. She is a familiar and comforting face to millions of network TV news viewers. Going from small-town weathergirl to prime-time network anchor she was aided and abetted by Warren Justice (Robert Redford) a brilliant older newsmen, her mentor and lover. Their romance in intense and exhilarating yet each breaking story threatens to drive them apart.



From Dusk Till Dawn



Muppet Treasure Island

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

1. The "free" ticket may only have a value equal to, or less than, the purchased ticket (i.e. the purchase of a child's ticket will not entitle an adult to free admission).
2. The voucher is only valid for admission to any film showing at Odeon Cinemas between 3 June - 13 June 1996.
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THE INDEPENDENT

TOKEN 8

ODEON CINEMAS

THE INDEPENDENT

ODEON CINEMAS

INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

Style. Exuberance. Verve. Pezazz. I'm talking about the Journées des Plantes de Courson, a kind of gardening fair, held in the grounds of a comfortably sized château, 35km south of Paris. The house belongs to Patrice and Helene Fustier and they arrange the event, which is not quite a show – in the sense that we use the word – but very much more than a plant sale. I went to the spring fair, held from 17-19 May. There is another one in autumn.

Enterprising English nurserymen have been going there for several years. The exchange rate may be painful if you are buying in France, but if you have something to sell, the sums become much rosier. Peter Foley from Holden Clough Nursery took over a van load of plants for the May fair and came back with very little left except some yellow rhododendrons. "They would have gone a bomb in this country," he said. "In France we couldn't shift them." On the other hand, the French had fallen upon his acers with shrieks of joy, and had hoovered up his alpinists faster than he could unpack them from the van. The French seem happy to spend three times as much on a plant as an English gardener would. Mr Foley is planning to return, with a larger van and a larger plants for the autumn show.

"Laid-back" was how he described the event. That's true, but it is the kind of laid-back that comes from attention to detail and so enormous amount of planning. Everything worked. We arrived at Courson early on Friday, after crossing on Thursday evening from Portsmouth to Le Havre. It was 2am before we drew up at the hotel in Apajon where we had booked rooms back in March.

But just when we thought we had reached our destination, the journey turned into a surreal episode of *Challenge Anneka*. Stuck on the front door of the locked-up hotel was a note saying "Anna Pavord. Go to Arpanaj police station". Stumbling through deserted streets in a rainstorm, we found the police station and a letter from Patrick Fustier explaining that our hotel had suddenly closed down. Hearing of this he had booked rooms for us at another hotel about 10 miles away. This seemed rather extraordinarily kind, but when I told the tale at the show the next day people shrugged. "Typical of the Fustiers", they said.

The château at Courson is set in a park, laid out in a way which the French call "le style Anglais", but which isn't really English at all. They choose and place their trees quite differently from us. Around the house are courtyards and barns and cart sheds with wide parkland

Holland, 14-16 June
International Specialised Nursery Festival.
Eugenie van Weede has lured nurserymen from Belgium, Britain, France and Germany as well as the Netherlands to this event at Bingerdse House, Bingerdseweg 21, 6986 CE Angerlo (near Arnhem), the first of its kind in Holland. Open Friday (2-6pm), Saturday and Sunday (10am-6pm). Admission Hfl 17.50 (Tel: 00 31 313 47 22 02). This is followed (19-20 June) by a two-day symposium "Perennial Perspectives: Creative Ecology and Integral Landscape Design", which features a list of eminent speakers.

such as the landscape architect James van Sweden and the photographer Marijke Heuff. More details from the symposium secretariat at St Antonielelaan 182, 6821 GL Arnhem, Netherlands (Fax 00 31 26 44 25 196).

France, 15 June-20 Oct
Festival International des Jardins.
The festival is held in the grounds of the
Chateau de Chaumont, 41150
Chaumont-sur-Loire, 17km from Blois on
the D751 to Amboise. Alternatively,
travel by TGV to St-Pierre-de-Corps and
change for Blois. Local trains stop at
Onzain, 3km north of Chaumont. The
festival is open daily from 9am-dusk.
Admission is £40. It is a good idea to

allow at least two hours for a visit. There are free guided tours in English throughout the day. (Tel 00 33 16 54 20 99 22).

Belgium, 4-6 Oct
Fete des Plantes et du Jardin.
Prince Antoine de Ligne holds these
fêtes each year on the first weekends of
May and October at Les Jardins
d'Aywiers, Rue de l'Abbaye 14, 1380
Lasne, Couture-Saint-Germain. Take
exit 22, signposted Waterloo, from the
Brussels ring road. Open Friday (2-
6pm), Saturday and Sunday (10am-
6pm) Admission F80. (Tel 00 32 633
20 211).

Plant names of course are the same wherever you are, botanical Latin constituting a kind of Esperanto which is as easily understood at Courson as it would be in Harrogate or Berlin. Variety names, too, stay the same. At Etablissements Cayeux, the inky iris 'Study in Black' did not suddenly become 'Études en Noir'.

Their stand, with some dazzling iris simply displayed (they offer 400 varieties) was next door to the peony specialist, Pivoines Rivière, the only nursery in France (according to the encyclopaedic Coursion catalogue), which concentrates solely on peonies. The show is well-timed for them – as it is for iris growers. I particularly liked their dark maroon 'Chocolate Soldier' with a dramatic central boss of pale stamens.

In the old stables, orchids dazzled the swallows who were trying to get on with a spot of nest-building. Spinning over the heads of the visitors, they wove in and out of the rafters like skiers on a slalom, round and round the paphiopedilums, io and out the cuttleys of Vacherot and Lecouffe – the elegant Ile-de-France nursery that filled the mangers along one whole side of the stables with their orchids. Along the other side was an antiquarian bookseller. I didn't dare look at that stand.

Through the three days of the show, the Fustiers arrange a series of lectures in French, German, English or Dutch and I went to hear Diana Grenfell, co-owner of the Apple Court Nursery in Hampshire, talk about hostas, her speciality. Before the talk, she and the Belgian breeder, Ignace van Doorslaer christened a new hosta 'Domaine de Coursoo', a handsome beast with huge, ribbed leaves. The plant, stylishly done up in sackings and twice, held centre stage while M van Doorslaer banded round sugared almonds, just as at a real christening. And what was the hosta christened with? 'Champagne' of course. Nothing but the best at Coursoo.

The next Journées des Plantes de Courson will be held from 18-20 October. The address is 91680 Courson Montepoux, France. If you are driving, it's a good idea to take your car from Portsmouth to Le Havre - you can approach Courson via Chartres and avoid the terrifying Paris périphérique. If you get to Paris by Eurostar, you can continue by train, taking the Ligne C du RER (direction Dourdan) from Paris, and getting off at Breuillevy-Bréveres le Châtel. There is a minibus shuttle service from the station to Courson, 5km away. Admission to Courson is 60 francs.

Charles Flower is the appropriately named owner of a company that specialises in growing wild flowers as plugs or plants to recreate a flowery mead. Red-and-white campion, greater burnet, lady's smock, purple loosestrife, ragged robin and self heal are a few of the more common types of wildflower (plugs are 25p each) that feature in his extensive list. But Mr Flower also organises courses on his farm to show how to restore wild flowers to gardens and the wider countryside. In a three-hour session from 2-5pm, you will learn the best way to rescue a traditional flowering

meadow. Courses include a tour of the farm's trial sites and its recently created wild flower garden. The next course is on 18 June, cost £25. Further details from Carvers Hill Farm, Shalbourne, Marlborough, Wilts SN8 3PS (01635 247666).

The herb garden at the Geffrye Museum in London is now in its fifth season. It is planted with 170 different herbs, combined with the scented plants such as roses, lilies and honeysuckle traditionally associated with herb gardens. The garden is divided into beds each of which

illustrates a different use of herbs; cosmetic, medicinal, cooking herbs and herbs for dyeing cloth. The design is formal, with a fountain at the centre. Later this summer (22-26 July), the museum has organised a Herbal Summer School, a week of lectures and practical workshops to examine the influence of foreign cultures on the way herbs are used in this country. Each day starts at 10.30am and finishes at 4.30pm. The cost for the full five-day course is £175. For more details contact the Geffrye Museum at Kingsland Road, London E2 8EA. (0171 739 98934).

A promising line of Douce Provence® peas (Marshall £1.64) in my garden has just been nibbled down to the quick. Cover fresh sowings with netting and continue to protect young pea plants from rabbits, pigeons, slugs, pea weevils and all the other creatures that like peas as much as we do.

The ground is drying out fast in-between rainstorms. If you sow in a dry period, then sow the drills well with water before sprinkling the seed along them. Newly planted annuals will need watering along before they get established. Soak plants in pots

before you set them out and once planted, water and feed annuals well, and protect them from slugs.

Clip hedges such as Leyland cypress and privet regularly to contain growth and prevent them spreading too wide.

Cover crops of strawberries with netting to protect them from birds.

Dead head pansies and violas regularly to prolong the display of flowers.

Sow French beans in situ. The soil is warm enough for them now, but they will need to be well protected to germinate. I had good results from a new variety called 'Goldlucker' (Marshall's £1.95) last year and am

sowing it again this year, along with 'Slenderwand' (Johnsons £1.49).
How regularly to keep on top of weed seedlings. Onions, in particular, hate competition from weeds.
 Asparagus beds should be picked over regularly and kept free from weed. You need at least 30 asparagus plants, though, to get anything approaching a decent amount to cook at any one picking.
Prune overgrown specimens of chioysa, kerria, exochorda and the American currant, *Ribes sanguineum*. Take out a third of the stems at ground level.

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صبرنا من الازل



The spring garden fair in the grounds of Courson château (above). The park is laid out in a way the French call 'à la style Anglais', but which isn't really English at all. And the flower show itself is distinctly different from such events in Britain: the French like to buy their plants big, and are much keener on pruning, shaping and training trees and shrubs. Photographs: Dezan



Growing abroad on your doorstep

A patio can be an exotic haven for Mediterranean plants. By Anna McKane

Turn your patio into a Mediterranean-style courtyard. If you want to preserve the holiday spirit throughout the summer it is now possible to buy bougainvilleas, oleanders, and abutilons for just a few pounds.

The price of a couple of geraniums and busy lizzies would buy one or two of these tender shrubs to give an exotic feel to the garden. They would need shelter, of course, as much sun as possible, and they must be in a pot so they can be brought into a frost-free place during the winter.

Abutilons, which a few years ago might have been too pricey and too fussy, can now be bought for £5. They will be only two feet high or less, but a couple of weeks of sun and some plant food should bring them into flower. Many of the newer varieties will be happy in a British summer. Abutilon 'Canary Bird', which is clear yellow, A 'Kentish Belle', with two-tone flowers, and A 'Ashford Red' are all fairly widely available. They would make a smart centrepiece for a large pot or tub, perhaps with yellow-leaved belichrysums or the variegated ground elder aegopodium.

A couple of years ago at Columbia Road flower market in east London they were selling cream flowered oleanders for £3. Mine has flowered regularly since, and although not quite as big or brash as the huge ones which line the roads in the south of France, it has a delicious scent which provides a breath of the Mediterranean. It is correctly called Nerium oleander, and there are several different varieties available.

The real holiday brochure flower, bougainvillea, which sprawls over so many whitewashed villas, is not quite so easy to please. Bougainvilleas need sun if they are to flower, and they must have protection from wind. It is important to picture them on their home ground to decide what suits them. They are often at their best seemingly struggling in a patch of rubble and stones at the foot of a bakingly dry wall.

Bougainvilleas are now available in a range of stunning shades from the raspberry red of B 'Mrs Butt' to the yellow-bronze of B 'California Gold'. They need a pot of their own, as they are far too dramatic and special to share one.

The same goes for the elegant daturas. The experts have renamed them brugmansias, although some nurseries seem to be ignoring this directive.

Brugmansias produce dozens of four- or five-inch long trumpet flowers which hang down from arching branches. They range from cream to dark peach, and their scent in the evening is out of this world. They should be cut down in winter, so they would not take up too much space when they need to be protected from frosts. One of mine was the bargain of all time: 50p at a charity plant sale, at the same time that a noted nursery was selling them for £18.95. Their price has levelled out rather – it is fairly easy to get one for about £7. They need regular feeding to produce flowers – and a vigilant eye for red spider mite.

The heavenly Plumbago auriculata, which covers itself with sky blue

flowers and grows almost like a weed alongside the Los Angeles freeways is not difficult to grow in this country provided it has a big pot with a framework to scramble up. Brian Hiley, who grows many tender plants at his nursery in Wallington, Surrey, says it is pretty hardy, and suggests a little brinkmanship: leave it outside until it is cut down by the first frost, and then bring it inside, remove the frostbitten bits, and it will sprout anew.

Another tender plant, so new it is not in the books, created quite a stir on the Hiley stand at the Chelsea Flower Show. Alyogyne has leaves like a pelargonium, with a blue mallow-type flower. There are several different varieties around although they may not yet be very easy to find.

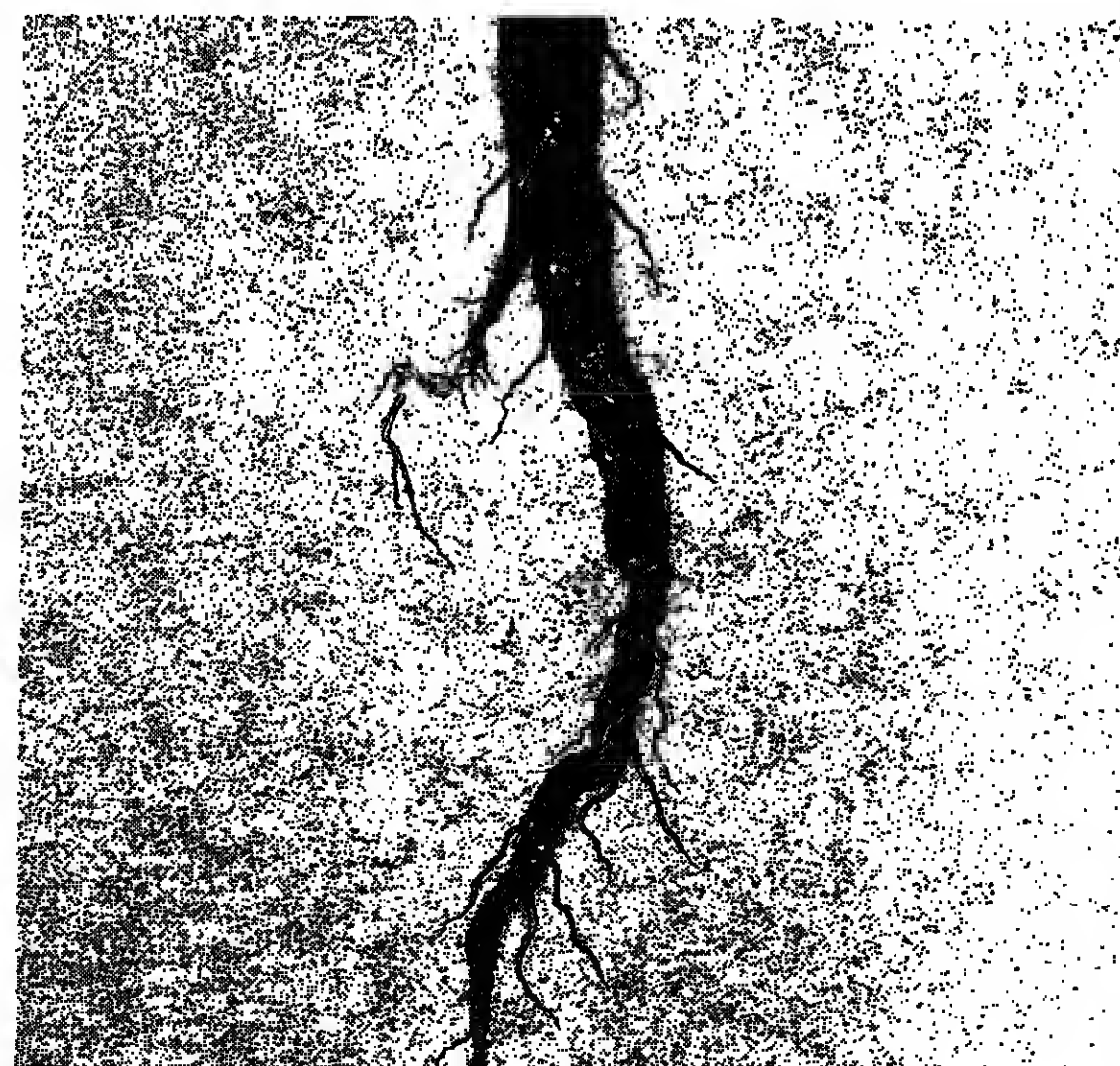
Growers in their search of more plants to tempt the gardener have bred several new citrus varieties which will produce fruit in our climate. One of the best is a small lemon, Citrus x meyeri Meyer, which will flower and fruit when only a few years old. The scent of all these citrus is one of their features, as well as providing the slice for the gin and tonic. City garden centres charge rather regal prices for these trendy lemon and orange trees, but on a trip out to a specialist in the country one could be found for £7 or so.

Brian Hiley (0181-647 9679) and Reads Nursery, Loddon, Norfolk (01508 548395) both have a range of tender shrubs and sell by mail order



Bougainvilleas – a touch of the Mediterranean on your patio

Photograph: Heather Angel



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arts reviews

POP

The Fugees
Kentish Town Forum, London

The greatest hip-hop circus on earth comes to town. By Emma Forrest

"Welcome to the hip-hop circus," cackles the Fugees' Wyclef. He and the band come fresh from performing their cover of Roberta Flack's "Killing Me Softly" for *Top of the Pops*, which The Fugees, this week, are. Not only is the single number one, but their album, *The Score*, has sold four million copies worldwide since its release a few months ago. In America, the three young Haitian refugees are massive – and crossover – enough to share a bill with Smashing Pumpkins. Funky, furious and funny as it is, *The Score*, by sheer weight of sales, is now something of a coffee-table record. It's the one record that people who don't listen to records buy, as was the case with Oasis's *Definitely Maybe* or Portishead's *Dummy*.

The Fugees have brought along some very special guests. "Prince and the New Power Generation couldn't be here," gloats Wyclef, "but we got De La Soul in the house. Michael Jackson couldn't make it but we got Nas." This is a bill that showcases the past (De La Soul), present (The Fugees) and future (Nas) of rap. In the late-Eighties, De La Soul were as huge as The Fugees. As yet they have been unable to repeat either the ingenuity or success of their debut, *3 Feet High and Rising*. If they ever do, they may well explode.

Luckily for The Fugees, their first album was not very good. Everyone said they should split up and that singer, 20-year-old Lauryn Hill, should go solo. There were no expectations for *The Score*. They didn't have to do their growing up in public. They grew up fast. Since their debut, a full-on, shouy affair, Lauryn has found her voice. It is astounding that the most committed, rich and spine-tingling sound in modern pop was not utilised before. But before the diva enters, rapping, Wyclef and the backing band play a selection of hip-hop classics, including Busta Rhymes' "Wooh Ha!" and Grandmaster Flash's "White Lines", before segueing into Bob Marley's "No Woman, No Cry". "I remember when we used to sit in the government yard in Brooklyn," he sings. When Frank Sinatra changes words of well-loved standards, say, "That's why the lady is a tramp" to "That's why the chick is a champ", you want to punch things. But the Fugees' hearts (and minds) are firmly in the right place. As Wyclef explains: "Fugees stands for refugees. We represent the projects. You better to celebrate and reinterpret Marley's legacy."

Wyclef, who for reasons unknown, is wearing a builder's hard hat and Lauryn and Pras (who entered the stage on a police motorbike) create between them a fluid sound in a field where live shows usually sound stilted. They are absolutely compelling, three fierce bundles of finger-flicking energy. Joined by labelmate Nas, they continue to play long after the Forum's curfew. Hail the greatest circus on earth.

THEATRE Habeas Corpus, Donmar Warehouse, London

Sam Mendes has exhumed Alan Bennett's breast-obsessed farce with a brain. But does he know what he's grappling with? By Paul Taylor



'Habeas Corpus': an end-of-the-pier romp that risks going overboard on abstraction

Photograph: Stuart Morris

Mammaries and mortality loom large in *Habeas Corpus*, Alan Bennett's blissfully funny 1973 farce. Like some saucy Magill seaside postcard as retouched by Magritte, or an end-of-the-pier romp reorganised by Orton, the piece shows how a collection of stock types from Hove (randy GP, sex-starved wife, flat-chested spinster who longs to be stacked like the Cairngorms, etc) find themselves propelled into the permissive society with the arrival of a false-breast fitter from Leatherhead (superb Jason Watkins). Identities are mistaken, the wrong knockers admirably fondled, and libidos hurt out of enforced hibernation.

Putting the focus on a couple of doctors who want to ensnare each other for professional malpractice enables *Habeas Corpus* to be in two minds about the human body. The job is a licence for roving hands and eyes and the play is very droll about the parless protocols of touch. ("Touching is what loved ones are for," declares the permanently affronted Lady Rumpers, "because loving takes the sting out of it.") But being a doctor also offers extensive opportunities for getting to grips with the body at its least lovely and most mortal. Hence the conclusion that you should get as much sex in as you can before the only thing that's rampant about you is the rot.

Sam Mendes's revival at the Donmar boasts a crack cast but, for me, despite deliciously enjoyable patches, the staging did not totally work. This was no fault of Brenda Blethyn, who airs her talent for grieving querulousness to splendid effect as the weed-and-pearls doctor's wife in whom the would-be raver is awak-

ened by the false-fitter's erring touch. Celia Imrie is also superbly centre-target as Lady Rumpers, an old colonial who clearly emerged from the womb with a large stiff handbag over her arm and a booming complaint oo her lips.

Some things have been misjudged, however. The constant lighting changes to underline the play's tricky tonal shifts into pastiche verse, odd song-and-dance and direct-to-audience address, give this register-hopping an unduly galumphing, arbitrary feel instead of the spirited silliness that's required. For a play about how we're trapped in the body, *Habeas Corpus* is itself paradoxically disembodied, making do with a few chairs and dispensing with the usual material environment of farce, that fraught obstacle-course of doors, hiding places and hostile objects. But if this calculated incongruity is to have a full comic payoff, you need a tension between the abstract staging and the old-fashioned proscenium-framed box that is farce's customary habitat. The Donmar offers too open a space and the play does not look at home in it.

That fine actor, Jim Broadbent, strikes me as basically miscast in the role of Wicksteed, the lecherous GP. The randiness should spring out from behind a surface of reassuring respectability. But would you really trust someone who looks so interestingly and constitutionally dodgy? He is at his best in the jerky, desperate dance routine at the end, which demonstrates that life is a *Totentanz*, as well as a mating dance.

To 27 July. Booking: 0171-369 1732.

COMEDY

Bill Murray and the Second City
Watergate Theatre, Kilkenny

Heard the one about the US superstar who flops in Ireland? Siobhan Dolan has

When Bill Murray jested early on "no sets, no props; this is probably the biggest rip-off of the Festival", it raised a laugh of sorts from the sell-out crowd at the Watergate Theatre. Little did they realise that it would prove to be the most perceptive observation of the evening.

Bill Murray and the Second City was the headline show of the Murphy's Cut Laughs Comedy Festival in Kilkenny, marking the return to the stage of the Hollywood star, and the first time he had performed live with his two brothers, Brian Doyle-Murray (star of *Saturday Night Live* and co-star of *Groundhog Day*) and Joel (whose film credits include *One Crazy Summer* and *Scrooged*).

The six-strong cast, which also included Meagan Fay, Lioba Kash and Dave Pasquesi, a dead-ringer for Jeremy Paxman but without the comic potential, revived a collection of comedy sketches, songs and impro routines from Murray's days at the Second City theatre in Chicago, widely regarded as a forerunner of *Saturday Night Live* and *Whose Line is it Anyway?*.

At £20, the ticket for Murray and company was more than twice that for any other Festival show, but for diehard fans it was a small price to pay for seeing the star of *Groundhog Day* and *Ghostbusters* in the flesh. Elsewhere in the medieval town, the rest of the US contingent, most notably Greg Proops, Rick Overton and Rich Hall, were armed with topical and challenging material, tailored to an Irish audience. Here the crowd endured a succession of outmoded sketches at the only Festival venue with an alcohol ban; the level of interaction with the audience was nil.

It could all have been so different if Murray had been left to his own devices. As a mischievous father putting a potential son-in-law through his paces, or the mourner, poring at the details of his colleague's bizarre death, his timing and facial contortions were sublime. He was invariably one step ahead of his brothers, to the extent that his quick-fire responses frequently cut them off in mid-flow. Even he appeared embarrassed, at one point admitting: "I can tell you're as upset as we are."

Middle Ireland may lag behind the United States in many respects, but not enough that sketches about Irish Americans in search of their roots are still funny. Quaint though the locals may seem to the average New Yorker, they are still capable of switching on a television set, and well aware that comedy has moved on since the days when Murray was honing his talents in Chicago.

If the boys Murray had brought their show to Kilkenny at any other time, they might have got away with it, but with Eddie Izzard, Sean Hughes and Donna McPhail performing down the street, they just could not or would not compete. You were left feeling a little like Murray's character in *Groundhog Day* – been there, seen it, done it.

TELEVISION Sorted / BBC2 Old video footage and interviews with family and friends make up a short film about the day Leah Betts died. By Jasper Rees

The embargo on speaking ill of the dead, briefly breached when Robert Maxwell fell overboard, is never more forcefully policed than when the good die young. "Friendly and fun to be around," said an older sister of Leah Betts in *Sorted*, a short film about the day she died. "If ever I felt unwell she would always come and comfort me," said her younger brother. Siblings being siblings, you wondered if they'd say the same if she were still among them. (But then no one would have asked.)

This film has a risk of hagiography on these occasions, so an effort was made to refer to Leah's ordinariness. And yet there doesn't seem any reason why one Ecstasy death should merit more column inches than any other. This programme ended with

a roll-call of 20 other fatalities, none of whom are now household names. If Leah's death was such a strong news story it was thanks to a cofluence of media-friendly factors: she fell ill at her own 18th birthday party, her executioner was a happening recreational drug, and her parents, a policeman and a nurse, were both blamelessly in public service. But what got her on the front pages was the photogenic smile that bore out the glowing memorial character references.

This film has a curious provenance. After an interview with Richard and Judy, in which they impressed with their knowledge of the dangers of Ecstasy, the Bettises were encouraged to make a kind of informative elegy for free circulation among schools. It's

credited to Leah's parents in association with Granada and sponsored by BT, and was shown on BBC2.

Paul Betts's main contribution was to hand over all the home-video footage he made of Leah as a child. Granada's job was to tweak it into something heartbreaking. Hence, reconstructing the moment her friends sang "Happy Birthday" at her 18th, we smoothly spooled back to the film in which a giggling Leah is foiled by eight trick candles precisely 10 years before her death. Put out the light, and then put out the light.

The interviews with the bereaved observed all the conventions, but derived added bite from their location. The parents talked not, as is usual, side by side on the sofa, but perched on the edge of their bed. "We

carried her into here, into our bedroom," said Dad. The camera snooped around the bathroom where Leah complained to her mother of feeling unwell, and her ghost doubtless baunts those she left behind every time they brush their teeth.

A doctor explained exactly why it was that she died: the brain swelled, lost its blood supply, and was unable to control her body's water balance. They rushed her to hospital – you heard the actual 999 call – but she was brain-dead in her parents' bedroom. "Her face just glowed," said Paul, recalling the nervous thrill of anticipation even seasoned party-givers feel before the guests show. "Her eyes smiled. We could see she was really looking forward to this." The pills did that too.



Leah Betts: glowing memorial character references

KEY	THE FILM	THE MUSICAL	THE ALBUM	THE PLAY
EXCELLENT	THE CONFESSORAL	CAMELOT	LOAD	HABEAS CORPUS
GOOD	overview Robert Lepage makes his film debut writing and directing a thriller set in Quebec in 1952 during the shooting of Hitchcock's <i>Confession</i> and in 1989 when Colette Buteau searches for his brother.	critical view In 1960, Lerner and Loewe followed up with this Arthurian epic. Frank Luntz's production stars Paul Nicholas, Samantha Bond, Robert Meadowcroft and Jason Donovan.	on view In five years from Metallica, the band's latest effort of a double album, <i>Load</i> , is out. It's a heavy metal band's attempt to be without feeling their way through the world. It's a heavy metal band's attempt to be without feeling their way through the world.	our view Alan Bennett's farce about the English and sex is served up by Sam Mendes with a Paris-Royce cast including Colette Buteau, Brenda Blethyn, Samantha Bond, Celia Imrie and Imelda Staunton.
OK	critical view Ryan Glibbey found it "a lot of fun" and praised its "shining elegance... a sensual achievement". "No cleverer film has come our way for some time," applauded the <i>Guardian</i> . "Impressive," admired <i>Time Out</i> . "Lepage delights with his playful imagination," saluted the <i>Times</i> . "Stylistic ingenuity in search of dramatic substance," worried the <i>FT</i> . "This gum, uninteresting parable," sniffed the <i>Mail</i> .	on view Edward Seckerson was underwhelmed: "I have seen so many strong vests since the Roundabout Club so memorably jousted with 1066 and All That." "As archaic as <i>Chu Chin Chow</i> ," had withered the <i>Times</i> . "Over-scored, thick-written... the unmistakable air of the village hall," groaned the <i>Standard</i> . "Flaccid... A long day's journey into knights," concluded the <i>FT</i> .	our view Final performances at Freemasons' Hall, London, WC2 at 9pm and 7.30pm today as part of the Covent Garden festival.	our view There are rumours of a West End transfer, but none of the cases where the available, so see it now.
POOR	on view Cert 15, 100 minutes, Lumiere Cinema, London WC2 (0171-379 3014) and on selected release across the country.	our view Watch out for the forthcoming re-release of <i>Confession</i> , but in the meantime, watch this.	our view The production is said to be a pre-West End by-product. I think not. Stay home and listen to the original cast recording.	our view Donmar Warehouse (0171-369 1732) until 27 July. Selling out fast.
DEADLY				

صلى الله عليه وسلم

Controversy is a trick of the trade

This week it's 'Crash', last month it was 'Kids', before that it was 'Reservoir Dogs'. Cinema seems to be driving further and further off-limits. But, as John Lyttle argues, those who rush to the defence of Western morality are going precisely where the industry wants them

The wonderful thing about movies destined to destroy western civilisation is that, if you miss one, there's always another along in a minute. Too young for *A Clockwork Orange* ("A sick film for a sick society," the *Sunday Telegraph*)? *Peeping Tom* ("The filthiest film I remember seeing," *The Spectator*) and *Bonnie and Clyde* ("A cheap piece of half-faced slapstick comedy," *New York Times*)? What about *Straw Dogs* ("If this goes, anything goes," *Evening Standard*)? Or *Taxi Driver* ("A gory, cold-blooded story of a sick man's supposed catharsis through violence... ugly and unredeeming," *LA Times*)? Skipped the recent *Reservoir Dogs* ("A subversive, dangerous piece of work," *Daily Mail*)? *The Bad Lieutenant* ("Should carry some kind of health warning or, better still, a complete ban," *Sunday Mirror*) and *Henry Portrait of a Serial Killer* ("A brutal, sickening outrage," *Today*)? And what of *The Wild Bunch*, *Man Bites Dog*, *The Last Temptation of Christ* and *Romper Stomper*? They also passed you by? How extraordinary.

Still, never mind. For hurrying down the highway, running every red light, comes *Crash*, David Cronenberg's film of JG Ballard's novel of sex and wrecks, mutilation and motors, dashboards and death: heavy-petting metal. And not on its wheels is the *Evening Standard*, resident critic Alexander Walker parping the horn and magicking road rage into ritual denunciation. All together: "A movie beyond the bounds of depravity... the most corrupt movie ever made... a big-time film, all the right names, all reputable pedigrees, but pornography all the same... left many hardened film-goers at the Cannes preview feeling debased... it is going to encounter enormous resistance to public exhibition... Ballard and his associates... have fashioned a film that is immoral by any reasonable standard."

Ah, movies peddle dangerous smut, newspapers peddle mandarin morality. The *Standard*'s stern hand-signals to a wilfully blinkered world are right up there with *Time* magazine's infamous trashing of Tennessee Williams's Southern sex comedy *Baby Doll*: "Possibly the dirtiest American-made motion picture that has ever been legally exhibited, with Priapean detail that might well have embarrassed Boccaccio." (As reviewer Pauline Kael, feigning disappointment, later deadpanned, "It's not quite all that, but it is a delight.") The fact that *Baby Doll* is now regarded as something of a classic—ditto *A Clockwork Orange*, *Peeping Tom*, *Reservoir Dogs*, and most of the other crimes against nature listed above—should remind us that critics have a historical resistance to work that, to purloin a Hollywood phrase, "pushes the envelope." It's true for all branches of the arts in all periods. Think *Rite of Spring*, *Afternoon of a Faun*, *Finnegans Wake*, Cubism. Any old "ism", actually.

Movies, however, start from an automatic disadvantage. For, while the cultural elite may partake, movies are invariably aimed squarely at the common herd, who must be led. If, on the other hand, a picture has "all the right names... and reputable pedigrees", the common herd yields to some vague Other. Some vague Other assumed not to have your ethical insight, intellectual grasp and impeccable taste. Not that Walker isn't entitled to his opinion. He is. What's more, the celluloid PR machine has learnt to stop worrying and love it. These days, if you can't manage a rave, raving is the next best thing.

"Will *Crash* be damaged by this?" laughs one Wardour Street insider when asked the leading question. "Frankly, the opposite. Despite starring Holly Hunter, who's a recent Oscar-winner, and James Spader, *Crash* is a hard sell."

"Cronenberg's last few films have not matched expectations. *The Naked Lunch* not doing well surprised a lot of people. *M Butterfly* did not attract a lot of notice. *Crash* is already getting attention..."

"I'd certainly call it a 'money review'. Other papers are going to pick it up. A cycle starts. People read about it and don't want to be left out. They want to be part of the loop, they want to be scandalised."

"What Alexander Walker has done is to turn a difficult sell into an 'event picture'. I think that term came about with *The Exorcist*. That film had a sizeable promotional budget, but what Warner Brothers discovered was that all the stuff they were trying to keep low-key was what was giving the film 'legs' [ie box-office longevity]. I still remember a quote from a woman queuing to see *The Exorcist*. She said, 'I wanted to see what everyone was throwing up about.'"

"The controversy took *The Exorcist* on to another level. Even the controversy about its rating. When it was being readied for release in America, there was talk that it would be given an X. That would have been commercial suicide. But it wasn't given an X, because it cost Warners too much, so it was given a PG [Parental Guidance]. Which is funny. I can't imagine anyone taking their children to see *The Exorcist*."

So will *Crash* be denied a certificate over here? "I don't think so. That's been said of everything from *Reservoir Dogs* to *Natural Born Killers*. It happens very rarely... There was *The Good Son* recently, but that was about a child who killed, and there had just been the James Bulger trial. And I can explain the ban on *Salo* [Pasolini's bloody and explicit meditation on



Fascism): first, it was a foreign film; second, there was no major money or studio or distributor behind it. *Crash* is something else again. But suggesting it won't get a certificate is a solid hook. If I were handling *Crash*, I'd be happy..."

Indeed, it also creates the sort of anticipation that even blanket mainstream advertising can no longer automatically guarantee, with audiences growing ever more sophisticated, not to say cynical, about the tricks of the trade.

Only, of course, controversy itself could be justifiably considered a trick of the trade. Or, more accurately, trades. Cinema, commercial and art-house, stands permanently charged with doing anything to sell tickets, with nary a word said about newspapers needing to sell copies. Each, of course, accuses the other of hype, but what, from a distance, may look like a stand-off increasingly seems, on closer inspection, to be a cosy and mutually comfortable relationship. The makers of *Kids* want to promote their film, so they print plenty of photos featuring a supposed 12-year-old girl kissing a barely older boy. Hold the feature and comment and film pages and print that picture BIG, over and over—the *Kids* kiss, mega box-office for one or all.

Or perhaps some hack simply decided to take something fundamentally serious and sensationalise it. For just how conscious, how calculated, the symbiotic process is it's impossible to say. But that the process can be managed is beyond doubt. "A critic having a go at *Crash* is something the makers have probably factored in, or dreamt about," says our Wardour Street cynic. "You know certain critics' biases. Yes, I have leaked tidbits and invited particular names to previews hoping to get a certain type of reaction. I'm not the only one." Laugh. "But that's not cheating. We're not telling them what to write. It's a platform they are pleased to jump on. They know the formula."

And what the formula does is to polarise response: for or against; pure or corrupting; good or bad. But that's not what really happens. The plain fact is that the much-derided, but infinitely astute, masses have traditionally been able to cope with advances, outrages and dollops of the "depraved" without any damage to the collective psyche or value system. We are, after all, depending on the rating, mostly talking about those over the age of 18. Adults, in other words.

It doesn't actually matter if a low-budget independent movie courts "shock horror" as a cost-effective means of garnering media coverage for a project either high-toned or low-life, or if a studio is being honest or deceitful in its assertions about the sociological and artistic merits of showing the first "virtual reality rape" (see *Strange Days*). Audiences even cope with (that is, see through) the bad pictures that either fail to be, or pretend to be, radical or risk-taking while merely being heavy-handed or exploitative. Take *Strange Days* again: it didn't have the chance to be controversial because it (deservedly) flopped. Revealingly, once the box-office figures started coming in, neither 20th Century Fox nor once-slavering journalists gave another thought to the ethics of "virtual reality rape". Ditto audience rejection of *Natural Born Killers* and *Showgirls*, both made by the sort of sledgehammer directors whose output makes the task of real (if troublesome) talents like David Cronenberg all the more difficult. Yes, yes, the selfsame masses did make *Basic Instinct* and *JFK* into box-office hits, but they saw, too, that these were different kinds of movies, albeit from the same sources. And besides, a little showbiz vulgarity can be good for the soul.

The point remains: the audience has a habit of "getting it"—whatever form "it" may, in this instance, be adopting—with an ease that eludes our cultural guardians (ah, but who will guard the guardians?). This would explain why, after many gore-dripping headlines, the much-delayed *Reservoir Dogs* could finally transfer to video without attracting one complaint from a public previously warned in the afraid, very afraid.

Despite equally dire warnings, it is unlikely that *Crash* will persuade punters to ram other motorists on the way home from screenings, suddenly eager for kinky kicks. They may, though, as the *Standard* states, be revolted (revulsion might, after all, be the point). Or they could be enthralled. Or bored. Certainly, there's a predictably broad spectrum of reaction among those who have seen the film (I am not yet of that lucky band: I am merely willing to give Cronenberg the benefit of the doubt). "A masterpiece," says one. "Tediuous," opines another. "A partial return in form," pitches for the middle ground. What is clear from these reports is that anyone expecting "pornography" will be disappointed. Unless Alexander Walker is using that term in its strict legal sense, meaning material that is liable to deprave, rather than in its colloquial incarnation, meaning material that arouses. We're talking whimper, not hang.

But Walker must, naturally, report on what he, and he alone, perceives—even if he has no apparent faith in the film-makers, or in his readers, to make informed choices. He can't be held to account for inadvertently feeding the very thing he loathes. You write, and you offer the limelight. It's an unavoidable paradox. Much like the paradox Cronenberg inhabits: showing unpleasant things and knowing that someone is sure to thunder that he's endorsing, not dissecting. It's ironic—but it's an irony that should work to each gentleman's advantage.

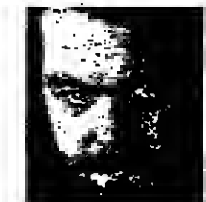
The critic, the artist's wife and the unanswerable accusation

Critics have killed from time to time; perhaps they have. They have killed off careers, certainly, ruined hopes and broken hearts, and people may die of such things. But these crimes never come to trial. They hardly could. Giving grief is no murder, and even at the level of "moral responsibility" the matter is "moral responsibility" the matter is chusive. The chain of cause and consequence is lost in hypotheses. If x had not written that, if y had not been in that state of mind or body...

It's very true that critics, like other writers, hardly imagine the consequences of their words, or that their words might have consequences. Notices are written and sent into the world without a thought that there is at least one person who will read them as carefully as a love letter, drawing from each phrase every nuance of encouragement or destruction. As for intent, the most damning and virulent critics may still say that it's nothing personal; their object is not the artist as such, but the public or the culture. Criticism operates in an ethical limbo. But Byron said the reviews killed John Keats, and RB Kitaj says they killed his wife.

opens tomorrow, and in the first room Kitaj has a picture: *The Critic Kills*. It's what a critic might call a departure. It resembles a conceptual, text-based painting that might have been done by someone—not Kitaj—in the 1970s. The picture presents a photograph of the painter Sandra Fisher, Kitaj's late wife. There is a piece of hand-written paper, headed "Instruction", and starting "This painting is a magazine. It is the first issue of an irregular art journal called Sandra." There is a printed quotation from Hitler: "Works of art that are not capable of being understood in themselves, but require some pretentious instruction book to justify their existence will never again find their way to the German People." There is a blood-stained slogan: **THE CRITIC KILLS**. The picture is signed "by Ron and Sandra".

The subject of the picture—or its occasion, but they are indistinguishable—is that, in 1994, Kitaj had a retrospective at the Tate Gallery. It opened in June to mainly hostile and fiercely personal views, which attacked Kitaj on every front. The reviews killed John Keats, and RB Kitaj says they killed his wife.



TOM LUBBOCK

by the paintings, which offered interpretations and biographical background and sometimes referred to the work of great dead artists. This was taken as the height of vainglory and pretension; as much as his artistic achievement, it was felt, Kitaj himself needed a severe drubbing, and he got that. In September Sandra Fisher died, aged 47, following a stroke. Kitaj said later: "They wounded me. They tried to kill me. They got her instead." And now, again, in *The Critic Kills*.

Art sometimes aspires to ethical limbo, too: a realm for the imagination to have free-play, which may reflect but never touch the world. Remember—as they say—this is not a tract, it is a work of art, it is a fiction. But in *The Critic Kills*, this distinction breaks down entirely. The picture makes a direct and specific

allegation about events in the world, which can't be bracketed as fiction or personal mythology. What is stated is unignorably in earnest: that the critics attacked Kitaj and his work; that in so doing they caused Sandra Fisher's death. And in the bluntness of its devices, the picture hardly gives this statement any artistic inflection, save for the bitter and ironic juxtaposition of its texts.

But here a short circuit occurs. The allegation, though publicly made, is provided with no public substantiation. The connection is drawn, the charge is stated, but no reason is given for thinking it true, and perhaps no reason could be given, apart from personal conviction. So one can only turn from the picture to the grief and rage behind it—things that defy public response.

That surely is the intention: that the piece should be unassailable either as art or as argument, allowing no response on any terms, that it should stand as a blank, inarticulate, unanswerable reproach.

Or maybe it does permit an answer. If one or more of the critics concerned were now to acknowledge their responsibility, and to end their own lives... And

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THE TURKISH EMBASSY LETTERS

by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1763)

Just before her death, Lady Mary polished these letters for publication. Addressed to various correspondents including Alexander Pope, they detail her observations and reflections of aristocratic life in Hanover, Vienna, Belgrade, and Constantinople during 1716, when her husband was briefly appointed Ambassador to the Turkish Court.

Plot: Lady Mary is the unobtrusive heroine of this epistolary odyssey. Detached yet curious, she probes everything from Virgil to hairstyles, the nature of camels to the causes of warfare. In Turkey, she witnesses smallpox inoculation and, convinced of its efficacy, jabs her own child.

Theme: She appreciates rationality and fears mankind's espousal of brutality and prejudice. Repeatedly, Lady Mary withholds criticism: "Gallantry and good breeding are as different in different climes as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both we shall never know till the day of judgement." Warfare is "proof of the irrationality of mankind" and she finds herself "inclined to believe Mr Hobbes that the state of nature is a state of war".

Style: Although the prose is superficially elegant and vivacious, there is a constant undertow of melancholy. Lady Mary is an Austen heroine, 100 years early.

Chief Strengths: The purpose of the letters is didactic, but Lady Mary's restless humour and blunt self-appraisal prevent her from becoming a bore.

Chief weaknesses: Lady Mary's tolerance does not always show understanding.

What they thought of it then: When they were published, the *Critical Review* praised the letters and Lady Mary for "the sprightliness of her wit, the solidity of her judgement and the excellence of her real character".

What we think of it now: Lady Mary is caricatured as a feminist icon, a sort of feisty neo-classical Freya Stark fearlessly toting her independence in exotic locations. This view must be balanced by Lytton Strachey's portrait of her as a tragic heroine who had the honesty "to look into the worthlessness of things".

Responsible for: Popularising inoculation, when British medicine consisted largely of leeches and purges. And provoking the only known area of agreement between Voltaire and Dr Johnson: they both admired Lady Mary's moral dash.

A melancholy roar for England

Paul Binding is impressed by the life of a Victorian radical with a clairvoyant's view of modern culture

A Life of Matthew Arnold by Nicholas Murray, Hodder & Stoughton, £20

At the time of the 1848 revolutions, the 25-year-old Matthew Arnold opined: "A 100 years hence the Continent will be a great united Federal Republic, and England, all her colonies gone, in a dull steady decay." The experiences of his mature years only served to confirm this vision. Arnold saw an England dedicated to a smug, soul-stifling short-termism, shackled by a class system which its immensely powerful aristocracy was determined to perpetuate. He saw it suppressing the cultures of the sister-countries of the United Kingdom, and, through its blend of blindness and contempt, incurring misery and violence in Ireland whose problems dominated the political agenda throughout his life. Even more curiously the name of England was, he realised, evoked to keep down the majority of its people.

Arnold's opposition here was practical as well as polemical. For 35 years he worked tirelessly as a Schools Inspector, devoted to the ideal of universal state education and, by means of personally conducted surveys, emphasising how England lagged behind France and Germany in both ideas and practices. As Nicholas Murray says in this timely and comprehensive biography, his was "an advocacy that today would make him seem too progressive by far".

What makes Matthew Arnold's lifelong beliefs the more remarkable and arresting is that he was born not only into a Britain of spectacular, indeed unprecedented, international and internal success, but into a very significant and comfortable section of it. He was the son of one of the architects of Victorian England as we understand it, Thomas Arnold of Rugby, and through him had access to almost any and every circle of the British establishment. His being the great doctor's son led to his becoming secretary to the Whig grandee, Lord Lansdowne, at the age of 24. He married the daughter of the eminent Judge Wightman, to whom he would for many years act as marshal on the circuit.

Interestingly Nicholas Murray reveals no stressful relation on Arnold's part to his father, family or social group; he even dismisses that reading of the great poem "Sohrab and Rustum", where a father unknowingly kills his son, as an expression of covert resentment by Matthew of Thomas. Two points can be inferred from Murray's portrait here. First, that the emotional security of Matthew's early years provided the base for his wide-ranging and often bold and provocative sympathies. Secondly, the Arnold circle itself contained the seeds of Matthew's inquiries and moral scrutinies.

A hundred-odd years on, Matthew Arnold has survived more as a poet than as a critic and thinker, something his perceptive wife predicted only months after his death. "Dover Beach", written at the time of his union with her, has come, as much as *In Memoriam* itself, to seem one of the great documents of the Victorian mind. Its evocation of the waves bringing "the eternal note of sadness in", its statement that "The Sea of Faith / Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore / Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled. / But now I only hear / Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar.", and its turning in the last stanza to personal love for consolation have been read as a kind of lyrical apology, if not credo, for reluctant agnosticism. But here again Murray brings a much-needed and informed freshness of insight. "Dover Beach", he says, is about the climate of contemporary life it is not just a personal testament. Arnold's views on Christianity were radical and unorthodox but he was not as, say, his admirers Thomas Hardy and George Eliot were, an unbeliever.



Arnold: "the kindest, most indulgent of fathers, the dearest, most intimate of friends"

Arnold's biographer faces a problem in that he virtually ceased writing what he is best known for, poetry, at the age of 40, and yet fame and the demands and rewards of public life all came in the later years. Murray solves this by presenting Arnold from the first as a man engaged in a missionary task. He points out how often Arnold has been misrepresented by his detractors.

Culture and Anarchy, far from espousing elitism as has been declared, was written from the fear that an under-educated populace would be cynically exploited by the powers and entertainment brokers of the over classes. In fact Arnold was profoundly, viscerally anti-elitist, consistently attacking aristocraticism which he saw as a treacherous British disease. At the same time he refused to believe that those kept in conditions of literal and mental poverty were incapable of responding to serious art, which is a means of binding people together in awareness of their common heritage.

What was Arnold wrong about? Murray admires, greatly admires, but is also clear-sightedly analytical. Though an ardent champion of local government, Arnold had in many ways a very centralist approach to culture, in which the demarcation line between egalitarianism and a kind of benignly imposed conformism isn't always clear. He deserves our gratitude for his espousal of Celtic culture, but he was opposed to the use of the Welsh language which he thought helped to keep its society provincial.

Likewise, though outstanding among English intellectuals for his ceaseless insistence on English guilt over Ireland, and always among the first to attack restrictive measures, he opposed an independent Ireland which he believed would regret and suffer for its severance from the greater whole of Britain. Nevertheless even in these matters, his pronouncements were always made from a breadth of sympathy, a desire for

people's fulfilment and happiness.

As a man he appears to have been singularly attractive – and, more than that, good. His son Dick said at his death: "My dear father... to his children he was not only the kindest, most indulgent of fathers, but the dearest, most intimate of friends as well." He was liked everywhere he went professionally. I can think of no better mentor for our own morally troubled times.

Profoundly English, he understood that to care about England means to improve the lot of the majority of English people and to assist the country to live in harmony and creative give-and-take with its neighbours. We don't need to ask what he would have thought of a society deliberately increasing the gulf between its rich and poor, and plagued by a popular press which doesn't seek to attack or redress this, but instead offers its readers 20 ways of being rude to the Germans.

An uncommon bond

Nicholas Tucker reads some touching stories of kinship and twinning

Two, or a Book of Doubles: an autobiographical anthology by Penelope Farmer, Virago, £20

Twins habitually arouse curiosity among the rest of us. Perhaps we all want to know what it might be like to experience what Plato described as the deepest of all human yearnings: our desire for an actual encounter with our own imaginary but much-longed-for other half. This hankering may even have physiological echoes, given that one fifth or more of us singletons also started existence in a twinned state before the other shadow foetus vanished back into the uterus.

But along with this envious interest, encouraged by those cheerfully unreal stories about twins written for children this century, there is a more negative type of inquisitiveness. What happened when both infants wanted attention at the same time? Was there a secret language which delayed ordinary speech? What about the eternal playing off of what twin versus good twin, a staple ingredient of so many novels and movies? Put another way, how are you – the hapless twin object of all these questions – getting on with your own twin these days?

Penelope Farmer is a highly individual author who has written a children's classic, a study of myth, and several novels. She is also a twin: her sister Judith died five years ago. Within this anthology, she looks for answers to the questions she constantly asks herself about all twins everywhere. Her own running contributions also describe the stormy relationship she had with her sister, haunting and provocative, they are material for someone else's

anthology. Quotations elsewhere are drawn from more than 250 scientists and poets, anthropologists and novelists, with hardly any references to this century, performed by psychologists searching for the existence of an inherited IQ.

Farmer is after something much more important: an examination of the whole binary way in which humans have always tended to think, whereby evil is divided starkly from good, light from dark and right from wrong. In this dichotomous universe, twins can be seen both as a single supportive unit, forever fighting each other's battles in life, and as the divisive, potentially murderous couplings found in myth and the Bible.

Both images can be true. Twins in real life range from the Krays to the virtuous Bedser cricketing brothers, before whom an elderly Frenchman once sank to his knees following a local superstition that seeing identical twins brought good luck. Farmer herself is not an identical twin, but was often confused as one. She quotes from others detailing the way that such twins inevitably develop different personalities over time simply by being part of a couple within which certain roles, duties and personality traits usually come to be separated out.

Physiologically, however, identical twins may echo each other's development down to the smallest detail. Psychic convergence – reading minds, experiencing similar feelings at a dis-

tance – is more debatable, though some of the examples quoted here are difficult to explain on existing rational grounds.

The rest of us are born single and, if we are lucky, eventually find others with whom to share our lives as adults. Twins are born together, and as adults must become single – at least, from the other twin. Growing up will therefore always mean a sense of loss but also a feeling of liberation. No twin can ever be perfect for the other.

As Jennifer Gibbons – one of the famous "Silent Twins" of TV documentary fame – put it when writing about her sister June: "Somewhere I have a real twin in this world. I can't be my real twin." From the sisters' childhood on an RAF base to Haverford West, and a tormented adolescence, their story ended unhappily in an early death after a spell in Broadmoor. The death of one, at least, brought some sense of relief for the other. The surviving twin wrote that she would like a banner reading "June is alive and well and has at last come into her own".

There is a surfeit of literary anthologies these days, often put together for no better reason than quick sales around Christmas. This one is different, assembled in an urgent spirit of enquiry. It draws on some fascinating and unfamiliar sources, and raises important questions about all individual experience. Excellently packaged by Virago, it remains compulsively readable for all its 482 pages.

Magical mystery tour

A last adventurous fling inspires puzzles but no answers

A Bottle in the Shade by Peter Levi, Sinclair-Stevenson, £17.99

Thirty years after he first discovered Greece as a young man high on poetry and ouzo, the author set out to confront old gods and old age. Armed with a magical grant from the Society of Authors (to enable elderly authors to renew acquaintance with their colleagues abroad) and travelling by the most uncomfortable means of boats and trains, he and the Greek poet Georgios Paripoulis "stagger along like the four ill-assorted legs of a pantomime donkey" to explore the sites of the Western Peloponnese. Their journey is part homage to the dead poet Nikos Gatsos, and partly – and most poignantly – an old boy's outing.

Earthquakes and the EC have defiled the old Greece. Favourite hotels and even villages have vanished. Transport has speeded up so that you can no longer pick lemons out of train windows. He finds the farmers sullenly in protest because they want government help with their taxes, to augment their Eurogrants. "Men with moustaches like the caves of haystacks were setting fire to tyres for the cameras." The mountain-top temple at Bassi huddles inside a tent. It was erected to protect it from the weather but it leaks and concentrates the deluge upon the 5th-century facade. "The tatters of a midsummer night's dream," says Levi, but the two poets are moved to rapture by the sight of a field of spring flowers.

As the gods topple, his idols are hoisted on to pedestals. Georgios Paripoulis, who had been poor and obscure, is now lauded by a new Greek literary establishment composed of lawyers, consultant academics and school inspectors. Levi enjoys

hearing two newly-travelled old poets marvelling at their voyage in a space-flight simulator at Disneyworld, Florida, though he regrets the passing of a more innocent time when the poet Takis Sinopoulos blew the entire profits from a published volume on a glass of beer for a friend.

He is a skilled and entertaining journalist, lacing ravishing descriptions of landscape, seas, sunsets, festivals and stars with snippets of literary gossip. He tells how Bruce Chatwin's widow accused him of writing lies in her husband's obituary, but the questionable items had all been the fantasist Chatwin's first-hand traveller's tales. Levi even serves up a fine line in blasphemies from the island of Zakynthos ("I... the mosquito net of the holy Veronica"). But the travels make a thinish meal which he has bulked out with his own epic Greek peroration.

The title of the book comes from a line of verse, although it might equally refer to the number of bottles sunk by the voyagers (he had better luck with Greek wine than I ever had). It might alternatively have been titled *Twilight with Gods*, for the journey is not merely a revisiting of old sites but a tentative exploration of old age. At 63 it has to be a simulator voyage, but his travels are interspersed with many snoozes and he borrows an old man's self-indulgence for his sometimes brilliant and sometimes confusing forays into poetry, legend, architecture, archaeology and philosophy. But Levi is always forgivable. Writing about his wife, Deirdre, he confesses: "Now that I am old I feel almost alarmed to be so in love for fear it may be an imposition."

One of his most delightful digressions is prompted by a starry night at Kardani, which sets him wondering if Shakespeare's lovely speech for Portia, on "the floor of heaven thickly sown with patines of bright gold", was inspired by the bard's cronies, the Digges, whose family invented the astronomical telescope fifty years before Galileo in 1570 and who wrote about the stars: "This orb of stars fixed infinitely with perpetual shining glorious lights innumerable."

The climax of his odyssey is a hunt for the Falls of the river Styx. Using as map the conflicting clues from Homer, Virgil, Herodotus, Frazer, Pausanias and Mr W M Leake, he finally tracks down, near the snowy slopes of Kalavryta, a convincing set of directions. But it is late in the day, the journey involves a five-mile walk and their driver invites them to a wedding. "We all agreed that having got so far we must now give up the Falls of the Styx and that we should go home now," he says in great relief.

This is not a travel book, for it contains no map. It is not a work of literary reference, but it has a lengthy index. Essentially, it is a mystical work. What he seeks are not sites but visions, not solutions but mysteries. Again and again he pounces in triumph on mysteries and puzzles such as the recent discovery of a graveyard of miniature elephants on the island of Tilos. No one knows how they got there. "They remain a mystery," Levi pronounces with pleasure. Pondering an architectural anomaly in a church in Skoulakado he concludes with satisfaction: "One never gets to the end of anything but time."

Wanted: world domination (and no more lunches)

Literary agents, once déclassé middlemen, have a new profile as global players, transmedial deal-makers. How did it happen? Nicolette Jones investigates the guardians of world copyright

Literary agents are on the move. Their businesses, once as stable as law firms, are all changing. Expansion and displacement, career moves and transatlantic negotiations are all rife. Murray and Gina Pollinger, who have cherished their 309 authors for 27 years, are now passing them over to the care of other hands in the David Higham agency in London's Golden Square. Giles Gordon, once at the very heart of London literary life, defected to set up an agency of his own in Edinburgh, amid a lot of very public conflict with his parent company, Sheil Land, over the ethics of taking his authors with him. Curtis Brown, one of the country's most venerable agenting institutions, has just exchanged its American counterpart for a smaller agency which, they say, offers more personal attention. Meanwhile, the trend continues of editors leaving publishing houses to set up as agents. In the wake of such former publishers as David Godwin, who set up as an independent agent, and Julia MacRae and Christopher Sinclair-Stevenson, who have pooled their years of publishing experience to set up an editorial service, now Georgia Garrett, formerly of Picador, is taking charge of the London operation of American literary agent Andrew Wylie.

What does all this turmoil signify in a supposedly staid industry? It says a lot about the changing character of the publishing business. These days, literary agents are the cut-and-thrust guardians of worldwide intellectual property. They operate internationally; they strike big deals with Hollywood; they outsmart corporate lawyers; they deal in electronic rights for computer games and CD-Roms; they get invited to the best parties; and the biggest have big cars, big egos and Big Ideas. Just as, a decade or two ago, publishers transmuted from some 40 largely independent concerns to half a dozen international conglomerates, so agencies are becoming *jeux sans frontières*. On his own eastbound crusade, the high-flying Andrew Wylie is opening offices in former Iron Curtain countries, and bringing Jack Higgins and Iris Murdoch to readers that once only had a diet of physics textbooks and official histories. Nurnberg has new offices in Moscow and Prague, with branches to be set up in Warsaw, Bucharest, Sofia and Budapest before the end of the year. He is even considering opening a new front line in Croatia.

Andrew Wylie's style may be a symptom of the changing nature of literary agents. When he split up from his British business partner Gillon Aitken earlier this year, it meant the demise of an odd couple that one of their clients compared to "Jeeves and 'Johnny Rotten'". Aitken was gentlemanly, upright, an Empire-line Brit of the old school; Wylie hung out with the Beats and used to do drugs.

All sorts of gossip surrounded their separation: everyone wanted it to be a drama. Some said they fell out because Martin Amis was Wylie's client and Eric Jacobs, whose serialised diaries had mouthed the late Kingsley, was Aitken's. But both parties say that had nothing to do with it. Some said they squabbled over Wylie's unpopular intervention in the sale of Amis's novel *The Information*. In fact Aitken helped Wylie throughout the negotiation – though he does go so far as to describe the episode as "unedifying". Some surmised a more Shakespearean scenario, that the once-unclouded Aitken had his heart turned to stone by the tenebrous partner with whom he made millions, and that their rift was the inevitable tragic downfall. (Wylie's habit of wearing black suits with black shirts feeds this fantasy of him as villainous, even diabolic.)

But Aitken was wiser than this implies, and those who know say that, of the two, Wylie is really the softer. Others declared that their parting was characterised by unseemly snatching of clients: actually all their authors simply stayed with the agent they first worked with, often expressing polite regret at the loss of the other. Some said Wylie complained of authors being owed money by Aitken: others that Aitken had reached the point of not answering Wylie's phone calls. But both Aitken and Wylie insist their partnership ended perfectly amicably.

So what was the truth? They had, it seems, different views of the future. As one client put it, "Gillon is into tending his garden; Andrew still sees horizons, he is still heading for the frontier." Aitken gives this explanation: that, unlike himself, Wylie is pursuing nothing less than "global domination".

Such ambition seems a little overweening for a mere pen-pushing middle-man, a haggler over contracts in the sadly old-fashioned world of books. But out in the new high-powered world of ageing. As Aitken himself expressed it: "Now it is not just a



Do you wanna be in my gang? Andrew Wylie (in shirt/sleeves) photographed by Allen Ginsberg in 1985 surrounded by "the William Burroughs mob"

question of smoking a cigar, reading a good book and sending it to a publisher."

Wylie's first step to global domination is the opening this August of a new office in London. Why this news may make British agents quake, with fear or rage, is Wylie's habit of chasing clients by calling them up and saying he'd like to work for them. In the British agenting tradition, this has not been the way things are done. The constitution of the Authors' Agents Association states that: "No member shall knowingly represent an author who is a client of another agency, without the agreement of such agency... failure to enquire into an author's agency relationship shall be considered negligence and a violation of this rule." It doesn't quite say you can't call up a writer who is agented by someone else and tell them, as Wylie does (and declares his intention of continuing to do), how much you admire his work. But, among others, Michael Sissons, literary broker for cabinet ministers and stalwart of the old guard, clearly thinks it is cheating to take "ready-made authors off someone else's shelf".

This tactic, though, may be more necessary than it used to be. Once there weren't so many agencies out there. Most authors would happily take on the first agent that sweet-talked them. Now, sought-after authors interview a

dozen agents before deciding where to grant their favours. And what they are looking for is a global, multimedia, five-star service.

Mark Le Fanu of the Society of Authors says that the bigger agencies have more clout to defend authors, especially in the wake of the Net Book Agreement, now that booksellers can set books cheaper than the publisher's recommended price, and demand higher discounts from publishers. Publishers get tempted to take these discounts out on authors, cutting their royalties. The big agents are best equipped to hold out for their own terms, and insist, as Caroline Dawney of the muscular high-time agency Peters, Fraser and Dunlop does, that authors shouldn't suffer because "the battle over discounts is not of their making. Small may be beautiful in authors' eyes, in terms of personal attention, but size is strength."

Size matters internationally, too. Translation rights deals are worth a lot of money. And other media are more likely to make authors' fortunes than mere book sales. Caradoc King at A P Watt, for instance, has brought a life of luxury to his thriller writer Philip Kerr, with three film deals each worth over \$1m, and he says the market for books as material for films is healthier than ever before, while the multi-media market is "much more active than it was seven or eight years ago".

Michael Sissons agrees: "If you are marketing the work of an author in English you are *de facto* operating in a global and multimedia market. It is a delusion to pretend otherwise." Moreover, chummy lunches between a localised coterie are no longer the centre of things. "The business is no longer dominated by relationships with publishers. The non-publishing side of our agency has grown a lot in recent years."

Agents aren't just getting broader, they are also getting grander. Murray Pollinger says that when he started 27 years ago, "publishers were snobs and agents counted for nothing". There were no agent members of the Garrick club. The late David Higham unsuccessfully applied five times for membership. Now literary agents are a mainstay.

There is another side, though, to this empire-building. Giles Gordon, whose defection to Edinburgh demonstrates that London eliquishness counts for less these days, says that emphasis on the publishing side has shifted back to small matters. Book sales don't justify huge advances, and agents are increasingly concerned themselves again with "£30 sales of short stories to magazines that will give an author prestige". You may have a global view; but you have to be good with small print.

Doctor off the boil

Peter Parker is frankly unstimulated by a volume of rehashed erotology

The Alarming History of Sex by Richard Gordon, Sinclair-Stevenson, £20

In the innocent days before hospital Trusts and *Cardiac Arrest*, people would chortle over Richard Gordon's saucy medical comedies: *Doctor in the House*, *Doctor on the Boil*, *Doctor in the Nude* and so on. The British film industry leapt upon these stories with delight and produced numerous movies featuring the young Dirk Bogarde and a succession of pert starlets in starched uniforms. Later films starred the more convincingly libidinous Leslie Phillips, and were followed by a television series; but after publishing 16 "Doctor" novels, Gordon moved on. He became a regular contributor to *Punch* and produced a large number of other books, mostly comic.

As one might expect, therefore, his new book belongs on those dispiriting shelves labelled "Humour". Epigraphs taken from Sir Thomas Browne, Plato, Tennyson, Bacon and Rabelais raise false hopes that Gordoo's history will be scholarly as well as funny but the first chapter, a laborious "fable" about God in his "delightful riverside garden at Edoe", instantly quells them.

The *Alarming History of Sex* is neither alarming, nor a history of sex. Cobbled together almost entirely from secondary and well-mined sources, it takes the form of a brisk stroll along the dusty corridors of the past, with occasional pauses to look at such subjects as the wives of Henry VIII, the numerous suitors of Elizabeth I, the mistresses of Napoleon and John Wellington, Queen Victoria and John Brown, Jack the Ripper, Hitler ("Sex

Heil!") and – for some reason – Victorian sanitation. A chapter entitled "The Myth of Feminism" outlines the history of women's suffrage – largely confined to the story of Emily Davison and the king's horse. Another, "Virgin Territory", contains some vaguely relevant remarks about chastity and civility, but ends with two sections devoted to "The Virgin Islands" (size, location, history, climate etc) and "The Virginals" ("a favourite domestic instrument of the 16th and early 17th centuries").

When not padding out his text with such digressions, Gordon simply rehashes old stories and subjects: W T Stead and "The Maiden Tribute of Babylon", Dr William Acton and his obsession with the evils of masturbation, Freud and the unconscious. The bibliography for the chapter on "A Sexual Empire" credits Ronald Hyam's *Empire and Sexuality*, but there is little here to suggest Gordon has profited by reading that wonderfully informative book. Unrewarding speculation as to whether Victoria was "Queen Chatterley" continues for several pages, while prostitution in Victorian London is dealt with in two paragraphs, and with no reference to Henry Mayhew's celebrated *London Labour and the London Poor* (1861), which contains an exhaustive chapter on the subject.

Occasionally Gordon concentrates upon the matter in hand (as it were): there is a mildly interesting discussion of the hydraulic workings of the penis, gruesome descriptions of female "circumcision", and a brief account of

"How to Change Your Sex". This last section, which includes details of what reconstructive surgery actually involves, opens characteristically with some remarks about homosexuality, which even Gordon reluctantly concedes has nothing to do with transsexualism. Still, it had to go in somewhere, didn't it? The book concludes with a string of largely feeble "sex jokes" and another "fable" in which God decides to cancel the "sex urge".

The book has a high quota of dud aphorisms ("A sin stretched universally spins a soft hair-shirt") and some truly dreadful sentences: "In 1934, 400,000 condoms a week were being manufactured in Britain – which, the unmarried Bishop of London informed the House of Lords, he wished to make a bonfire of and dance around – a minute supply to furnish the copulation of an Empire." Attempts to breathe new life into old clichés, and cram more information into a sentence than it can comfortably hold, founder badly: "The public-school Empire builder, who cut his sexual teeth on the ubiquitous servant girls (until the last quarter of the century, these had not taken to the spreading fashion of wearing knickers), once overseas was freed from middle-class prudery and found the world his succulent sexual oyster."

Despite the fact that *The Alarming History of Sex* is brief, has no index, no illustrations, and displays no evidence of editorial intervention, the publisher still expects the public to fork out 20 quid for it. Punters could find better ways of spending their money.

O'Toole of the trade

Philip Hoare takes an intoxicating swig of Fifties thespiana. By Clare Boylan

Loitering With Intent: The Apprentice by Peter O'Toole, Macmillan, £20

In Peter O'Toole's stately, eccentric progress through these few years of his life (the latest volume barely covers the period 1953-5 – cynics might wonder if this is a lucrative formula for memoirs-by-installment), the actor's eye is always on the lookout for the baroquely comic or pathetically poignant incident. Like some 18th-century picaresque, *The Apprentice* portrays bawdy scenes from the aspirant thespian's life in the London of the Fifties. From trawling through Soho's Bohemia (where he hopes, vainly, to bump into Dylan Thomas) to travelling on the Northern Line (hilariously smuggling a double bed past the ticket collector), O'Toole's tales pile up on each other, lacking chronology and orthodox syntax but revealing in words.

He is a man who loves words, in the manner of his evident influences: Miller, Burgess, Beckett and Joyce seem likely to feature on O'Toole's Celtic-rhetorical checklist. Yet his voice is pre-eminently his own. Though it's self-indulgent and potentially tiresome, the fact that *The Apprentice* (mostly) avoids such offence derives entirely from the author's wayward charm. None, perhaps, has ever been more wayward, or more charming: Noël Coward, who always had something to say about everybody, told O'Toole after having seen *Lawrence of Arabia* that "if Lawrence had looked like him there would have been many more than twelve Turks queuing up for the hugging session". The unspoken hubris

of O'Toole's handsomeness is plain in one album snap, portraying the *ingénu* with his languid arms wrapped round a bevy of Rada beauties. He was ever surrounded by an admiring circle.

Such indulgence may account for the high-flown prose of the book, and possibly for its theatrical sentimentality. (O'Toole deplores the pejorative connotations of "theatrical"; how he must hate the abusive term "luvvie"). There's an avatism and a nostalgia to his narrative of "this lovely hard old game that we... play" which, coming from a less larger-than-life figure, could cloy: O'Toole unashamedly parades his stage heroes, from the ever-present shade of Edmund Kean (whose biography runs through the book as a counterpoint to the author's adventures) to Rada tutors and whisky priests. Here's Albie Finney, Ronald Fraser, Kenneth "The Untouchable" Griffith, demigods and drinking partners, sketched but vividly rendered: an evocative opening section has the ghosts of Peter Finch and Rudolph Nureyev dancing on O'Toole's coffee table. This orgiastic, wistful scene prepares us for the uproarious alcoholism and dissolute dialogue to follow. "Sweet laminated Jesus" is a frequent exhortation; an entire section is devoted to the laundering of "shitty knickers"; and a careering skid through Camden Town in a brake-failed old hanger leaves our hero "shaking like a Sheffield dog shitting penknives". There's a laddishness here, a surprising precursor of the

world of *Loaded* magazine, tempered with a vaguely camp *Withnail and I* irony. O'Toole's liberality fills the book with affectionate snapshots – but snapshots that seem to be fading even as he describes them.

Shuffled among these vignettes are discursive forays into dramatic technique and "The Play": an ancient tuition, it might seem, to modern-day students. To abide by the rules and learn from one's masters came naturally to his generation. As for motivation: "Now, we all know that in the theatre the devil displays his pomp with so many charms and seductive graces that the most solid virtue can hardly withstand it, which is as good and gamey a reason as you may need for being a lively member of the audience; and it will do quite nicely, thank you, for my being an actor."

Elsewhere, O'Toole's potted theatrical histories can seem too obviously the product of research at the Mander and Mitchinson Theatre Collection; and occasionally one yearns for some straightforwardness and less "dawn-plucked fungi", "banjaxed" pupils, and Cockney rhyming slang (here always given its literal translation).

Yet these are not serious criticisms, especially to admirers of O'Toole's first volume of memoirs. Like many successful players of his game, O'Toole has re-invented himself, on this occasion as a fine writer. And by progressing so slowly through his autobiography, O'Toole gives his fans much to look forward to.

Sweet narcotics

Edward Pearce submits to the lure of two addictive substances

The True History of Chocolate by S & M Coe, Thames & Hudson, £16.95 / Opium by M Booth, Simon & Schuster, £17.99

Addictions have affinities. In *Days of Wine and Roses*, the chocolate-eating, non-drinking Lee Remick is ensnared by boozing Jack Lemmon with a chocolate-topped Brandy Alexander. Two books on addiction have more than that in common; both are full of useful and instructive matter, and both are badly written.

The *True History of Chocolate* comes from two anthropologists devoted to Mexico. Sophie Coe prepared massive notes on the history of chocolate from Mayan sacrament to Fruit and Nut. After her sad death from cancer, Michael Coe assembled them.

The information is splendid. Chocolate only acquired the smooth texture we know when, in 1879, Rodolphe Lindt of Lindt and Sprüngli introduced a "conching machine" to extract the grit. The Marquis de Sade was at least as keen on drinking chocolate as whacking bottoms, having crated brought into the Bastille. Streets in Hershey, Penn. (the company town) include Cocoa Avenue and East Chocolate Avenue.

More immediately useful, what marks off elite chocolate is the volume of cacao butter. "Under 50 per cent" says a purist "is junk chocolate" provoking a campaign for real chocolate, very necessary here and in the US where the Hershey bar rates 43 per cent. One thing the diligent Coes missed: we had another of our rows with the Europeans when the floods sought to deny the British with their low cacao butter count, the trading name "chocolate". It should, said Brussels, be called "vegolate", (because

inferior chocolate makers top up the mix with vegetable oils). We got out of that one without bombing the Berlaymont, but, as with our dodgy beef, Brussels had a point.

The Mayans used the harsh-casting pre-Dairy Milk liquid for the rite of baptism. But the Spaniards, after much talk about the medicinal nature of chocolate and tediously reconciling its properties with Galen's system of temperaments, built up their own ritual, to the point of inventing the saucer. They also flung in additives, not just sugar, vanilla and cinnamon, but ground chickpeas and broad beans – vegolate indeed. Then the Italians took the fashion up. Cosimo III dei Medici had a thing about it, an aspect of his decadence says Michael Coe stuffily – though adding ambergris, lemon peel, jasmine flowers and musk, and having the court poet write verses about it, does sound pretty decadent.

The drink would go down-market and democratic through Conrad Van Houten of Amsterdam who in 1828 got the cacao butter count down to 27 per cent to invent cocoa – the Watneys of the chocolate trade. The delicacy had much earlier provoked a vast ecclesiastical dispute beating anything British adulterators and EU officials could manage: was chocolate a food or a drink? Upon this depended its suitability as a night drink during Lent. The food doctrine triumphed with the great confectioners: Fry of Bristol who in 1847 made the first eating chocolate, Richard Cadbury who in 1868 sold the first chocolate box (girl with kite on the lid). Henri Nestlé, Jean Tobler, Philippe Suchard and

Milton Snavely Hershey, he of E. Chocolate Avenue.

Much love has gone into a magnificent compendium of fact, but Professor Coe is addicted to a History 101 style and much prim censure of European failings: decadent Medici, fat mustachioed French kings and talk of "civil rights" in 18th-century England.

Equally irritating is Martin Booth, whose *Opium*, a History is yet eminently useful as a horrific chronicle, from the first scrapings of sap from poppies in 7th-century BC Assyria to the \$750bn turnover of today's criminal trade.

Mr Booth writes like an evangelical Christian and does lots of condemning: "This was born one of the most evil exchanges in history. Opium from the Middle East met the native American pipe of peace" and (of a rehab worker), "Armed with her love of young people and children and the love of Christ, she established a youth club."

Two facts make better morality. Jardine and Matheson started corporate life as opium traders in 1828 (just as Joseph Fry started selling chocolate bars) and continued so until 1872. After the accidental Opium War, which did great things for free trade, a large indemnity was paid for opium stocks destroyed by the Chinese authorities. As for mitigation, all the opiates have in their time been seen as medicines, as Freud famously perceived cocaine. But addiction deepened as cures were sought. Morphine was touted as a specific against opium addiction, as heroin was thought to cure the morphine habit. Its heroic name was an early plug for such powers.

Ambiguity about the purpose of



Spilling the beans: an 1890s poster for Suchard Cocoa taken from *The Book of Chocolate* (Flammarion)

opiates had provided a cover for respectable merchants who were trading opium cultivated near Patna with the blessing of the authorities. A report of 1832 states that as "the monopoly of opium in Bengal supplies the Government with a revenue amounting to £981,293... it does not appear advisable to abandon so important a source of

revenue." But ambiguity has never gone away. Two things shine from today's market: fatality through additives and criminal control of the trade. (The Escobars keep up what Jardine Matheson began).

Mr Booth admits that taking pure opium is compatible with holding down a job and normal lifespan; some would

argue as much for stronger drugs. But de-criminalisation or controlled prescription are not countenanced here. Yet clean drugs, by-passing criminal suppliers, save lives. Governments, conscious of a source of revenue, started all this. Logically, they may yet find themselves running a campaign for real heroin.

Stabbing the serpent

Dermot Clinch is shocked by the bloodthirsty memoirs of India's Bandit Queen

I, Phoolan Devi by Phoolan Devi, Little, Brown, £18.99

At the age of 11, Phoolan Devi was married to a husband three times her age. She particularly noticed, since it was the direction she saw him from, that he had hair in his nose. The day after their wedding, complaining that he lived alone with his father, the new husband took Phoolan back to his village in central India to help with the housework. Her parents sobbed with dismay, which was puzzling, but Phoolan, industrious like most young girls in Indian villages, went with a good grace.

Once in the new village, Phoolan's husband set about raping her. He "used his serpent" as the 11-year-old conceived it, "like a wooden stick to beat me inside."

It happened more than once: on one occasion Phoolan escaped, only to be returned by her family to suffer the same fate again. Eventually she escaped for good, revisiting the scene of her humiliation some years later with a couple of friends. This time she had her own satisfaction. She "heard his bones cracking", she remembers. She "saw him spitting out his broken teeth." Then she had a go herself. "I flailed at the serpent that had made me so afraid. I stabbed him in the crotch... I jumped on his serpent and crushed it."

Phoolan Devi subsequently followed a career based almost entirely on revenge. Physically abused before marriage, sexually abused during it, abducted and

gang-raped after it, she had cause enough. Taking up with, and eventually leading a gang of terrifying dacoits, she became one of the world's most notorious bandits. In India, where fearless women are often accorded respect (witness Mrs Gandhi, or the goddess Kali) she became an object of fear and admiration – a feminist icon, a symbol of the caste struggle, or even a living god, depending on your inclination and needs. Ultimately she pressed public opinion too far. After the murder of 22 upper-caste men in one village, in retaliation for gang-raping her, she was forced eventually to surrender. Even then, she dictated the terms.

There have been many attempts to

romanticise her life, by film-makers and now by Phoolan Devi herself. But the story's barbarity is hard to disguise. Phoolan herself is sadistically cruel, and so are her adversaries: the abusers, the police, the government, the prisons, the society that allowed it all to happen in the first place. "Dealing out justice", she claims, after one early, apprentice murder, gave her the feeling of "walking in early morning sunshine after the mists clear over the river", and such gush *four-oriental colour* – presumably courtesy of her ghost-writers (she is illiterate) – is about the extent of her engagement with the ethics of what she did. "Agile like the dragonflies that skip across the surface of

the water," is how this bloodthirsty bandit supposedly describes the people of her caste. One's response is, give us a break.

Her case is too serious for such stuff. Behind its pacy I-had-only-one-bullet-left narrative, a real tragedy lies, which is that India continues to offer the occasion for such supposed justice in the first place. The book's romantic vision of revenge is poisonous, and if the "Bandit Queen" really was the Indian Robin Hood, Robin Hood just wasn't the man we take him for. Redistributing dishonestly purloined land, curbing the excesses of oppressive upper castes, punishing rapists and other abusers: all these are functions that should be performed

by the state, not by bandits with red bandannas and a hunger for blood.

Fortunately, however, Phoolan Devi did go to prison, from which she was released in 1994, after serving 11 years. Last month she chose, as many Indian celebrities, and at least one other surrendered bandit, have done before her, to stand for parliament. Triumphant over a threat that widows of her victims would be bussed in to denounce her, she was elected last month to serve as member for the constituency of Mirzapur in Uttar Pradesh, the first confessed armed robber and serial murderer to sit in the Lok Sabha, they say, for many a year. Revenge in India, it seems, can indeed be sweet.



Red shift: Russians who plan to vote Communist in the presidential elections give their reasons

Climb every mountain: a Lakeland hero's 60th-birthday present to himself

And the scientific explanation of why red wine is good for you

IN TOMORROW'S INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

A pavilion for Aunt Bumps

Sue Gaisford is impressed by an unexpected Edwardian double act

Lutyens and the Edwardians: an English architect and his clients by Jane Brown, Viking, £25

Perhaps he wasn't listening when they were introduced – for somebody certainly introduced them. Perhaps he had simply never heard of her, though that seems unlikely. Whatever the reason, Ned Lutyens leaned across Lady Colefax's table and asked Nellie Melba what she did for a living. It must have been a question she relished. As the company fell nervously silent, she finished her fish, threw back her head and gave him Mimi's big aria, at full throttle. They were firm friends from that moment: in the end, he designed her tomb.

Like Dame Nellie, Sir Edwin was quintessentially Edwardian. He belongs to that golden afternoon before the wars of the century began, when tea was taken in the garden and there was no servant problem. We must avoid hindsight, says Jane Brown, and resist envisaging the destruction to come: instead, we should gaze on the period through rose-tinted glasses. Today, the Cenotaph may well be the best-known Lutyens design, but his real genius is to be seen in the cottages, castles and comfortable country houses he created before the crying need arose for memorials, tombs and graveyards.

Jane Brown loves the man. Her enthusiasm for his work and his character is boundless and infectious. At the end of her book, she lists those of his buildings that can still be seen from public roads: such is her passion that you can scarce forbear to leap into a car and set off for a snoop.

This would be easiest if you happened to live in the Home Counties, particularly in what was known as Old West Surrey. Lutyens grew up in Surrey, where he was given the first of his commissions by Barbara Webb, a wealthy, childless woman who mothered him, as so many women did, pestering everyone she knew to give him a chance. Through her, he met Gertrude Jekyll, the great gardener and craftsman he always called Aunt Bumps, who was to collaborate with him on many schemes. He built her a Thunder House – a tiny, triangular pavilion on the end of her garden wall, in which she would settle herself to watch storms in the valley.

Through Jekyll he met the Mirrieles family whose philanthropic project was "Goddards". Brown's prose becomes fanciful to the point of whimsy when describing this house, which, she says, "seems to bask like some gorgeous butterfly, settling in the sun among the flowers... its eaves shading the windows like heavy eyelashes". It was built as a retreat for ladies of slender means – mostly nurses and governesses – who needed a fortnight in the country. Eventually it sheltered a stream of such overwrought and recuperating types, who would entertain the Mirrieles children to tea and scintillate in return for their holiday (two of the little boys remembered eating 40 scones at one sitting).

So the net spread, until virtually all of middle-class England must have known someone for whom



Lutyens: a genius for cottages

Lutyens was building something. Uneasy in his marriage – his wife developed a penchant for theosophy which led to his being banished from her bed – he immersed himself in work. He collected a grand total of something like 550 commissions, refusing nothing and ultimately undertaking the colossal task of creating Viceroy's House in New Delhi, which took him 20 years.

Brown's purpose in this book is neither biographical nor architectural. Rather, she discusses the power and influence of those who did the commissioning. She is completely at home amongst the Lyttons, and Lyttons, the Sackvilles, Barings and Asquiths who built, recommended and built again. In her introduction, she sighs that she has amassed mate-

rial enough for many more such books, and this proves to be a slight problem. For the majority of her potential readers, whose knowledge of the period must be sketchier than her own, these families merge into a great clan whose relationships become dauntingly entangled.

However, just when you nearly give up trying to sort them out, along comes a redeemingly bizarre anecdote to renew your energy. One of the most enjoyable chapters concerns Hugh Percy Lane, an eccentric philanthropist who wanted to provide Dublin with a new Municipal Art Gallery. Lutyens was, as always, game, but the difficulty was to find a site. A skating rink and some Turkish baths were proposed, until eventually the architect produced a marvellously extravagant design for a new bridge across the Liffey which would itself be a gallery. Brown reproduces his drawing, opposite the suggestion of the *Saturday Herald* cartoonist, that Lutyens should go one stage further and build the gallery at the top of Nelson's Pillar, cantilevered in the sky. What a pity they turned it down.

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Love and slippery fish

Carol Birch finds all the usual suspects in Anita Brookner's new novel

Altered States by Anita Brookner, Cape, £14.99

With so much new fiction seeming to coast along less on merit than on street-cred rating, it's refreshing to come upon a courteous Anita Brookner novel. The disregard for fashion and political correctness, the coyly euphemistic references to all things erotic, seem curiously daring and subversive. It's like encountering a crouched lady in the middle of an orgy.

There are no surprises here, just the guilty oodge of recognition as you identify with one or other of the manifold inadequacies of the characters. You know exactly what to expect, but in a way that is the point of an Anita Brookner novel. There will be ample evidence of a stern yet vulnerable intelligence, acutely refined observation, passages of elegance and eloquence interspersed with long waffly bits, and an over-riding sense of tedium teeming with snakes.

There will also, of course, be a typical Brookner solitary. Here it is Alan Sherwood, "a respectable member of the middle class", a middle-aged solicitor embracing the safety of mediocrity with a desperation that testifies to the fact that he is actually half mad, albeit in that quiet, sane way most of us manage somehow to contain.

Encountering a woman on a station platform, for a moment he is reminded of Sarah Miller, a woman he had once known. This encounter sets off the long locomotive of reminiscence which is his life story, one characterised by the overwhelming illusion that he has actually had an affair with this woman.

Brookner cleverly creates a chasm between what the narrator thinks he is telling you and what you actually understand. He is relating a grand passion; you are perceiving a minimal, passing thing, an awkward filigree of indifference, crossed lines and missed chances. The magnetic redblood, Sarah Miller herself, can scarcely be said

to exist at all. Her character is a deliberately slippery fish, impossible to catch. She may be just a deeply unimpressive poser but we're never sure. Alan is so completely baffled by her, he can only put her across as some sort of black hole into which all definitions fade.

What translates to the reader is a profound, sad sympathy, in particular for his short-lived wife, Angela, a woman as frightened and childish as himself, and Jenny, a guilt-inducing nuisance to absolutely everyone, whose progress into a lonely and suspicious old age is so ably defined it manages to be both cruel and compassionate in equal measure.

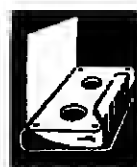
This is a world of life's losers, those looking in rather than participating. Alan is out of control. He doesn't choose things, they happen to him. No wonder Sarah, whoever she was, passed him by. In the end, ominously, it becomes clear that the woman for whom he actually feels most is poor, neglected Jenny. His sympathy for her is reinforced by the suspicion that "at the end I too will be told kindly lies by those who know me well enough to spare me the truth".

Pithy and pitiless, stoical and accepting, this sums up the tone of the book. An older and wiser man, he can now look unflinchingly at the truth and even take a sort of comfort in the recognition that "the transformation of an unremarkable affair into a sort of pilgrimage has a certain nobility".

Brookner excels at portrayals of extreme pain seeking refined expression. They are studied, understated, excruciating, as when Alan hears that his child has been born dead with the cord round its neck. The image of a staid businessman pulling repeatedly at his collar, alone in a hotel room, will remain long after a great deal of fashionable froth has dated and, in keeping with the spirit of the age, disposed of itself.



Brookner: studied, understated, excruciating



Audiobooks

In the Psychiatrist's Chair with Anthony Clare

Tiger in the Smoke read by Francis Matthews

The first audiobook release of *In the Psychiatrist's Chair* (BBC, 2hrs 30 mins, £7.99), although Clare has now produced two books of transcripts, offers four hours of performances as the soft-voiced Irish armchair shrink tempts Wedgie Benn into an orgy of self-praise, pierces Claire Rayner's ebullient guard and reduces her to tears, listens respectfully to a chillingly composed Sir Peter Hall and tenderly nurses Spike Milligan's despair. Compulsive listening and there will doubtless be sequels.

Margery Allingham writes in such a powerfully visual, even sensual, way that to hear her acknowledged masterpiece read aloud is almost to be moving about in fog-filled London oneself. *Tiger in the Smoke* (Chivers, 8hrs, 15 mins, £16.99, mail order 01225 335336) is not only an excellent thriller but an elegy for the simplicities of wartime patriotism and prescient warning of the advent of a new, somehow ruddier, society. Francis Matthews does full justice both to this and other unabridged Allingham titles issued by Chivers.

Christian Hardymont

Who's reading whom



Adrian Mitchell finds the heart and humanity of the European Left alive and well in two works of fiction

I have read two books this week from writers - both essentially European, both representing the humane face of the Left - which have impressed me a great deal. Elsa Triolet's *Two Hundred Francs Fine* (Virago) takes its title from the Maquis code for the D Day landing. Triolet, who was a sister of Lily Brink, spent the war in the Resistance and her six short stories, set in communities all over occupied France, worked to remarkable, radiant prose, and rich with humour, are more revealing of the organisation and its people than any official history. She examines not so much the achievements of the Resistance as the way people juggled their commitment to it, and to the other people in it, with their own interests.

John Berger's *To The Wedding* (Bloomsbury), just out in paperback, moved me to the point of tears. It is a hauntingly beautiful book constructed on a very simple plot - a family reunited in central Europe at the wedding of their daughter - and an ending that saps all one's emotional strength.

Adrian Mitchell's 'Blue Coffee: Poems 1985-1996', a Poetry Book Society Choice is published by Bloodaxe.

The moon in your pyjamas

Steven Poole reads two first novels about growing up in Kenya and London

Moon by Jeremy Gavron, Viking, £13.99 *Eskimo Kissing* by Kate Mosse, Hodder, £15.99

Jeremy Gavron's choice of title for his brief, pretty first novel is either brave or plain lazy. *Moon* - the word tastes of languorous, bovine sensuality, but as a title, it just sounds like half a song. *Moon* is a *Bildungsroman* set in Fifties Kenya; the white narrator, from a framing perspective of middle age, remembers growing up on his father's farm. When he is nine, there being a dearth of boys his age to compare pet lizards with, he falls in with Ernest, the young Kenyan man who works as his father's driver, and so begins the chronicle of a troubled friendship.

Ernest, a cheerful, clever fellow, is magically talented under the bonnet, fixing up his employer's tractor and Chevrolet like a dream; he wants to study engineering at university. His hopes crumble when he is arrested during the Emergency.

He gives a speech in the street about the white man flying off to farm the moon, which the police read as an encoded incitement to revolution. The narrator - whose name, annoyingly, we never discover (this isn't Nabokov, after all) - knows that Ernest really was talking about farming the moon, in visionary-engineer style, but the little boy keeps silent.

Meanwhile, there are exotic trips to Nairobi, a leopard hunt, and soft-blooming but horrible family revelations. All such episodes are written lucidly and simply, the tone occasionally rising to a muffled rhapsody: "He was lulled by the sapping heat and the slow breathing of the sea, rising and falling like the lungs of the world." And the moon itself features as a slightly over-freighted symbol of various characters' wistful hopes for repara-

tion or regeneration. *Moon* manages to suggest more than it actually says. Guileful and touching, it reads like a promising warm-up.

That sort of minimalist aesthetic is hardly up Kate Mosse's alley. Mosse - the indefatigable organiser of the Orange Fiction Prize - has written a book which, in brave defiance of convention, regales the reader with every item of cutlery nervously rearranged, every fig puffed, every Double Decker tongued by her characters as they go about the plot.

Named after that charming habit that teenage girls have of rubbing their noses against other people's, *Eskimo Kissing* tells the story of twin sisters Sam and Anna, growing up in the late Seventies with their adoptive parents. Sam is the plump, tarted one who goes to discos; Anna is the thin, clever one who

stays at home with her violin. Then, when they are 17, Anna is killed in a coach crash (the day after Sam loses her virginity, thus establishing a novel link between sex and death). This spurs Sam to find her real parents, entailing trips with her boyfriend Peter (inventively characterized as having "no waist"), and multiple tearful head-to-heads to dingy cafes and flats.

At Mosse's back looms the potent contextualizing force of popular culture. How do we know it's 1981? Why, "The Specials released 'Ghost Town', how else? Along the way, Mosse has fun, choosing her words with what seems like no effort of thought at all. My favourite ocollogism was "blabbed" (for "said") - decidedly *le mot juste* for how her characters converse. The larger structure is massaged into place with brief asides

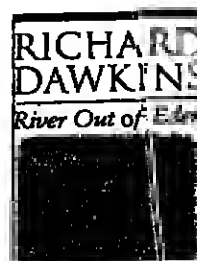
on the philosophy of colour: "Green is the colour of history", "Scarlet is the colour of love", that sort of thing. Such devices convince one that there must be more to the book than a few underimagined persons springing through hoops of amateur research.

Ever mindful of some readers' fragile sensibilities, Mosse builds happily towards a resolutely unsurprising climax. But it is only after the final page that one can appreciate the true purpose of *Eskimo Kissing*. You see, Mosse cares about adoption, so the book is not merely a made-up story, but also a kind of adoption manual - she priors two pages of "useful addresses" to write off to for information or advice. Indeed, what is the point of literature if you don't know where to go for counselling afterwards?

Paperbacks

Reviewed by Emma Hagestadt and Christopher Hirst

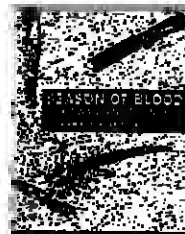
River Out of Eden by Richard Dawkins (Phoenix, £5.99) A hectoring, rather heartless, explanation of DNA which follows on from *The Selfish Gene*. One wonders if Dawkins would have written about "genes that are less good at surviving because they cause astigmatic vision... or they make their successive bodies less attractive and less likely to mate", if he had not himself fathered a large family. His metaphor of the "digital river" for explaining the success of DNA is lucid and convincing, yet Dawkins argues his case with such humourless vehemence ("wrong, utterly wrong" etc) that he ends up as a mirror image of the evangelists he despises.



Mapplethorpe - A Biography by Patricia Morrisey (Papermac, £12.00) After slipping the shackles of the suburbs, Mapplethorpe ardently pursued the dark pleasures of gay sadomasochism in NYC (though there was a vigorous heterosexual *entourage* with punk icon Patti Smith). "Whenever you make love," he declared, "there should be three people involved - you, the other person and the devil." Behind the lens, a different discipline took over, resulting in him being acclaimed as "the greatest studio photographer of his generation" before dying of AIDS at 42. Though 460 pages on him may be breaking a butterfly on a wheel, each one is packed with interest.



Season of Blood by Fergal Keane (Penguin, £6.99) A tender, angry account of a terrible time by the BBC's man in Africa (now in Asia). Perhaps it is an exorcism - the events which took place in Rwanda in 1994 are seared on Keane's memory and dominate his dreams. He demands that his readers "never ever forget" that "in 100 Days up to 1 million people were hacked, shot, strangled, clubbed and burned to death". As well as being a scathing indictment - Keane says that the genocide inflicted on the Tutsis was planned well in advance by Hutu leaders - this is a graphic piece of news-gathering in extremis. It deserves to become a classic.



The Temporary by Rachel Cusk (Picador, £5.99) A worthy successor to her Whitbread-winning first novel *Saving Agnes*, Rachel Cusk's second book is set in a twenty-something world of temporary secretarial jobs, temporary rentals and temporary relationships. Super temp Francine Smith, secure in her good looks, but having confidence in little else, survives painful dinner dates and painful social gatherings in a determined search for love and attention. Corporate personnel departments, hum-drum tasks, started-up North London flats and the boys who live in them are Cusk's (and Francine's) targets. Read for the pleasure of recognition.



Plain Girl: A Life by Arthur Miller (Minerva, £4.99) Arthur Miller's first piece of prose fiction in 20 years and, at just 76 pages long, proves that less is more. Set against the busy background traffic of Thirties New York, it tells the story of a young Jewish woman convinced that her plainness is preventing her from experiencing "anything miraculous...". Seeking refuge with the "unhandsome" Sam Fink and his Communist commitments, she tries to hide herself (and her desires) from the world. A brilliant study in the pitfalls of female insecurity. Even Marilyn Monroe thought herself ugly.



A Fool & His Money by Ann Wroe (Vintage, £7.99) This vivid depiction of medieval life in the isolated town of Rodez in southern France focuses on a bizarre case involving a merchant, apparently suffering from Alzheimer's Disease, who forgot where he buried a pot of gold. Rodez was an unexceptional spot (even now its motto is "Ville Moven"), except it was partitioned into areas belonging to the local bishop (the City) and count (the Bourg). Though costly and inconvenient, these allegiances continued as does our own monarchy - because "it was all the people knew". Far livelier than *Monty Python*, it's ideal intelligent reading for the bols.



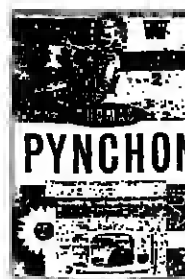
Art Objects by Jeanette Winterson (Vintage, £5.99) Lots of opining, next to no informing in these essays on art and literature. You can virtually hear the cogs of the author's mind grinding as she muses about what to say next. On art: "All painting is cave painting: painting on the low dark walls of joy and me...". On sex: "The artist imagines the forbidden because to her it is not forbidden." Though occasionally provoking - "I can find little to cheer me [by English language writers] between *Four Quartets* (1944) and Angela Carter's *The Magic Toyshop* (1967)" - these effusions from planet Winterson consist almost entirely of hot air. For fans only.



The Afterlife by John Updike (Penguin, £5.99) Hard on the heels of the publication of *In the Beauty of the Lilies*, Penguin have issued John Updike's latest collection of short stories which gleam with the finished polish of a well-loved piece of furniture. As usual, middle-aged meo and their wives (second, third and sometimes fourth) are his subject matter, as too are their marital spats - most of which seem to happen on holiday. Vacations in Italy and Ireland are marred by rows over map-reading and macho driving, while a tale of shopping for antiques in Norfolk stimulates melancholy broodings on mortality and English weather. Classy writing from an old pro.



The Crying of Lot 49 by Thomas Pynchon (Vintage, £5.99) Possibly the only Pynchon novel you can read in one sitting (and without having the benefit of a graduate-level course on post-modern American fiction). Oedipa Maas is lost in Southern California, where her eccentric ex-lover, Pierce Inverarity (a cross between Howard Hughes and Ross Perot) has gone walk about. It's a place of singing surfers and a secret underground of conspirators known as the Trystero, who gobble up the meaning of everything (words, governments, post offices, stamp collections) when nobody's looking. A funny, knotty work of bizarre imaginings which requires close attention and a thesaurus.



Barbara Hepworth: A Life of Forms by Sally Festing (Penguin, £9.99) Among the inhabitants of the "salt-smelling" backstreets of St Ives, sculptor Barbara Hepworth is probably better known for the drama of her death than the achievements of her life. Regarded as an eccentric with a preference for black capes and the odd "tiddle", she completed the picture by burning herself to death in a blaze of terrifying ferocity. Sally Festing's passionate, though idiosyncratic biography, perhaps dwells a little unkindly on Hepworth's decline, but convincingly salvages her reputation from the shadow of Henry Moore's.



travel diving

NEW DIVERS:
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Scuba diving has become the aquatic answer to skiing. In most parts of the world, wherever there's coral there are diving facilities. Here you can rent your equipment and buy air in scuba tanks (the term Scuba being an acronym for self-contained underwater breathing apparatus). You will then be accompanied on your dives by a qualified instructor, or dive master. Rather like ski pistes, resort diving takes place at known sites: underwater navigation can be tricky, so you don't simply submerge yourself into the uncharted deep blue. Since this is a hazardous sport, you will be expected to team up with another diver, or "buddy", with whom you have a symbiotic relationship. Basic training is also essential so that you know how to minimise the inherent risks.

To get started you simply need to be able to swim, understand a few elementary principles of physics, and be able to "pop" your ears (release air pressure in your inner ears by holding your nose and blowing, rather as you would in an aeroplane). The first step is to qualify as an open water diver (cave diving and night diving – when the coral colours look magnificent illuminated by underwater torches – require more advanced instruction). At the end of your course you will need to pass a basic written test and be able to perform a few underwater exercises. Apart from introductory dives, you will not be sold air in scuba tanks unless you can produce internationally recognised certification showing that you have been trained.

Where to train

In Britain there are two options: a BSAC (British Sub-Aqua Club) or a PADI (US-run Professional Association of Dive Instructors) course. BSAC is very much a club: you train and become a member at one of the 1,400 branches. Courses are geared for British diving – in conditions that are generally difficult. Your qualification, though, will be internationally recognised.

PADI training, on the other hand, is designed for easier, international resort diving in warmer countries. You can attend PADI courses in Britain or learn from scratch on a diving holiday abroad.

For more information contact BSAC at Telfords Quay, Ellesmere Port, South Wirral, Cheshire L65 4FY (0151-357 1951) or PADI at Unit 6, Unicorn Park, Whitby Road, Bristol BS4 4EX (0117-971 1717). Details of training courses (which start at around £99) are advertised in magazines such as *Diver* and *Sports Diver*.

The underwater environment

A diver generally poses more of a threat to sea life (even sharks) than such life does to him. A group of divers can leave a trail of destruction by crashing about, dropping bits of equipment and teasing the fish. Wherever you train, it will be emphasised that you must learn to protect the environment you are entering – coral reefs, in particular, are extremely fragile. In many countries collecting specimens such as shells and even dead coral is strictly illegal.

Harriet O'Brien

Come to Sipadan — before
the turtles get camera shy

By Kate Weidmann

"I'll give you money back on any dive on which you don't see a giant turtle," the dive master said on my first day on Sipadan island. He never paid me a cent. We swam among swirling schools of barracuda, through thousands of darting coral fish and above white-tip reef sharks that looked as if they were cruising around together humming the theme tune from *Jaws*. By the third day we weren't even bothering to point out the five-foot turtles that were a feature of every dive.

Sipadan island has only recently appeared on the dive map, but it promotes itself as the top dive spot in South East Asia. There are now at least five dive operators on the 27-acre island. Guidebooks from only five years ago write about having to camp overnight on the beach. Then there was only one local dive operator and boats had to be hired from Bajau fishermen for the 20-mile offshore trip from the dusty coastal town of Semporna in Sabah, one of the Malaysian states of North Borneo.

The island is a classic tropical castaway location – fine white sand beaches with a fringe of palm trees; inland a tangle of jungle. What makes it extraordinary is its marine design. The sea bed around the island rises in the shape of a slender rocky spine crowned by an overhanging coral reef shaped like a giant mushroom. For decades the island was simply left to Green and Hawksbill turtles which laid their eggs here. Now the underwater landscapes of reef and soft coral leave your average snorkel swimmer (Barrier Reef – done it; Caribbean – snub it; Red Sea – been there) humbled. Here

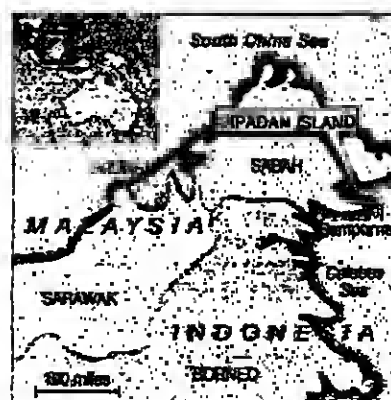
you have a marine spectacular, with overhangs and dramatic drops teeming with wrasse, damselfish, grouper, angelfish, snappers, butterflyfish and triggerfish as well as the bigger predators.

The first school of barracuda you ever see is a fearsome experience: spiralling in mad, tight circles, four or five to a row – swimming like a silver tube. Yet it is solitary barracuda, swimming near the surface, which are the dangerous ones. They are hunting for food, these are merely socialising.

The sharks tend to rest on sandy patches at around 50 to 70 feet down. Reef white-tips are smallish, a bit over a yard, with that little shark grin: they always seem to be form snapper groups. They are well-fed and not a threat, the dive master told us, after sharing his "I swam with a school of hammerheads" story. Twice, while diving at a depth of around 100 feet, we saw, sliding silently below us, a lone leopard shark – elegantly spotted, with a long, almost feathered tail.

After every dive came the comparisons – cross-checking with different books as to what we saw. I got easily side-tracked by laconic descriptions of the sex lives of reef fish. The majority undergo sex reversal as part of their development. Many are sequential hermaphrodites. The changes of sex can be socially controlled. If there are too many males this inhibits primary females from changing into males, but if the ratio of male to female falls below a certain threshold, the dominant females will change sex.

However, the stars among the sexually talented, the predators and the plain showy



– parrot fish, clown fish, stripey lion fish – are still the turtles. They sleep on ledges on the coral wall, doze beside rocks, and pirouette away with a lazy flip of a fin from divers who are deluded into thinking they can catch up. The very best place to watch them is at a cleaning station. We saw an enormous turtle, at least 80 years old, hover suspended, allowing small fish to dart over her shell and under her belly, cleaning as they went. The next two turtles queued up patiently.

At around 60 feet underwater along the coral wall you see occasional signs marking caves. Entry is forbidden to ordinary divers. One cave is legendary as a turtle graveyard. Without coming up for air at regular intervals turtles drown. The cave is apparently lined with the shells and skulls of turtles which have swum in and been unable to find their way out. In the early

days of diving on Sipadan, two divers disregarded warnings and attempted a night dive into a cave and met the same fate – hence the signs.

On a night dive, swimming by the wavering light of two torches, we were met around a sweep of the wall by 20 torches clutched by Japanese divers, most armed with enormous underwater cameras. Thankfully, though, Sipadan may be declared a marine park soon, and a limit fixed as to the number of divers allowed at any one time. So far the limits have been the accommodation on the island and the fact that only those with at least a basic qualification can dive: no training courses are run here.

The island has huge potential in terms of money-making tourism, so the time to go there is now – while the Sipadan is still reasonably small scale and before the turtles get camera-shy.

To reach Sipadan, first you need to get to Kota Kinabalu in Borneo. This is most easily achieved on Malaysia Airlines from London Heathrow, with a brief change of plane in Kuala Lumpur; discount fares of around £650 are readily available through discount agents such as the ones which advertise in these pages.

Most dive packages to Sipadan include the flight to Tawau, taxi transfer to Semporna and the boat ride. All the dive operators offer only all-in packages, in which dives, tanks, accommodation in beach huts and food are included; weightbelts, wetsuits and the rest need to be hired on top if you are not taking your own.

Ms Marsden narrowly misses out on the prize of an I-Spy book of aircraft; she is bumped at the boarding gate by Bryan Bennion of Derby, who has stumbled upon a flight plan for the singer Paul Simon: from Weymouth (New York State) via Garaina (Papua New Guinea) and Funafuti (Tuvalu) to Kiel in Germany. Mr Bennion says the musician is to be accompanied by a close friend for this journey, which translates as ART-GAR-FUN-KEL.

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British Airways believes the future of air travel rests with ticketless journeys, and has announced it will test the concept on flights between Aberdeen and London. But the airline is 21 years late. Ticketless travel actually began in 1975, pioneered by... British Airways.

When BA launched its Shuttle operation in 1975, the airline dispensed with the need for reservations and tickets from Heathrow to Belfast, Edinburgh or Glasgow (Manchester came later). Its "turn up and go" service meant that if you wanted to travel on a particular flight, you simply turned up 10 minutes before departure and demanded a seat. If the plane was full, the airline laid on an extra one just for you – a promise that it still keeps on Shuttle flights. But best of all, you needed no ticket to get on board. All you did was promise to pay your £17 on board.

In those days, cabin crews did not attempt to break the record for serving 189 breakfasts in under an hour. Instead, they were glorified bus conductors who trawled through

the Trident selling tickets.

But what happened to passengers who were unable or unwilling to pay? Ejector seats were not fitted, so the airline must have had another mechanism to discourage stowaways. Can anyone say what it was – or confess to having travelled for free?

Some time later, my career in aviation began at Gatwick airport. I was employed to clean out planes for, among others, British Airways. I shall spare the "revolting things you find in seat pockets" stories, and instead mention the feeling of gloom upon boarding a plane that you recognise as having once cleaned. This means the aircraft is of a certain age. The safety record of British carriers is excellent, so advanced years in no way means increased risk. But older planes seem to develop more faults.

So it was with trepidation that I recognised the Caledonian Airways IrisStar at the boarding gate in Manchester. Sure enough, the take-off was aborted due to a fault, and we spent a couple of hours stewing on the apron while it was fixed. The

cumulative delay, compounded by a problem with the inflight ovens, meant that our promised meal was not served until four hours after scheduled departure. By this time hunger could have persuaded me to eat the furniture, had I not known something of its colourful history. No doubt someone can come up with a longer gap between departure and dinner, and I look forward to details – the less lurid the better.

Hitch-hikers the length and breadth of the M4 will be celebrating this week's opening of the second Severn Crossing more than most for the simple reason that it will greatly reduce the chance of being dropped off at the hitching graveyard known as Aust Services, in the shadow of the first Severn Bridge.

Most service stations are good hitching prospects; not Aust, which is caught between the M5 and the Avonmouth ship road. The world will probably never know if there is any truth in the story that one hitcher waited there so long that he was offered a job by a catering manager,

who admired his tenacity in waiting patiently at the roadside for 12 hours.

The appeal for imaginative combinations of three-letter airport codes (such as LHR for London Heathrow) brought some excellent responses. "What a FAN-TAS-TIC trip you could have," writes Jim Barry of Derby, "if you went from Farnham in Norway via Tashkent to Tinak Island in the South Pacific. Lucy Marsden of Notts suggests FAT MAN HAD HIS DAMSON PIE – a journey from Fresno, California to St Petersburg, Florida, via Manchester, Halmstad (Sweden), Hayman Island (Australia), Damascus (Syria) and Espiritu Santo (Vanuatu).

Ms Marsden narrowly misses out on the prize of an I-Spy book of aircraft; she is bumped at the boarding gate by Bryan Bennion of Derby, who has stumbled upon a flight plan for the singer Paul Simon: from Weymouth (New York State) via Garaina (Papua New Guinea) and Funafuti (Tuvalu) to Kiel in Germany. Mr Bennion says the musician is to be accompanied by a close friend for this journey, which translates as ART-GAR-FUN-KEL.

سكيا من الامم

travel

Welcome to Britain. From both of us

The English tourist board has been running courses on how to be nice to European visitors. Sue Wheat joined one. And doubled the attendance

When tourism is worth £100 million per day to Britain's national economy, it's worth being nice to visitors. This is the simple psychology behind the English Tourist Board's Welcome Host training scheme. With 250,000 tourists expected for the Euro '96 soccer championships, the ETB is giving people who come into contact with foreigners helpful hints about how to communicate and understand their needs.

How's your Czech, Bulgarian, Danish or Romanian? Everyone from taxi drivers to newsagents, restaurant staff to hot-dog vendors, will soon be finding out, as they attempt to do business with the 250,000 or so foreign fans visiting London, Birmingham, Nottingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Leeds and Newcastle.

How refreshing to think that the English are finally making an effort to be more accommodating of our European friends - even if we are praying they'll lose. Such is our commitment, however, to being hospitable that when I tried to join the London Welcome Host course I found it had been cancelled. Insistent on being educated in the finer cultural aspects of European communication, I signed up instead for a course in Birmingham.

I was greeted warmly by the trainer Sue Daly from the Heart of England Tourism Board and Mike Glover of the Birmingham Marketing Partnership. "Birmingham has spent 18 months planning for Euro '96 to ensure normal city life is disrupted as little as possible," explained Mike. And on reading the briefing notes for people involved in the event, they had clearly done their homework: "On match days, the 'intelligence' we have received suggests it is likely that groups of visiting supporters will establish a base in the city centre which will be a bar/pub where they will meet every day before/after matches", it pointed out informatively.

No kidding? However, as Mike said, with around 150 extra flights going in to Birmingham airport to bring in approximately 12,000 visitors to its four games at Villa Park, the Welcome Host course should be invaluable. Absolutely.

"Who else is coming on the course?" I asked. "Well, unfortunately Birmingham Council members have postponed because they're too busy," he said, "but four of West Midlands Police should be here."

I was introduced to another participant, Sara Pinner from the Birmingham Convention and Visitor Bureau. We got coffees. We waited. By 10 o'clock, it was evident that out of the several hundreds of thousands of people in the Midlands who will be coming into contact with European visitors over the next three weeks, only two (me and Sara), had the will to learn how to be Euro-friendly. We set to work.

First: languages. And one of the reasons



Turning our backs on tourists? Britain is expecting 250,000 extra visitors during Euro '96

Photo: Tom Pilsen

Brummies may feel they can rest on their laurels because immediately apparent, Birmingham's games involve Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Scotland. So it should be plain sailing, no doubt with the multi-lingual Swiss and Dutch helping the Scots and Brummies hush up on their grammar and pronunciation.

Still, let's have a go at learning a bit of basic French and German, said Sue, in case there are some elderly, non-English-speaking Swiss fans. Then we laboured over the Dutch glottal stop for a while, and were given a handy pocket-sized sheet of football-relevant translations in all 15 languages, (translations for "you're going home in a F***g ambulance," and "come on if you think you're hard enough" were unsurprisingly absent).

This was when I realised how much West Midlands Police were missing out by standing

us up. When the Dutch are running riot at the end of the game, they won't have a clue how to shout: "Niet op het veld lopen, alstublieft!" (don't go on the pitch!), will they? Then they'll be sorry.

Actually, they won't. Because in the afternoon session when we learnt about cultural differences, we heard it's best not to speak Dutch to Dutch people as it's an insult to their English. West Midlands Police have got it easy.

Our next lesson was about not falling into the trap of cultural stereotyping. Not all tall, blonde, blue-eyed people are Scandinavians, it said in the "Where in the World" section of our 35 page Welcome Host exercise book. And just because someone's speaking say, German, it doesn't mean they are. Remember, they could be Namibian. Such are the legacies of colonialism.

Then, having been taught not to stereotype, we moved on to national characteristics. Or stereotypes. A skim through the National Information Sheets in our book revealed the different lifestyle habits of various nationalities. Extrapolating the information for Euro '96 relevance, I worked out that if anyone's going to be late for the games it'll be the Italians, who, it said are "bad timekeepers". Although the Germans, Swiss and Dutch could have problems here: although they are characterised as being excellent time-keepers, they are also used to excellent transport facilities. The French, I decided, probably won't get to the matches at all as they'll be too busy roaming around Marks & Spencer.

But if you see tired fans sitting wanly in shop doorways at the weekends, it could be

any of the 15 visiting nationalities, as few of England's host cities will have foreign exchange facilities at the weekend, despite the tournament being sponsored by Midland Bank. Either that, or they're English fans suffering the consequences of the extended licensing hours.

Well, we learnt something about the Germans, Swiss, Dutch, French and Italians but what if, the visitors we choose to befriend turn out to be Russians, Croats or Bulgarians? How will we be able to communicate with them? "Don't worry," said Sue, "You'd be surprised - there are many non-verbal ways in which you can get your message across."

She's obviously been to a few football matches.



something to declare

Bargain of the week

A minor farce skirmish has broken out on the Iberian peninsula, led by Iberia (0171-830 0011). To celebrate its 50th anniversary of flights to Britain, the Spanish airline has been offering some silly prices to attract weekenders to Madrid - presently £94 return.

Now TAP Air Portugal has responded. Through its tour operation arm, Caravela Tours (0171-930 9223), it is offering flights

from Heathrow to either Lisbon or Porto and two nights in a three-star hotel for only £152 (including airport taxes of £13). The deal applies until the end of June.

You do not even have to spend a Saturday night in Portugal, which is the usual condition for these deals - so no doubt thrifty business travellers will be taking advantage of the airline's generosity.

Visitor's book

Eltham Palace, south-east London

"What an amazing and wonderful place. But we would have liked some postcards, bookmarks and thimbles with pictures of Eltham Palace." - Rosamund and Allan Cummings, Convey Island.

"Can I come and live here please?" - Sophie Dembocaz, Charlton.

"Fascinating and well-guided. I do hope the

restoration of the interiors and the grounds will not be spoilt by skipping through lack of cash." - Keith Darwood, Coventry.

"Boy I love this country, even though I was dragged around like a dog on a lead" - Brockman Paul Loy, Zanesville, Ohio.

"Ooh aah Eltham-aah" - Derek Evans, Camberwell.

Trouble spots

From our woman in the Foreign Office on some destinations where bomb threats exist:

Bahrain: "There have been a number of security incidents in Bahrain in recent months, including incendiary devices placed in shops overnight and two arson attacks on restaurants, one resulting in loss of life. Three minor bomb attacks have occurred at hotels."

Colombia: "Nationalist militants continue to carry out bomb attacks from time to time. These attacks do not appear to be directed against the general public. Although there have been no casualties, take reasonable care in the vicinity of public buildings, particularly late at night."

Spain: "A number of small bombs were

detonated during summer 1995 at various coastal resorts on the mainland. Prior warning was given in each case and there were no injuries. ETA (a Basque separatist movement) has claimed responsibility and aims to disrupt the tourist industry."

Sri Lanka: "On 31 January a powerful bomb exploded at the Central Bank building in Colombo, killing at least 80 people and injuring over 1,200. More incidents are expected and curfews may be imposed from time to time. Visitors should exercise extreme caution in public places, particularly in Colombo, and minimise time in the city."

UK DEPARTURES

Two new train books on the appear this week. The weightier is the *National Rail Timetable*, whose 1,600 pages cost £7.50; it will become obsolete in September when the winter schedules begin. The lighter, in every sense, is the *Great British Railway Disaster* (published by Ian Allan, £5.99), an account of the "catalogue of mishaps and gaffes" surrounding rail privatisation. The author, Christian Wolmar, is transport correspondent for the *Independent* and its Sunday sister. His book is an anthology of contributions to the "Mad" railway column, which began examining the

impact of privatisation on travellers in January 1995. "The editors expected that it would run for a few weeks and then, like most such series, run out of steam. Instead, like 'loopy', it grew and grew." The book explains why the next locomotive may be arriving on the M5 (it is cheaper to move them by lorry than to pay Railtrack for the use of its lines) and why the incontinent should not change at Bolton.

Tomorrow, some lucky tube buff will be visiting the now-disused Aldwych station on a tour run by the London Transport Museum (0171-379

6344). This weekend's trips are full, but the museum intends to run more soon.

It also has a summer series of "Meet the Curators" events at its premises in Covent Garden. LT's design heritage is discussed on 7 and 14 August; on 28 August the topic is the development of the suburbs. Usual admission prices apply.

The British Tourist Authority has aimed its new Internet site at foreign visitors, but there is, of course, nothing to stop UK residents accessing <http://www.hta.org.uk> for information on transport and accommodation.

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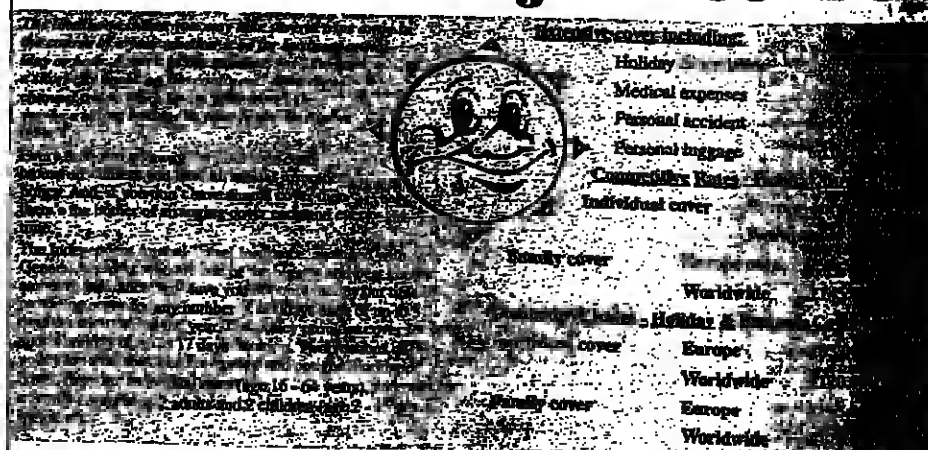
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A surreal day out in Ireland

In the Wicklow Mountains you feel you're on another planet. By Simon Calder

The strangest landscape in these isles is now 99 minutes from north Wales. To explain – on a seasonably clear day, you can see the Wicklow Mountains from north Wales. Until this summer, Ireland was a seven-hour round trip from Holyhead, and therefore out of range for a comfortable day out. But the new High-Speed Sea Service – a very big, very fast ferry to Dun Laoghaire – opens up the east of Ireland to the day tripper.

Many of those tempted to make the crossing will head straight for Dublin, to celebrate Bloomsday one week from tomorrow, for example. Yet rewarding though the Irish capital undoubtedly is, for a surreal day out you should ignore the city and head straight inland – and upwards.

From the water, the Wicklow Mountains look winsomely pretty, a verdant fringe that arcs around the south of Dublin Bay before striding off in the general direction of Wexford. But within a 10-minute drive of the port, you can be scaling the time-blunted spine of some ancient Alpine range. Close up, the mountains are fierce.

The highway you are using was originally an instrument of oppression. Two centuries ago, the British built a military road due south from Dublin, and it yomps still across the mountains, giving modern tourist invaders access to some weird scenery. Draped between the ghostly peaks and crags that puncture the sky is a ruffled grey apron of granite. The suspicion that you have strayed on to another planet is reinforced by the signs of alien activity – disfigurement in the form of vaguely parallel lines scored into the land. Even today, peat-diggers still endure the chill and bluster to extract the remains of the forest that covered the mountains in mulch several millennia ago.

The terrain gains in height and might as you head south through Sally Gap, an empty crossroads with a scattering of signposts gesturing into the void. Take the one that orders a march across the moorland to Glendalough, negotiate a sharp left-hand bend and suddenly the ground opens up beneath you. This is where a glacier began to gouge through the granite in a piece of heroic scenery-creation. The placid stream that has been accompanying your lonely journey suddenly changes into a roaring torrent, hurling itself down a



A little over 99 minutes after leaving Holyhead you can be climbing the time-blunted spine of the Wicklow Mountains

Photograph: John Cogill

near-precipice. The Macnass Falls looks like a bloody Niagara, because the peat stains the water the colour of savage rust.

The day tripper follows the highway that clings to the hillside before descending to a deceptively gentle valley. Glendalough looks like a typical Irish village – pub bearing gaudy Guinness advertisement earning disparaging glances from plain church, surrounded by a straggle of shops and cottages. But this rift in the mountains was the place from which Christianity was transmitted throughout the Celtic lands and into northern Europe.

If you believe the literature, St Kevin was born 1,500 years ago, and spent much of his life living a hermit's existence in Glendalough – first in a tree, later in a cave. He set a trend for piety that attracted followers from all over the island. A monastic settlement took root: Kevin became abbot at the age of 72, and endured for almost half a century longer. The statistics may be debatable, but the influence of Glendalough in the spread of the gospels is as tangible as the weary stones of the ruins.

The accurately named Round Tower presides loftily (from a height of 110 feet) over the remains of chapels, graves and a gatehouse. If St Kevin had set out to create the perfect

tourist attraction, he could not have done better: the ambience is accentuated by a lazy network of woodland paths winding up to a broad lake whose dark waters reflect the darker mountains.

Heading from here to the coast, the terrain shifts down a few gears from the grand post-ice Age wreckage to the rolling, intensely green hills that adhere strictly to touristic stereotypes. At the shabby port of Arklow, day trippers have to turn north for the journey back to Dun Laoghaire. For the first time since leaving the harbour there, you are within splashing distance of the Irish Sea – and some of Europe's finest and least-crowded beaches.

You may find it hard to imagine that within 25 miles of Ireland's main ferry port you can stumble upon a wide-open crescent of sand, population nil. The coast road to Wicklow is hard to find, a concealed turning from the main N11 highway, which could be why you encounter no one save the harman in an unsurprisingly empty pub. All Brittas Bay needs to become the big new beach destination is a dozen degrees of global warming, until that happens, you are able to enjoy the sea's aimless assault on the sand. That blur on the horizon is probably Wales, which reminds you that you are here for a few hours, not a fortnight.

The town of Wicklow, which lends its name to the mountains and county, fails to live up to their grandeur – probably just as well, since you have an appointment with a ferry. If you manage to elude the convey of farm machinery that seems to impede the traffic on every Irish road I drive along, you will have time for a reflective glass of stout at the handsome old hotel opposite the harbour. Sip slowly as you marvel at the latest piece of world-shrinkage, and vow to stay longer next time.

How to get there
Stena Line (0990 707070) operates a high-speed service departing Holyhead at 8.55am, arriving in Dun Laoghaire just after 10.30am. The return journey at 8.45pm allows over 10 hours in Ireland. In June, a day-trip for foot passengers costs £17 (children £9). The lowest fare for a car and five passengers is the 48-hour ticket – £134.

How to get around
Simon Calder rented a Fiesta from Malone's at 23 Lombard Street East, Dublin (00 353 1 670 7888), costing IRC45 per day.

Who to ask
Irish Tourist Board, 150 New Bond St, London W1 (0171-493 3201).

How to fly yourself to France

By John Race



On the beach in Le Touquet
Photo: French Picture Library

Would-be Channel-crossers are spoilt for choice: tunnel, ferry, special offer on a scheduled flight. If they opt for a ferry and look up, they will often see a little aeroplane or two plying overhead, slowly overtaking them, and no doubt say to one another, "rich bastards", or (as the caterpillar said when it saw a butterfly), "you'll never get me up in one of those things". In fact, to travel by light aircraft to France is quicker, more pleasant, fairly safe, and often cheaper than any other way. Here's an anatomy of a day trip to Le Touquet for someone living 50 miles west of London.

Day before: Send fax to Wycombe Aerodrome (where, as a qualified pilot, I am a member) advising Customs we're planning to make the trip from there. It's an aerodrome without resident excitemen so they might want to come out and strip-search us for contraband on our return.

Day of departure: 6.45am. Dial up Met-fax and get the weather and winds. 6.55am Dial up the Air Information Service. No Royal Flights or Red Arrows in the way, and Le Touquet airport is ready and willing. 7.15am Put the wind speeds and temperatures in my route plan – done on a PC spreadsheet – which shows what headings to follow to take us to Le Touquet without infringing Heathrow or Gatwick, etc. 7.30am Fax off a flight plan to

Heathrow to tell them and Le Touquet our general route and expected timing, so that if we disappear half-way they will know where to send a helicopter. 8.00am Drive to Wycombe. 8.40am Inspect the aeroplane – a four-seat Mooney which travels at roughly 200mph. Seems in good order. Top it up with 105 litres of fuel. 9.15am Fill in a form claiming refund of excise duty on the fuel – after all, we're going to export it. 9.40am Take off and turn eastwards at 2000ft. Tell Elstree aerodrome we are passing to the south of their back garden. Approaching the Lea Valley reservoirs, tell London City Airport where we are, and ask if we can cut the corner of their airspace to cross the Estuary down towards Dover. Talk to Mansion Radar, but we are too low for them to see us. Over the Channel, lots of tankers, ferries and hovercraft. We make a slight diversion to take some photos of the French end of the tunnel at Sangatte, then south to Le Touquet.

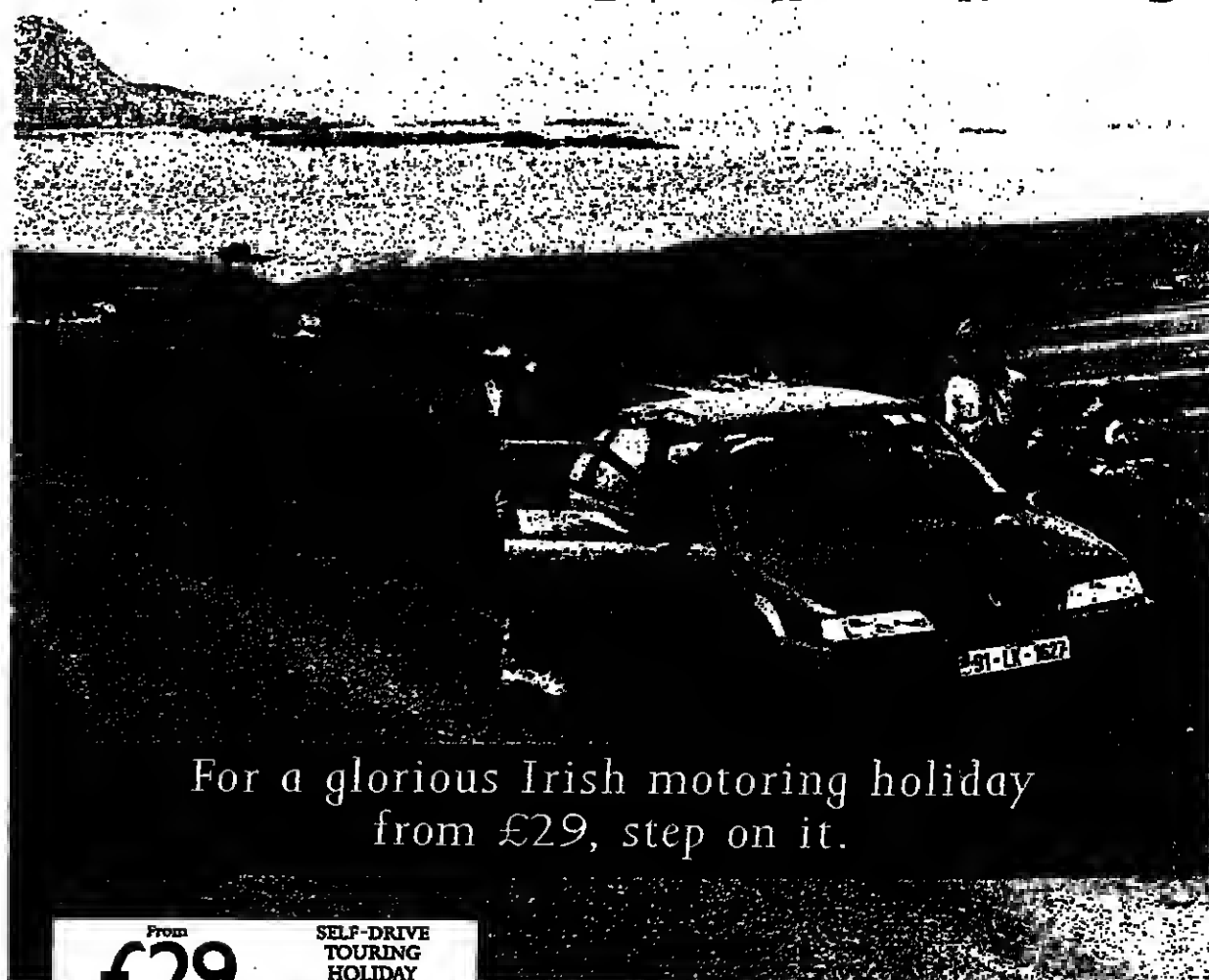
11am Land at Le Touquet on runway 25 which runs through a delightful forest. Pay our landing fee – cheap by British standards, dearish by French. Absolutely no interest in our passports. Taxi into town £5. 12 noon A discreet siren goes – my wife says this must be the signal that lunch can start, so we go to the Poissonerie Perard, whose delicious fish soup, exported, reaches even our small town. I'm forbidden alcohol, as the pilot. We swig lots of Vitel.

2.30pm We walk back to the airport to shake the lunch down. The road passes the grand Westminster Hotel, the casino, and sundry summer mini-châteaux set among the trees. 3.15pm Visit the Meteo office and learn that the weather is ridiculously good everywhere. Send a flight plan telling the world we are about to return – this time round to the south of Heathrow and Gatwick. No charge. 3.30pm Take off, this time on runway 14 and swing round over Etaples, then across the Channel at 3,500ft to Beachy Head, where we descend to 2,400ft. Then on to Midhurst, and Farnborough, where the radar controller is talking to lots of other small aircraft and making sure they don't come too close to one another. 4.30pm On the ground at Wycombe, followed by wiping dead European flies off the wings, refuelling, checking the oil and filling in the log book. 6pm Back home, and we total up the damage:

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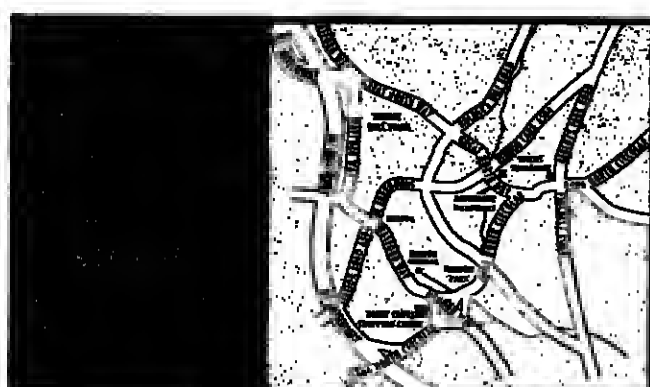
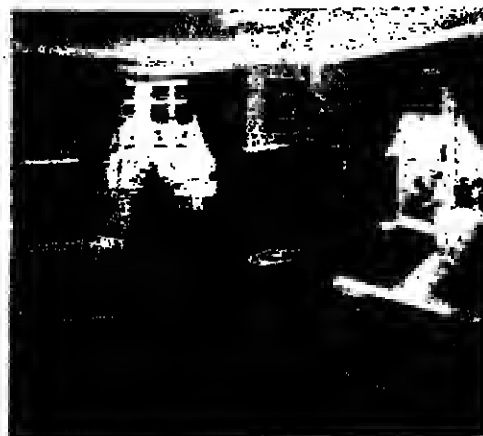
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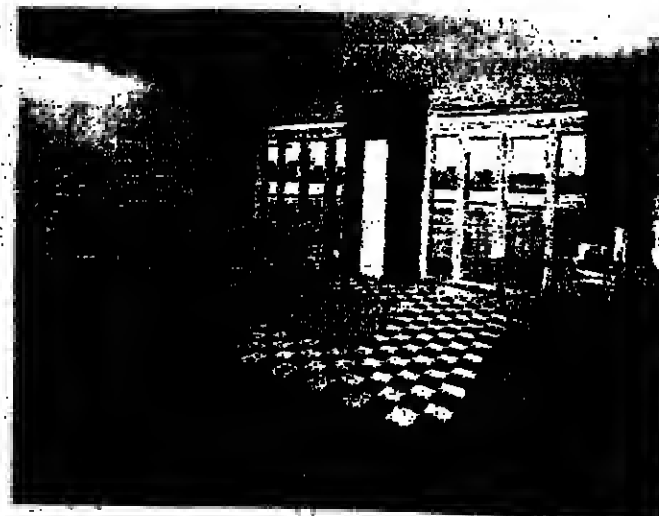
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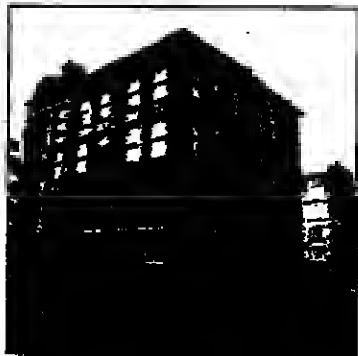
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Where have all the sellers gone?

Family homes are in such short supply that wanted notices are springing up in agents' windows. By Penny Jackson

Spring and early summer among country estate agents is normally a time of blossoming business. Gardens are looking good, sunlight brightens the gloomiest of rooms and the neighbours begin to shrink behind a fresh wall of green. And with this year's new buoyancy in the market, what better time to sell?

Yet the question nagging frustrated buyers and agents is: where are the sellers? Like Yorkshire reservoirs, they seem to have dried up.

There is a shortage of property for sale across the board. In a survey, Black Horse Agencies have found that 65 per cent of their buyers do not have a property to sell, because they are renting. As only 35 per cent of that number are first-time buyers, the supply of family homes simply cannot meet the demand. But where the shortage is really acute is among houses with character in a good location. It is not unusual to see "wanted" notices springing up in agents' windows.

Of course it is a vicious circle. People are looking around, finding nothing they like, and deciding not to put their own house on the market. But those who are determined to move are making things happen. Goode are the days when they sit in a chain waiting for solicitors to thrash out the details, resigned to losing a buyer or their next home should a link break altogether. Now they take control.

Jan Dougall is one of those whose flexibility has paid off. She and her husband have just sold their family home in Kent and are living with relatives before moving into their next house. At one stage they had been prepared (with their greyhound) to move into their camper van, where they are now storing most of their belongings.

"There was a chain of only three, and we all agreed that we would not allow a longer one to form. Our buyer had to move to Kent with his job and wanted to complete within seven weeks. Their buyers took a bridging loan, and in turn, we agreed to pay an extra sum of money to the owners of the house we were buying so that they could afford to rent for a while. We were all being practical and reasonable; we agreed to share the suffering to keep things moving."

The Dougalls were clear about the kind of house they wanted and had looked at about 30 properties before putting their own on the market. The one they are buying was the 73rd they saw. "We wanted an older property in a quiet place. So many houses we saw were flawed; historic mills highlighted by either road or rail extensions; beautiful houses on busy roads or a lovely place but with part of its land parcelled up for development," said Jan Dougall.

As agents are warning, she also found that the nicest houses sell fast. In fact the Dougalls were not surprised to receive an offer for their house within five days of putting it on the market. They knew they would have to move fast themselves when they found a house they liked.

So what were the strong selling points of their old house? GA in Maidstone found themselves inundated with inquiries as soon as the board went up. "The house is pretty, well-maintained, in a hillside position with gorgeous views, just the kind of place people go for," said Andrew Harwood, a director of GA's Town and Country section which handles property in excess of £200,000. Anything with a problem, though, is sticking, however competitively priced, he added.

The speed at which the Kent chain moved was due not just to its participants working pro-actively, but also to their good fortune in having properties with unique and attractive qualities. Olive Beard and her husband, who have bought the Dougalls house, found no problem in selling their own house just outside Chester. "We put it up for sale on a Thursday and had an offer by Sunday. It was a converted railway station on a disused railway line and very private. A local man wanted it so much he bought it before selling his own house."

Meanwhile in Hampshire, pressure on sellers is so great that there is hardly time for chains to form. The area has always been popular for families wanting to escape London. According to Tim Garne, of Hamptons' Alton office, the majority of those on their books looking for country property are from south-west London - some nine out of 10 in the £200,000 to £400,000 bracket. He is finding that the dearth of such properties for sale means more people are prepared to go for sealed bids. "When you have made a big family decision to move to the country, nothing is going to stop you. This is putting enormous pressure on the sellers who suddenly find, within a few days, they have a buyer ready to move in. In some cases they are having to fend them off."

Keen buyers are waving readies at reluctant sellers. Many of them have chosen to rent after selling their own homes so they can move quickly when the right property comes on the market. The strong rental market has made it easy for them to find a stop-gap and stable house prices has meant there is no panic to get on the ladder. Short-term tenants are not living in fear of prices spiralling out of reach. In fact Mr Garne finds the buyer is very price sensitive, even where demand is greater than supply. Tip the price over the top and they'll lose interest. "The great difference now is that people are buying houses to live in. They are not moving for the sake of it, as an investment."

But a market that is waking from a long slumber is sending out confusing signals. "You cannot say whether it is a buyer's or a seller's," says Tim Garne. He also believes that people are emerging from having taken some knock-backs over the last six years, more hard-boiled and less gung-ho than before.

Along with those waiting for the right house, though, he might wish for a little more optimism among potential sellers. Caution is one thing; sitting tight and refusing to move is another.



Breaking the chain: the Dougalls (bottom) sold their home to the Beards (top) and have moved their possessions into a campervan while they look for a new house. Photographs: top Matthew Richardson/bottom Martin Hardy

Househunter

Wingham Well House, Kent



Those looking for a large house in the Kent countryside will find Wingham Well House, in the village of Wingham, for sale. The Listed Grade II, part 15th-century house is timber-framed, with a hall, two reception rooms and six bedrooms. The gardens have landscaped areas, a small cherry orchard and a swimming pool, which is approached through traditional farm buildings including a timber-frame barn. It is about five miles away from Canterbury. Guide price is £325,000 through agent, G W Finn & Sons (01304 612147). The adjoining 130-acre farm is also being sold by the same agents; guide price £425,000.

For what it's worth

This week the Halifax said that it expected to see house prices rise this year by 5 per cent. This is more than twice as much as it had predicted last autumn. And prices in London and the south-east could increase by more than the average. The Halifax revised its previous figure of 2 per cent house price rises because prices over the past three months have been stronger than expected.

Gary Marsh of the Halifax believes the most important effect of the company's market analysis will be to bring about a renewed confidence among both sellers and buyers. He points out that although prices have been gradually rising, there is still low activity in the market. He sees prices levelling out in the summer and rising again slightly in the autumn, with more buying and selling. There are no signs of a return to anything like the pre-recession boom that we enjoyed in the Eighties, he adds.

However, in London prices in the middle and upper price bracket have already seen a 5 per cent increase, according to Marc Goldberg, director of the agents, Hamptons. He would expect to see the predicted rises bring more people on to the market, particularly those who are selling family houses who want either to trade down or to move out of London altogether.

David Wood, managing director of Black Horse Agencies, is concerned that vendors may be tempted immediately to add 5 per cent to their asking prices. "At the moment, buyers are still cautious and I can envisage a situation in which the gap between the buyer and seller becomes unbridgeable," he said.

"On the other hand, those people who are still nervous about putting their houses on the market might be given new confidence," he added.

"There are too few fresh houses coming on to the market and that shortage, particularly in the area of three to four-bedroom homes, could push prices up."

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money

An answer to queues as computer banking clicks

Ken Welsby explains why customers are plugging into a system that enables them to put their feet up

Next time you need to go to the bank, pull up a chair, sit down at your computer and click. After a sluggish start, banking by computer is finally starting to take off in Britain. The idea of using a computer and modem to dial in to your bank account is nothing new: the concept was pioneered several years ago by Bank of Scotland and most of the other clearing banks have at least put a toe in the water.

But the latest development, PC Banking from TSB, is the first in the UK to offer real-time banking – showing your balance now, rather than at the previous day's close of business. So if your partner makes a withdrawal from a cash dispenser while you are on line, you will see the transaction as it happens. Julia Roxon, TSB's director of strategy, sums up the service like this: "PC Banking brings the branch into the customer's home. They can pay bills, check their balance and transfer money in an instant, all from their living room."

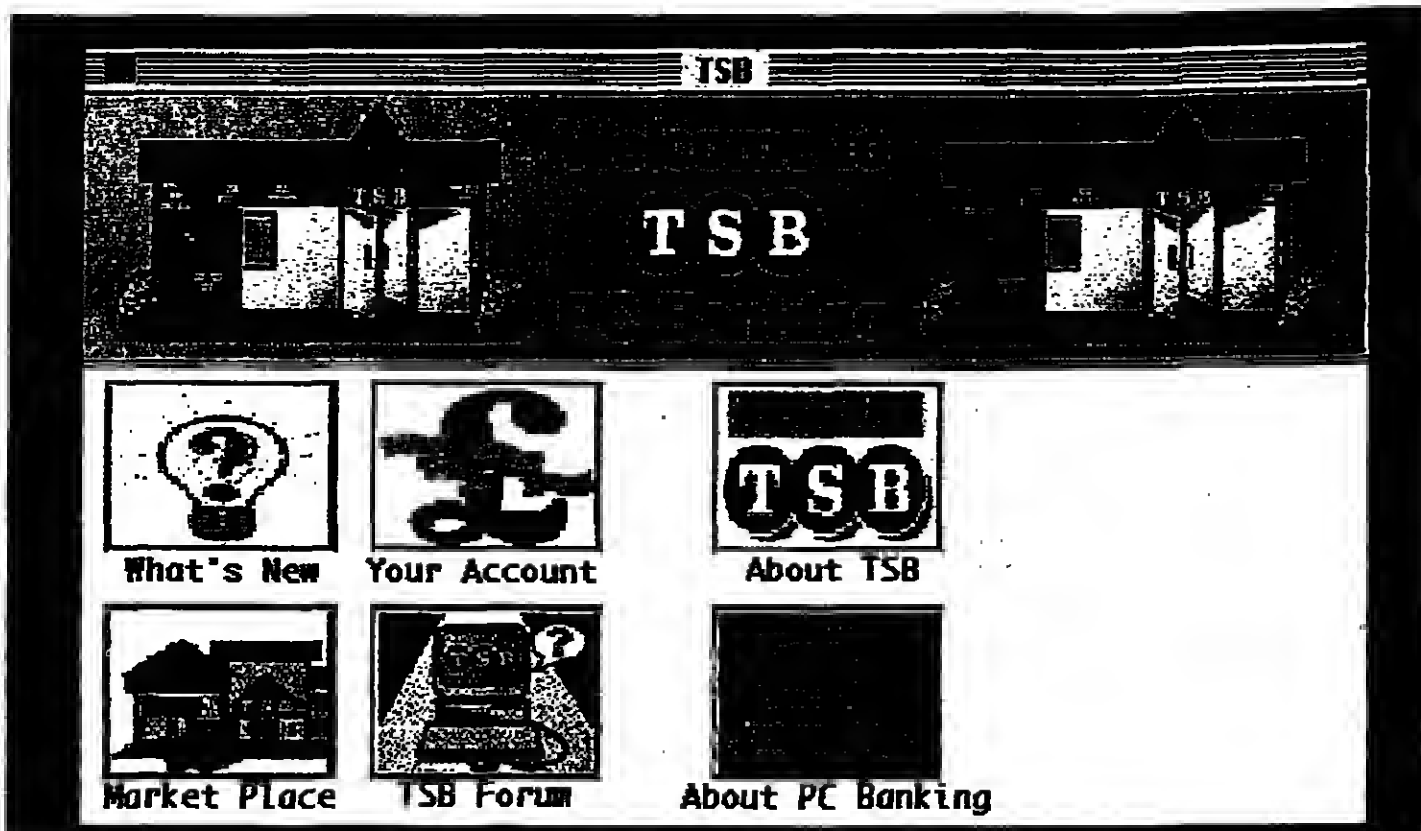
The service is provided through CompuServe, the on-line information, e-mail and electronic shopping service, and uses elaborate security measures, including data encryption, to protect customers' accounts. Since the service was unveiled two weeks ago, the bank has had more than 2,000 inquiries from potential customers – of which half came by e-mail.

One of the reasons TSB has taken the plunge is that it signs up more customers in the 16-20 age group than any other bank, and many already have their own computers.

But there are one or two downsides. In the interests of security and simplicity, the PC Banking service uses its own software, rather than the normal CompuServe screens.

At present, this is available only to customers with "Wintel" computers – IBM-compatibles which run Microsoft Windows. If your home computer is a Macintosh, you will have to wait for the Mac version – which should arrive later in the year – or use one of the products that run Windows on the Mac, which are expensive. And if you are a teacher or student with an Archimedes, you'll still have to go to the bank in person, rather than electronically.

The next leap is expected to be banking on



the Internet, already available to US customers, but not so far in Britain. Security is the big concern, given the global nature of the Internet and the danger of hackers obtaining access to commercial and government systems. But software companies involved with Internet shopping services – which enable credit cards to be used for on-line payment – say that the latest encryption technology has largely overcome this problem.

Many banks and building societies are likely to move into Internet banking. Barclays has its Barclaysquare shopping site, which is one of the most successful launched in the UK, while the Alliance & Leicester's Web pages already offer

the ability to submit a mortgage application. But for the majority of us who still go to a real bank, rather than the virtual kind, the biggest chore is undoubtedly bill-paying.

While increasing numbers of bills are paid by direct debit, there are still some that are often easier paid over the counter.

Most credit card accounts allow you to set up a direct debit that will transfer the minimum payment in time for the "payment must reach us by" date shown on your statement. But if you want to pay more – or make an extra payment in mid-month after a shopping spree – the choice, until now has been between posting a

cheque or queueing up at the counter. Abbey National is planning to change all that, however, with its new generation of interactive ATMs – cash machines that do much more than display balances and dispense cash.

To pay a bill, simply tap in your PIN and feed the giro form into the machine, which will read the identification of the payee, encoded in the strip across the bottom. You then key in the amount to pay, and the ATM will do the rest, printing out a dated and timed receipt showing whom you have paid and the amount.

The machine will also issue cheques with the payee's name printed on them. Since this a bank

Programmed to deliver: TSB's system, provided through CompuServe, has attracted more than 2,000 inquiries in a fortnight

cheque, it can be used as near-cash in situations such as legal transactions or high-value purchases where a personal cheque would not be acceptable or would require time to clear. Other services include printing up-to-the-minute detailed statements and setting up automated bill payments by credit transfer.

The new ATMs are currently on trial in three branches – Sheffield, Glasgow, and Dalston, East London. If all goes according to plan, they will roll out across the branch network – but Abbey managers are reluctant to talk about the timing.

Jeanette Hartley, the Abbey manager responsible for the trials, is emphatic that the introduction of these new "smart ATMs" does not signal massive job cuts in the branch network. The aim is to cut down queues – saving customers' time and giving more space for meeting customers.

"It's all about how we cope with growth. We have to take the pressure off the counters. The number of customers is growing, and so is the volume of transactions," she says.

"Many of the products and services we offer nowadays involve sitting down talking with the customer. We can't do that if the branch is packed with people queuing up to get to the counter."

The trials are likely to continue for several months more, testing the hardware, the mix of services and the design of the screens. To make the systems easy to use, the interactive ATMs use touch-screen technology, rather than the traditional push-buttons, and Ms Hartley says: "It's not just a matter of designing the system to undertake the transaction – you have to present it the way customers think it works."

"It may be that some services will appear sooner than others. There are functions that we want to take out across the network, but we can't rush the customers or take them for granted."

How Soros fans can make a name for themselves as canny investors

William Gleeson explains why Lloyd's investment trusts might be worth a punt

In the last two months, George Soros, the man who made £1bn out of Britain's exit from the ERM in 1992, has been putting money into Lloyd's of London investment units. If this financial guru thinks Lloyd's is worth a punt, shouldn't the man in the street be looking at the insurance market, too?

Some might say it would take a brave man to have a punt at Lloyd's. Over the last five years the insurance market has reported losses approaching £9bn, highlighting the lives of thousands of Lloyd's investors, traditionally known as names.

But all that is changing. In the next few days the market will announce a return to profit of around £1bn. Furthermore, unlike the bad old days, investors are no longer required to take part as sole traders and pledge their entire personal wealth to meet insurance claims. It is now possible to invest in Lloyd's through corporate vehicles which limit your exposure to any trouble in this market.

Even so, Lloyd's offers the punter the excitement of having a dash more than the usual dose of investment risk attached to it. The market is not out of the woods yet. Lloyd's bosses must find a way to meet that significant wedge of past losses which remain unpaid, a problem which arises because several thousand names have refused or are unable to meet their share of these losses.

The outstanding debt runs into billions, but new investors are being "ring-fenced" from its impact. The resolution to Lloyd's old problem is tied up with mind-boggling compensation negotiations to settle the negligence litigation that has been dogging the market for years.

The final strand to securing Lloyd's future is a plan to off-load all the loss-making insurance policies sold by the market prior to 1993 into a new company to be known as Equitas.

Each name would pay a premium to Equitas for taking on these liabilities. Names vote on the total package in July.

So where does this leave the would-be investor? The super-rich might consider joining the "million-pound club" at Lloyd's. These are individuals who want to carry on with the traditional method as names with unlimited liability. This should be more profitable than other methods, but, in the event of a repeat of the disaster years, they will be liable for every penny they own. But they hope, because they are so rich, to weather even the largest of losses.

Those with only a couple hundred thousand to venture can set up a

"Nameco" using the traditional Lloyd's professionals. These offer less profit in return for a cap on any losses, up to but not more than the amount invested.

Lloyd's investment trust shares are listed on the stock market. They offer the investor the chance to earn profits twice over without the danger of losing more than you put in. The trust, like any other, makes a return by putting your money in stocks and shares. At CLM, a Lloyd's trust, the funds are placed in an FT-SE 350 index tracker fund. Others, such as Limit (Lloyd's Insurance Market Investment Trust), use discretionary funds.

Profits from these investments should be comparable to those made in similar stock market vehicles but Lloyd's trusts offer the chance of a second income stream because these investments are used as collateral for insurance underwriting by syndicates at Lloyd's. If the syndicate makes a profit then the trusts also receive a payout. If there are losses then the investments can be cashed in to pay policyholders.

Patience is required. It takes three and a half years for the first insurance profits to be paid out by Lloyd's, due to the market's three-year accounting rule.

Fifteen trusts have been set up to support underwriting at Lloyd's. Since 1994, when the first trusts were launched, their stock market prices have generally firmed up at below the

net asset value in their underlying investment. But prices have risen in recent weeks, largely since Mr Soros's interest became known in the stock market. Despite the rises, the small number of analysts who follow the trusts are unanimous in their belief that the trusts are still significantly undervalued.

Nick Bunker, an analyst at ABN Amro Hoare Govett, said: "Prices have gone up because the net asset values of the trusts have increased because the stock market has gone up. There is also increased interest in Lloyd's because the reconstruction deal is almost certain to go through. There has been underwriting profit in 1994 and 1995, at Lloyd's. Most of the trusts are 15 to 20 per cent undervalued."

Jonathan Fell, an analyst at Merrill Lynch, agrees with Mr Bunker's sentiments except for his concern that 1996 will not be such a good year because insurance premium rates have fallen, making the industry less profitable. Nevertheless Lloyd's trusts are a cheap way into this market.

There is an outside risk that if the Lloyd's rescue deal does not go ahead, the place could still founder. But, if you believe it's more likely to live on, buying shares in a Lloyd's investment trust is by far the safest way to back your hunch.

George Soros is taking a calculated, and limited, risk with his money.

*Except for the difference between the offer and bid price. This is currently 0.5%. The value of investments, and any income from them, can fall as well as rise and you may not get back the full amount you invested. Exchange rates also may cause the value of underlying investments to go up or down. Past performance is not a guide to future returns. On 24.5.96 the investment objective of the fund, formerly known as Scotiabank, was broadened from investment in financial services to investment in any economic sector. Tax concessions can change and their value will depend on your circumstances. S&P Prosper Group Limited is regulated by the Personal Investment Authority and IMRO. We only advise on products and services offered by the Flemings and S&P Prosper Marketing Group.

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JONATHAN DAVIS
INVESTMENTS

It is time to do some more thinking about the state of the political stakes at the moment and what it means for the markets. I am indebted to BZW for the graphic (right), which plots the state of consumer confidence (as measured by Gallup) and how it relates to the election cycle. The current view in the City, as I mentioned a few weeks ago, is that a Labour victory is already discounted in prices.

Indeed, the latest fashionable idea to explain away the recent surprising strength of sterling is the notion that Labour is more committed to European monetary union than the current Government. This, so the story goes, is what is underpinning the currency's value.

But don't be fooled into thinking that the election result is quite the foregone conclusion it is made out to be. One thing the Conservatives have never been bad at historically is managing the economic cycle for electoral advantage. And while they may have left it rather late this time around, don't think

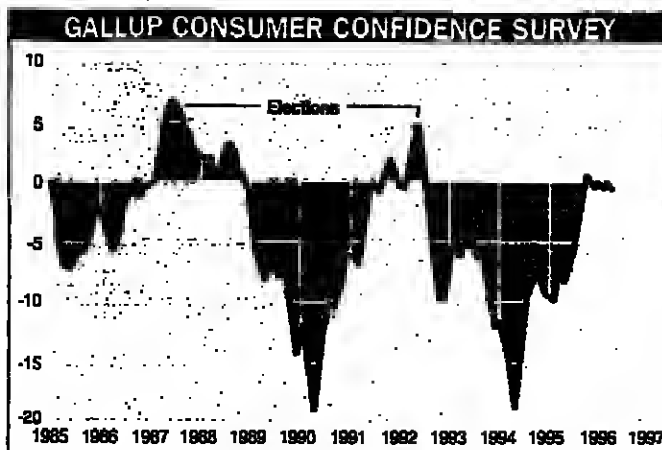
that the same factors are not now at work.

The fact that consumer confidence is now rising is hardly an accident. The tax cuts, implemented in April, are starting to feed their way through, house prices are starting to edge up again, unemployment continues to decline, and the consumer is again beginning to spend more. This week's base rate cut should also sustain demand.

Whereas 18 months ago all the talk was of the miraculous export-led recovery that followed our expulsion from the ERM, now manufacturing output and exports are slowing down and it is the consumer sectors which are leading the way.

The leisure, pubs and media sectors of the stock market have outperformed nearly every other over the past year.

Coincidence? Not exactly. As the BZW chart suggests, we are well into the season of pre-election massaging of consumer confidence. Note how the confidence index peaked last time in 1987 and



1992, which just happened to be election years. The same thing happened in 1982, if you look back that far.

What is true is that the absolute level of consumer confidence, as measured by the gap between those feeling good and those feeling bad, is lower this time round than in the earlier cycles. This underlines the fact that the Tories this time have left

themselves a bigger hill to climb. Just as worrying for them is the fact that the rising trend in consumer confidence – which actually started in 1994 – is not yet being translated into approval of the Government in the way it has always done in the past.

Lingering disillusionment with the Government's competence since Black Wednesday, the unpopular tax increases and the

splits over Europe are no doubt the main reasons.

But even so, it is no wonder that senior ministers like Michael Heseltine are still not yet ready to write off the election. They know that election success and the feel-good factor are closely correlated, and that the real contest – which again will revolve around what a Labour government would mean for tax levels – has yet to begin. The confidence index is closely correlated with the obvious variables affecting people's economic welfare: unemployment, house prices, inflation, interest rates and disposable incomes.

The City too knows that this is how the world works. For all the confident talk about a Labour victory already being discounted, my guess is that the political "risk premium" which is now being factored into the price of gilts and equities has almost certainly not yet peaked.

That in turn is what is likely to keep gilts up at least around their current levels (of 8.0-8.5 per cent) and hold back much in the way of

a further advance in the London stock market. One way to measure the extent of the political concerns is to track the yield ratio, the differential between the yield on gilts and the yield on shares.

You would expect it to rise as political uncertainty increases. And that is what in fact has been happening. The ratio has been rising most of this year. It is up from just over 2.0 times in January to just over 2.2 times now.

Two other points to note in the consumer confidence graph. One is that, while confidence rises and falls in clear cycles, the balance of pessimists versus optimists in the Gallup survey is almost always a negative one. We are by nature a rather gloomy nation.

The second thing to note is how confidence always falls just after the election as the new government puts away its promises of better times ahead and concentrates instead on pushing through all the unpopular measures that it forgot to mention during the election campaign early on in its term of office.

Don't allow subsidence to give you that sinking feeling

Claims are rocketing. Christine Stopp gives the low-down on pitfalls to avoid

In 1995 the insurance industry paid out £326m in subsidence claims. This represented almost 45,000 claims averaging over £7,000 each. The Chartered Institute of Loss Adjusters recently predicted a 50 per cent increase in claims on top of last year's threefold growth. "Even a wet summer cannot stop the momentum which is already in place," it said.

Other sectors of the industry are anxious not to create panic among policyholders. This is part of the message in a leaflet on subsidence from the Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors whose information service will give members of the public the names of three surveyors in their area who specialise in the problem.

Insurers are also trying to calm nerves. Direct Line has produced a free booklet, *Cracking the problem of subsidence*, (01473 824447) which advises on ways of planting trees and shrubs to minimise the risk.

The insurance companies are also reassuring: they say there are no "at-risk" postcode areas they will not cover, that they will not exclude subsidence from cover after a claim has been paid and that if you want to sell a house with a history of subsidence, the current insurer will usually transfer cover to the new owner.

But civil engineer Rob Hooker of the Subsidence Claims Advisory Bureau, sees a different picture. In his view, insurers should "educate" policyholders on what they will and will not pay for. Subsidence is a grey area: the word is not properly defined in policies and there are exclusions that may be beyond the policyholder's control.

Mr Hooker cites a large insurance company that is refusing to pay a subsidence claim on an old, extended property because the foundations under the extension are relatively shallow. The claim failed on the grounds of "inadequate foundations" – something the homeowner could hardly have known about.

Other grounds for exclusion include "compaction of infill", where the hard-core under your floor moves, taking the floor with it. If the foundations remain unaffected, this problem will

not be covered as subsidence. Defects in workmanship or materials used is another exclusion which the policyholder may not be in a position to judge. A form of concrete often used in the South-west reacts with cement and can disintegrate, reducing foundations to dust. Insurance companies may put this problem down to wear and tear, says Mr Hooker.

Other problem areas are "settlement of newly made up ground" – you are unlikely to know what the ground is like under your foundations – and accidental damage. This category would cover you if a neighbour caused your property to subside because of building work. But accidental damage is not included automatically on all policies. Full cover of this sort may only be available as an extra.

Mr Hooker has seen claims turned down for all these reasons. His own company writes 40-50 policies a month on properties which have had subsidence problems. He offers specialist subsidence surveys at £125, with a refund if he cannot insure you. He reckons that cover is possible for seven out of 10 applicants. He urges people not to worry about the odd crack, even if subsidence is the cause; expensive underpinning will rarely be needed.

Peter Longstaff of Prospero Direct says there are high subsidence risk areas many insurers will not quote for. Prospero uses scientific data from the British Geological Survey to give a more accurate picture, which means they will quote for some areas ruled out by other insurers. Higher risks will be reflected in a higher policy excess. The excess on standard subsidence cover is commonly £1,000. In a high-risk area it might be £2,500.

Having made a subsidence claim, the policyholder may come up against the second large problem with house buildings cover: under-insurance. You need to insure your house for its rebuilding cost – not the same as its market value – which may well be higher. If you are seriously under-insured your claim may not be paid in full (policies vary in their approach to this, so check policy details).

How do you work out your rebuild-

ing cost? When you buy a house, there will be an estimate of rebuilding cost in the building society surveyor's report. You should make sure this is kept up to date year on year. Not all policies build in an automatic increase, and even if they do, the sum assured may slip behind building cost inflation.

Ultimately the best way to find out would be to order an insurance valuation survey. However, the householder can get a very good idea from the Association of British Insurers' (ABI) fact sheet, *Building Insurance for Homeowners 1996*. It contains a table of figures from the Building Cost Information Service. The figures are taken from a detailed BIS survey aimed at professionals but available to the public for £29.50.

Here are some steps you should take towards trouble-free buildings insurance.

Read your policy carefully. Make sure you understand the cover and exclusions.

Consider additional cover options that may give fuller protection.

Maintain your property: keep trees pruned, don't plant trees near the house and check drains periodically for leaks. Don't cut down mature trees.

If you are in a high-risk area do not change your policy. If a long-term crack suddenly gets worse, your new insurer will pass the buck to its predecessor, making your claim much more complicated.

If you are selling or buying a property where remedial work has been done, ask the existing insurer to transfer the cover to the new owner.

Make sure your sum assured is adequate to cover rebuilding costs.

Check whether your sum assured is increased automatically. Even if it is, monitor it periodically.

If in doubt, get a professional valuation.

Contacts: ABI: 0171 600 3333; BCIS: 0181 546 7554; Direct Line: 01473 824447; Prospero Direct: 01542 842040; RICS: 0171 222 7000; Subsidence Claims Advisory Bureau: 01424 733727.

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money

Exchange books passage on a fast boat to China

Stock markets around the world are courting potentially the world's greatest economy for the business it will bring, writes Tony Lyons

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Investors could soon be able to buy and sell Chinese shares that are quoted on the London Stock Exchange. A quick phone call to a stockbroker and they can trade in companies quoted on the London market which are based in one of the fastest-growing economies in the world.

This will follow the hoped-for signing later this year of a Memorandum of Understanding by the London Stock Exchange, the Treasury, the Securities and Investments Board and the China Securities Regulatory Commission.

A seminar held in Peking at the end of last month was initiated by the London Stock Exchange and co-sponsored by the China International Trust and Investment Corporation. The latter is the Chinese authority for arranging funds for investment in China and arranges joint ventures internally and overseas.

It was opened by Li Lanqing, China's Vice-Premier, and Michael Heseltine, the Deputy Prime Minister, who was coincidentally leading a trade delegation to China at the same time. Over 300 of the most senior members of the Chinese business community attended.

China has an insatiable appetite for foreign investment. Since the start of the "socialist market economy" in the 1980s which replaced the centralised control of the Communist regime, over 300,000 industrial enterprises have been formed. Its economy is expanding rapidly, by over 12 per cent a year. China is already the third-largest economy in the world, and expected to be the largest by 2020.

"Few economies have more potential than the Chinese economy," Ian Slater, deputy chairman of the Stock Exchange, told the delegates in Peking. "The Loodoo Stock Exchange wants to ensure Chinese companies are aware of the tremendous strengths of London's financial markets and the role London can play in enabling them to raise capital."

Mr Slater says that more than 500 international companies have chosen to list in Loodoo - significantly more than on any other exchange. "It is also the world's largest market for the trading of international equities."

The Chinese, who have already signed similar memorandums with the United States, Hong Kong and Australia, want to adopt a cautious entry to the Loodoo market. They want a full knowledge of how our markets operate, who will own the shares in the companies and how our stock markets are regulated.

Do not expect a rush of Chinese companies that want to have their shares traded in London. At most, only one or two are expected in the next 18 months. The Chinese will want to see how we differ from other countries with



People power: China is expected to have the world's biggest economy by the year 2020

well-developed stock markets for fund-raising, especially New York.

Unlike the Chinese proverb, "There are many paths to the top of the mountain but the view is always the same," there can be significant differences between London and New York in listing arrangements.

While it will appear on the surface that individual companies will make the decision about coming to the UK, there is no doubt that any listing of shares will be subject to the agreement of the Chinese regulatory authorities. And more often than not, this will be determined by the current political realities, depending on how good relations are in the pending transfer of Hong Kong.

Which sector of the Chinese economy, let alone which company, will be the first to test the water in London is impossible to guess. China is now one of the world's top five oil and gas producers. It has significant capacity in minerals, chemicals, agricultural production, machine tools, electronic equipment and is the number one textile and footwear manufacturer.

Mark Abell, international marketing manager of the Exchange, says: "Only the top quality companies will be interested and of these, only those with top quality management will seek access to Loodoo".

While private investors will be interested to the first Chinese companies to list here, they might be best advised to leave them to the professionals. There is just too much information needed which is not readily available or accessible. This includes the Chinese financial regulations, economic conditions, differences to accounting standards, as well as exchange rate fluctuations with a currency as tightly regulated as the Chinese yuan.

For the foreseeable future, it will remain better to restrict investment in Chinese companies to the more conventional route of investment trusts, unit trusts and other funds. Later on, all this could change. The Exchange, as part of its profile-raising around the world, is making overtures to many developing countries about its capital-raising abilities.

Led by Mr Abell, it is courting a list of rapidly industrialising nations including Korea, Indonesia, South Africa, India and Vietnam. As well as new issues and the largest companies, the City is trying to attract a growing slice of the listings of overseas utilities and privatisations. Investment in emerging markets for capital growth is all the rage. Before long, however, we could see a whole new sector of the stock market in Loodoo where shares can be traded directly in companies in those markets.

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NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Access	—	0.95N	12.00N	56 days
Robert Fleming/S&P	0800 829024	MasterCard/Visa	—	1.00	14.00	56 days
Gold cards						
Co-operative Bank	0345 212212	Visa	£20,000	0.4792	10.32	46 days
Royal Bank of Scotland	01702 362990	Visa	£20,000	1.05N	14.50N	46 days
NatWest Bank	0800 200400	Visa	£20,000	1.14	15.90	56 days

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Covestry BS	0345 665522	Postal 50	50 day P	£10,000	6.10 Year
First National BS	0800 558844	90 Day Notice	90 day P	£10,000	6.20 Year
Chelsea BS	0800 132351	120 Account	120 day	£25,000	6.50 Year
Fixed Rate Bonds					
Halifax BS	01202 502404	HICA	Instant	£2,500	5.25 Month
Halifax BS	01222 335333	Asset Reserve	Instant	£10,000	4.30 Quarter
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£10,000	4.75 Year
Chelsea BS	0800 717515	Classic Postal	Instant	£25,000	5.00 Year

Chelsea BS	0800 272505	Fixed Rate Bond	1/8/97	£5,000	6.25F Year
Universal BS	0800 281486	Fixed Rate Bond	2 Year	£5,000	7.00F Year
Northern Rock BS	0500 505000	Fixed Rate Bond	30/6/99	£2,500	7.50F Year
Brisbane BS	0800 132304	High Income Bond	1/10/2001	£50,000	7.75F Year

NatWest Bank	0800 200400	5 years	£5,000	7.45F Year
Sun Banking Corp	01438 744505	5 years	£8,575	7.50F Year
Birmingham Midshires	0645 720721	5 years	£1,000	7.25 Year
Principality BS	01222 344188	5 years	£500	7.00 Year

GAM Life & Pensions	01279 462839	1 year	£10,000	4.90FN Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	2 years	£3,000	5.70FN Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	3 years	£3,000	6.10FN Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 270 9007	4 years	£3,000	6.40FN Year
Pinnacle Assurance	0181 207 9007	5 years	£3,000	6.65FN Year

Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£10,000	6.30 Year
Northern Rock, Guern	01481 714600	Offshore Instant	Instant	£50,000	6.60 Year
Birmingham Mid, Guern	01481 700680	Fixed Account	31/1/98	£5,000	6.75F Year
Shipton, Guern	01481 727374	3 Year Bond	31/5/99	£10,000	7.40F Year

Investment Accounts	1 month	£20	5.00 Year
		£500	5.50 Year
		£25,000	5.75 Year
Income Bonds	3 months	£2,000	6.25 Month
Capital Bond	Series 1	£25,000	6.50 Month
First Option Bonds	12 months	£1,000	6.25F Year
		£20,000	6.50F Year
Pensioners' Guaranteed Income Bond	Series 3	£500	7.00F Month
MS Certificates (tax-free)	43rd issue	£100	5.35F Maturity
	9th Index linked	£100	2.50-tpi Maturity
Children's Bond	Issue H	£25	6.75F Maturity

P: paid only F: fixed rate
 N: not rate A: All withdrawals subject to 30 day loss of interest
 All rates are shown gross and are subject to change without notice.

Source: MONEYFACTS 01632 500577

6 June 1996

FEAR OF FINANCE
Clifford German

The latest and least expected cut in interest rates this week is good news for business and for borrowers, bad for savers and for anyone who might have been banking on big tax cuts in the autumn. Regular readers will remember that this column takes the view that in political, if not in economic terms, tax cuts and interest rate cuts are alternatives. The Chancellor can afford one but not both.

In recent weeks Kenneth Clarke has gone through the usual pre-Budget routine of playing down the prospects for tax cuts and, unlike most Chancellors, this time he sounds as if he means it. Tax cuts would be dangerous when tax revenues are falling below expectations because of a sluggish economy and the public sector borrowing requirement is overshooting the target set last year. Cuts could only be justified if he could find still more big "savings" in public spending and these would be unpopular with the voters, whatever the Redwood tendency might think.

Those mortgage lenders such as Halifax, whose mortgage rate was looking uncompetitive, the chance to bring rates below 7 per cent without looking tactically slow. Bradford & Bingley has pushed its own rate down to 6.74 per cent, but Nationwide, the leading society still committed to remaining a mutual, is already at 6.74 per cent and it will be interesting to see if chief executive Brian Davis is able and willing to cut his own rate and keep up the competitive pressure on those societies like Halifax which will have to start generating profits for their shareholders. The cut may well force societies to reduce rates to savers and gives them the opportunity to put more pressure on carpet-buggers, who must keep substantial balances in their accounts if they hope to profit from any future windfalls. It will also increase the attractions of investments, like GAIN's Second Guaranteed Income PEP, which opened yesterday and offers up to 10 per cent a year tax-free income and guaranteed return of capital after six years (01279-828205), and the Exeter High Income PEP (0321-395837), which uses a split level trust to concentrate the income on offer up to 11.2 per cent tax-free. It will attract investors to share-based investments like Schroders Emerging Countries Investment Trust, launched next month, and S&P's new no-load (initial charge) Growth Fund, which it claims will outperform index tracker funds. The further cut in interest rates may also cause some heart-searching at Tesco, which has just launched a banking service to shoppers based on paying 5 per cent interest on balances and charging 9 per cent on borrowings. They were presumably banking on stable interest rates to get the project off the ground.

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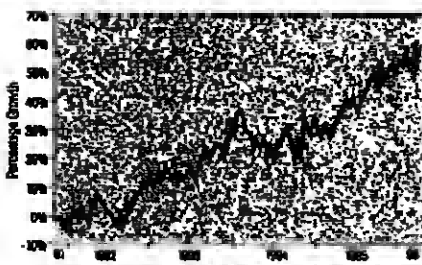
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Enter the 21st Century now and compete with City pros in a multimedia kiosk

Electronic wizardry means share-dealing has never been easier, says Paul Gosling

The Stock Exchange enters the 21st Century next month, when it implements the Crest electronic share trading and settlement system. But punters need not wait until then to trade electronically, with several of the large brokers already offering facilities to trade by home PC or via a multimedia kiosk.

Three brokers, City Deal, ShareLink and Stocktrade, have signed up with Infotrade to offer execution-only share trading. Infotrade, a division of Mitsubishi Corporation, is a business information supplier which sees its future as the computer doorkeeper to a range of personal finance services, including banking and insurance, and also share trading backed up by comprehensive information on company performance that it claims is almost as good as that available to analysts.

Users can obtain immediate information on current prices, as well as a two-year price history, two-year result forecasts, and three-year histories of results, for all quoted companies. The service will gradually expand to cover other big stock exchanges, and provide more historic information. The Infotrade package will also automatically update share portfolio records held on home PCs.

For the regular investor the cost is modest, at £25 to join and £10 a month, and software purchase at £70. Users need a modern IBM-compatible PC, with Windows software, fast modem and CD-ROM drive.

Peter Horne, chief executive of Infotrade, says: "This is the first move Mitsubishi Electric is making into the on-line services industry. A substantial investment is being made into this business with a target of 100,000 private investors in the next four years."

Some brokers see PCs as central to their attempts to expand their client base. Stephen Pliner, managing director of City Deal, explains: "We don't expect it to be a big seller straight away, but as PCs become more common it will be more useful, with other services

also being traded over the PC hook." Mr Pliner says back-up facilities are as important as the trading itself.

"Infotrade does allow you to review your portfolio, and you can do your own research. You could ask it, for example, to list every company that pays out over 20p in the pound dividends. I would not now recommend any other software."

Emma Kane, head of investors' services at ShareLink, is also persuaded of the benefits of electronic share trading, including Infotrade. "It is over going to replace phone share dealing, but it is the way of the future," she says. "The problem has been of accessing timely share information. You will now get the same information as the analysts, at a fraction of the cost. It is a service that is going to rapidly increase in use."

But ShareLink is not solely committed to Infotrade, having also signed up with Electronic Share Information for share trading through the Internet. Ms Kane sees this as being a different product, for a different market, costing just £5 a month. The ESI service provides share prices, up-to-date FT-SE indexes and trends as well as on-line trading for listed shares. Many competitors believe the Internet still has too many security problems to be acceptable for trading, though ShareLink and ESI say these have been solved through the latest encryption technology developed by the military.

Other forms of electronic share trading are also being developed by leading brokers. Lloyds Bank is examining a range of technologies and systems, and may offer its own service next year. A Barclays Bank spokeswoman says: "Barclays Stockbrokers are on the Internet, but it is not secure enough for a dealing service. We are interested in PC borne share dealing, but value for money share dealing by phone is what we have concentrated on. We are keen to widen accessibility."

Barclays believes that multimedia kiosks

developed by Olivetti, which use video-conferencing technology, could be key in developing new distribution channels. Since January the "Barclayzone" has been on trial in three large branches, allowing customers to talk face to face with brokers based in the head office in Glasgow. The service gives confirmation of price within four minutes, and can provide advice as well as execution.

If Barclays' service proves successful it will be introduced into airports and major train stations, as well as all larger branches of the bank. The bank sees the biggest potential in areas, such as the City of London, where there is a high proportion of professional customers.

Nationwide has already installed its own multimedia kiosks in 10 locations, including rail stations, Chesterfield hospital and six branches in Southampton. Unlike Barclays, though, the share dealing is execution only, carried out in partnership with ShareLink. But the leader in the field until now has been NatWest. Using touch screens in 280 bank branches, the service has been used by 3 million customers, particularly for the high privatisation issues. The system has had to be updated to work with Crest, but will continue for the foreseeable future.

Eventually, though, NatWest believes that many of our financial transactions will take place using interactive television in the lounge. It is already conducting two trials in East Anglia, one in association with BT and the other in partnership with a cable company, that could lead to it being available sooner rather than later for home shopping, home banking and home share dealing.

Infotrade Portfolio can be purchased through any BT shop, or through BT telesales on 0800 226600. ESI can be contacted on 01223 566926. Its Internet home page address is: <http://www.esi.co.uk>

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Stash the cash, pack the plastic — and don't forget the travellers' cheques

Holidaymakers should pick and mix for security as well as savings, says Michael Drewett

Apart from contracting a serious illness, probably the next best way to ruin a good holiday is to get into a mess with money arrangements. Cash, travellers' cheques and credit cards all have their pros and cons, and the unanimous advice is to take a mixture of payment methods. Even credit card companies accept the value of travellers' cheques and they, in turn, see the benefits of using plastic.

Martin Fielding of Card Protection Plan says: "Taking a variety of payment methods allows you greater flexibility, particularly if you keep them separate so that you are not left without finance if someone steals your wallet or handbag. Cash is obviously the most convenient method to buy anything outright, but the least secure by miles. The majority of what you think you will need should be in travellers' cheques because of their ease of replacement — the drawback is that cheques and cash have to be paid for in advance whereas a credit card can spread the cost of a holiday over a longer period."

Elizabeth Phillips of the Credit Card Research Group points out that most people pay for their flights, accommodation and many general expenses in advance. But other purchases such as special dinners out, presents or perhaps unscheduled games of golf have to be paid for separately. "For these things you need the equivalent of cash. The choice is whether you pay before you go, during the trip or after your return. In real terms this comes down to ordering foreign currency or travellers' cheques before you go or taking cash out of the wall and settling later."

The card companies fight hard to get us all to "pack the plastic" for our holidays, but the long-established travellers' cheque holds its own surprisingly well. Invented by American Express in 1891, its great advantage is that it is quickly replaceable whilst not being in danger of disappearing silently into a wall as can happen with a plastic card via a cash machine. Although the chances of this happening are alleged to be slim, statistical rarity is little comfort if it does happen to you. For practical reasons, travellers' cheques still have a place.

Amex spokesman Jonathan Lavercombe says: "As travellers' cheques are exchangeable at an almost infinite number of places, the chances of anyone being financially embarrassed are almost entirely avoidable. Plastic is perhaps better for the one-off or unplanned event, but travellers' cheques are like cash without the risks. At 1-1.5 per cent of the holiday cost, there is much reassurance in the fact that if anything goes wrong the money can be replaced very fast."



Life is a beach: Travellers should spread the risk to avoid being stranded

Yet for all the reassurance that a travellers' cheque can give (by virtue of the fact that it cannot disappear down the throat of a machine) no one denies that plastic cards always give a better exchange rate. Of all the methods of acquiring foreign currency, a credit or charge card is cheapest because — without the extra charge-laden layers that apply to cash or cheques — plastic allows you to get as close as possible to the "wholesale" rate the banks use to deal themselves.

According to the latest issue of Which? consumer magazine, it costs about £513 to get £500 worth of cash and services out of a card. The equivalent cost in currency and travellers' cheques would be about £528. Competition between card providers means the differences are slight. One particular advantage of plastic is that the encashment of, say, currency worth £20 will be at the same rate as for £200 or more. On the other hand, travellers' cheques or cash are often subject to a minimum charge per transaction at a hotel desk or in a bank, making small-value exchanges extremely inefficient.

None the less, the worries of losing the plastic card loom large in many minds, and travellers' cheques seem set to be an important part of holiday finance for a long time yet. But choosing the right currency denomination can be important. In most European countries a sterling cheque will open most doors, even if the local denomination may sometimes have a marginal advantage (Spain and France). The big exception is America where a US dollar cheque is as good as cash, but anything else — including sterling — is in effect non-negotiable. In the US, the dollar rules, and nothing seems likely to change it.

Visa general manager Fiona Wilkins says: "Wherever you may be going, we recommend taking a range of payment methods. Trav-

ellers' cheques are universally acceptable, and a little ready cash in the local currency is invaluable for arrival but don't take too much. No one wants to be a target for the local villains.

"Around the world, 13 million places accept Visa, for example, and well over 250,000 machines will let you get cash through Visa and MasterCard. If you are unsure about the facilities where you are going, the best thing to do is call the bank that issued the card you use. They are all geared up to knowing who does what best, and where."

Of all the options, cash has always been the thing you need the most when you get there, but the least attractive to take in any bulk because of security. Even more significantly for many, dreadful exchange rates for physical currency — notes — are compounded into a "double whammy" if you bring any unspent money back which then suffers the same process in reverse.

Travel agent Going Places is bucking the trend by guaranteeing that any foreign notes bought through one of its outlets will be exchanged back into sterling free of any charges after return from holiday. Traveler coin machines at airports are useful for converting pocketfuls of small change. The main thrust of planning holiday finances should be flexibility and being prepared for emergency. The major providers all suggest requesting a rise in your normal credit limit for the duration of your holiday, definitely having more than one means of payment and keeping a note of all relevant serial and telephone numbers somewhere other than in your purse or wallet.

CCP (Card Protection Plan): 0800 330000.
Visa has produced a Holiday Money 1996 guide, available by calling 0800 106076

Can nuclear power be a safe investment?

Clifford German answers the questions potential investors need to ask about the British Energy flotation

Q On the reasonable assumption that the Government privatised the most profitable and easiest public sector companies to sell first, surely 15 years after the privatisation of Cable & Wireless, the final offering of British Energy has to be the absolute dregs? It produces high-cost electricity, poses a potential threat to population and the environment, and even without a disaster on the horizon the costs of decommissioning obsolete nuclear power stations will be horrendous.

A: Your assumptions are alarmist and out of date. The older and less efficient Magnox nuclear power stations and their decommissioning costs will be kept in the public sector. Only the eight most modern and efficient nuclear stations are included in British Energy. The oldest of these eight has at least a further 10 years of life before decommissioning costs are incurred, and the life expectancy of all eight could be extended by another five years to between 30 and 35 years.

Q: But are they reliable?

A: Dungeness B and Heysham 1 have both been operating below capacity because of repairs. These are now complete and the two stations have been operating back to schedule in the last two months. Harlepool may need some welding work but it can probably be done while it is still working.

Q: But can they compete against thermal power stations, especially the new gas-fired stations using cheap fuel from the North Sea?

A: Nuclear power stations are designed to run continuously and provide the base-load for the electricity market, while gas-fired stations are much smaller and designed to operate during peak hours only. So there is room for both in the supply industry.

Q: But can nuclear be profitable, especially as the nuclear levy which conventional power producers have been obliged to pay to subsidise nuclear power is set to end next year?

A: The nuclear levy helped subsidise the old Magnox generators. British Energy's modern plants are competitive without it. The costs of running nuclear power stations are largely fixed. Once they are built the main charge is interest and depreciation on the capital. Even fuel costs are a relatively small slice. So as demand for electricity grows the operating costs of nuclear power stations could actually be cut as the stations work towards maximum efficiency.

Q: But how will British Energy cope in a free market for electricity? Isn't most of its output sold at "pool" prices which tend to be rock-bottom and are also most likely to fluctuate.

A: The output of the six nuclear power stations in England is sold into the pool, which takes all



the surplus power not being sold direct to a consumer. Nuclear power is certainly vulnerable to a drop in the pool price, and that could happen if the other electricity generators, National Power and PowerGen, cut prices to maintain market share as new gas-fired capacity comes on stream. But British Energy can hedge its bets by signing direct sales contracts for future use with large industrial consumers. At worst the City thinks a drop in pool prices could slash the value of British Energy by up to a third.

Q: What about shut-downs for safety inspections?

A: All the English advanced gas-cooled reactors (AGR) except Dungeness B have been authorised to go three years between statutory shut-downs, and the Scottish stations have applied to do the same. Safety inspections are also much quicker than they used to be and could well be reduced further.

Q: What about the cost of reprocessing or disposing of spent fuel and de-commissioning the stations when they reach the end of their useful life?

A: The cost of reprocessing spent fuel is by far the biggest special cost, amounting to around a quarter of all costs. But British Energy has pegged its reprocessing costs until 2003-2005 by signing index-linked contracts with British Nuclear Fuels. Waste disposal is a smaller factor. British Energy is set to pay about £300m towards the cost of a new repository operated by Nirex, which should be up and running by 2011. Waste disposal is likely to be cheaper in the long run than reprocessing.

Decommissioning costs on similar stations have tended to come in below the estimated costs. British Energy is due to set aside £16m a year to cover likely costs and this is barely 3 per cent of estimated annual cash flow. These

contributions will be reviewed every five years, however, and could increase if the safety regulator requires.

Q: What about fuel costs. What happens if for one reason or another Russia is no longer a net exporter?

A: Fuel costs are actually a small proportion of the total. Even if fuel costs double, total costs rise by just 7 per cent.

Q: Is there any scope for cutting operating costs?

A: The Government's advisers are assuming that £40m could be saved by administrative efficiencies and staff cuts in the next three years.

Q: The regulators have played havoc with other utilities like British Gas. Is British Energy equally at risk?

A: In theory, no. British Energy's output in England is sold into the "pool", which is a free market in surplus power and is not subject to

Profit potential at Dungeness: The City is expecting a yield of up to 8 per cent in order to guarantee a successful sale for Britain's nuclear stations

regulation. The industry regulator, Professor Stephen Littlechild, does reserve the right to intervene wherever he sees a need, and only this week he told Scottish Power and Scottish Hydro to cut prices and demand similar cuts in the price of power they buy from British Energy's two Scottish power stations. Scottish Nuclear provides about 55 per cent of Scotland's power needs but those contracts are firm until 2005, whatever the regulator says.

Q: What about investment spending. Is there a massive development programme to pay for?

A: No. Unlike the conventional generators there are no plans for new stations and investment costs will be less than £100m a year.

Q: Is there any risk of the company embarking on a disastrous diversification programme like some other utilities?

A: It is certainly reasonable for it to diversify. Building or buying conventional power stations to balance its base load business is a distinct possibility. It could also invest abroad.

Q: Is British Energy in good financial shape?

A: Well the company has made a small pre-tax loss in recent years after juggling some substantial accounting factors, and the Government has imposed a debt burden of about £700m on it. It is also expected to take a one-off asset write-down of around £2bn in 1995-96. But the government's adviser, BZW, is predicting a pre-tax profit of about £50m in 1996-97, with post-tax earnings building up from £32m to over £100m over the next three years. British Energy will also have a very strong cash flow, which would allow it to pay off its debt within two or three years.

Q: What sort of dividends can we expect?

A: British Energy has said it expects to pay dividends partly out of capital in early years, which has encouraged the City to expect dividends of around £100m a year.

Q: What would that mean in terms of return on the shares?

A: That depends on the capital structure, the number of shares to be sold and the price the City tells the Government it might be willing to pay. These things will be revealed over the next few weeks. But remember Railtrack shares were sold last month yielding 7.4 per cent. That sale was successful but the Government cannot afford to price the shares too high and risk a flop. British Energy might also seem a riskier proposition than Railtrack, so the City is expecting a yield up to 8 per cent to guarantee a successful sale.

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staying in



MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY
Television <i>by Richard Gilbert</i> Radio <i>by Robert Harris</i>	Television <i>by Richard Gilbert</i> Radio <i>by Robert Harris</i>	Television <i>by Richard Gilbert</i> Radio <i>by Robert Harris</i>	Television <i>by Richard Gilbert</i> Radio <i>by Robert Harris</i>	Television <i>by Richard Gilbert</i> Radio <i>by Robert Harris</i>

Sunday television and radio

BBC1	BBC2	ITV/London	Channel 4	ITV/Regions
7.30 Jim Henson's Animal Show (1296538). 7.55 Playdays (R) (S) (7623199). 8.15 Italianissimo (R) (7423335). 8.30 Breakfast with Frost. On the eve of the all-party peace talks in Northern Ireland, the programme is broadcast live from Belfast (40624). 9.30 The Good Book Guide (R) (S) (9967966). 9.45 First Light (S) (662996). 10.15 See Hear (S) (555977). 10.45 Weather Watch. Craig Charles and a repeat run of his series about the British weather (3700151). 10.55 Cricket - First Test. Live coverage of the fourth morning's play from Edgbaston (Followed by Weather for the Week Ahead) (S) (68792606). 12.30 On the Record (54712). 1.30 EastEnders Omnibus (S) (6146625). 2.55 The Farm Game. The story behind the Liverpool Institute for Performing Arts, backed by Paul McCartney. The Craig Charles - again - has further details (5027151). 3.30 Biteback. Viewers have a say (S) (1319737). 4.10 Masterchef 1996. The semi-final stages of the nosh competition. Fashion designer Nicole Farhi is one of the judges (S) (8976101). 4.45 Euro 96 - Live. Germany v Czech Republic. Live coverage from Old Trafford (S) (74351489). 7.00 News, Weather, Regional News (798847). 7.20 Euro 96 - Live. Denmark v Portugal. Desmond Lynam presents live coverage from Hillsborough as the current holders, Denmark, begin their campaign. Analysis is provided by Alan Hansen, Stuart Gill and Gary Lineker (S) (34119262). 9.30 No Bananas. 7.10. The wartime soap "World War Meets Comedy" - last we forgot reaches Dunkirk, where fears grow for Harry's safety (S) (924489). 10.20 News, Weather (904373). 10.40 Coogan's Bluff (Don Siegel 1968 US). In many ways the blueprint for the future Dirty Harry films, Clint Eastwood plays an Arizona Sheriff with the big hat and sharp shoes, chasing a murderer through the sleazy streets of Manhattan. Quite exciting if you haven't seen it too many times, and including a cast of the dullest hippy chicks ever committed to celluloid. Lee J Cobb and Susan Clark co-star (7566557). 12.15 Cricket - First Test. Highlights (S) (2697958). 12.55 Long Game (Martin Davidson 1987 US). Above-average baseball comedy, apparently starring William Petersen, Virginia Madsen and Dermot Mulroney (S) (56294). 2.45 Weather (5774923). To 2.50am. REGIONS. NI: 10.40am A Space for Dreaming 11.15 Film: Coogan's Bluff 12.50 Cricket. 1.30 Weather.	6.15 Open University: Casets (6755354). 6.40 Applying for Jobs (211248). 7.05 Hamlet - a Workshop (4076064). 7.30 New Formulae for Food (1267880). 7.55 Ndebele: Women and Art (7605793). 8.20 First Steps to Autonomy (6089557). 8.45 The Jewish Enigma (7625098). 9.10 Children's BBC: Rupert. 9.15 The Littlest Pet Shop. 9.35 X-Men. 10.00 Fully Booked (S) (70557). 10.05 Regional Programmes (S) (33538). 12.30 Sunday Grandstand. With Sue Barker. 12.35 Cricket - First Test. 1.05 Golf: Steve Rider reports on the Amateur Championship from Turnberry. 1.20 Rugby League: highlights of this year's second Australian State of Origin match between New South Wales and Queensland in Sydney. 1.35 Cricket. 3.40 Racing: coverage of the French Oaks from Chantilly. 4.00 Cricket. 5.00 Tennis: French Open. The final of the men's singles. Plus, all the news from Euro 96 (S) (4484083). 7.20 Songs of Praise. Worship from Lacock, Wiltshire (423847). 8.00 Docs on the Box. An evening of medical TV, introduced by Casualty's Clive Mantle. See Preview p32 (612373). 8.05 Dr. Kildare. An episode of the influential early 1960s American TV hit, with Richard Chamberlain raising pulses as the eponymous doctor. See Preview (540557). 8.35 Casualty. A major train crash busies Holby General in this selected episode of the BBC long-runner (S) (435800). 9.30 Playing Doctor. Classic history of TV medical dramas, with contributions from stars, writers and medical consultants (S) (92809). 10.30 M*A*S*H. An episode of the much-loved Korean War sitcom (R) (43915). 11.00 To the Stitches. Comedy doctor/patient encounters (S) (7285). 11.30 Dr. Finlay's Casebook. From 1970, Dr Finlay's patients are overcome by the hallucinogenic effects of a strange unknown illness (802373). 12.25 Horror Hospital (Anthony Balch 1973 UK). Pretty trashy spoof concerns rock songwriter Robin "Commissions of" Ashtwith checking into a health clinic to clear his head, but soon finding his life is in danger (Followed by Weatherview) (8450652). To 1.55am. 2.00 The Learning Zones: Issues in Economics (85279). 4.00 Discovering Portuguese/Bon Mot 3 (92861). 5.00 Business and Work (31315). To 5.30am. REGIONS. Wales: 12.00pm Homeland. NI: 12.00pm Sounds of the Eighties.	6.00 GMTV 6.00 The Sunday Review. 6.30 News, Sport and Weather. 7.00 The Sunday Programme (26170). 8.00 Disney Adventures. Jenny Powell tries her hand at roller hockey. Plus, Gummie Bears, Little Mermaid and Goo! Troop (4935083). 9.25 The Adventures of Grady Greengrass (1293199). 9.50 James Bond Jr (2515267). 10.15 Sunday Heroes. The award-winning cartoon series continues the story of Ben-Hur (S) (8678422). 10.25 Sunday. Sharon Glees, who starred in Cagney and Lacey, and George Baker, aka Inspector Wexford in The Ruth Rendell Mysteries discuss their faith. Including 10.50-11.45 Morning Worship from St Mary's Priory Church, Aberystwyth (92797460). 12.10 Link. Magazine for the disabled (S) (8798977). 12.30 Crestaalt (Followed by LWT Weather) (58335). 1.00 News, Weather (45049286). 1.10 Crime and Punishment. Trevor McDonald continues his series examining law and order in Britain (2893625). 2.00 Euro 96 - Live. Spain v Bulgaria, live from Eltand Road (239731). 4.30 Beattie's Daredevils (441). 5.00 Upstairs, Downstairs. The first ever episode, written by Fay Weldon (R) (4204). 6.00 Local News, Weather (852199). 6.15 News, Weather (840354). 6.30 40 Years of ITV Laughter. Yes, but 60 minutes of Denis Norden (R) (84522). 7.30 You've Been Framed (R) (S) (170). 8.00 Wyndham. The return of Jack Shepherd's sober Cornish character, with contributions from his silver wedding celebrations - until five couples show up in an abandoned lorry (S) (2335). 9.00 The Knock. Customs and Excise drama. Following their rendezvous at a London hotel, DeVoight plans to kill George Webster (S) (2199). 10.00 The Clive James Show. Julian Clary and Tom Jones are joined - via satellite - by Damon Hill (S) (888373). 10.45 News, Weather (782460). 11.00 Euro 96. Highlights of the opening matches in Groups C and D, including Germany v Czechoslovakia from Old Trafford, and Denmark v Portugal from Hillsborough (73731). 12.00 High Desert K9 (Harry Falk 1990 US). A group of backpackers in New Mexico face an unseen alien presence (842861). 1.45 The Chart Show (R) (S) (954478). 2.45 TT 96. Highlights from this year's Isle of Man TT races (6743294). 4.10 Wanted Dead or Alive (10017942). To 4.35am.	6.15 Trans World Sport (R) (8937286). 7.10 Mike S. With The Magic Roundabout, Bush Tails, Motie and her Engine (S) (4086441). 7.35 The Magic School Bus (S) (1292712). 8.05 Sonic the Hedgehog (S) (618335). 8.35 The Tap Door (7596335). 8.40 Blast Off (S) (7593248). 8.45 The Bird (S) (7089083). 9.00 Riff-Raff from Mars (31170). 9.30 Saved by the Bell (R) (1416828). 9.55 Dumb and Dumber (S) (2521828). 10.15 Sister Sister (S) (1343847). 10.40 Rock's Modern Life (R) (S) (8675557). 11.05 Insiders (9541977). 11.20 NBA Raw (9296828). 12.15 The Waltons (R) (884151). 1.15 Hitchcock. Lifeboat (Alfred Hitchcock 1944 US). Hitchcock's much-admired but rather didactic thriller, set entirely on the lifeboat of a torpedoed ship, whose inhabitants include one baddie (you have to guess which). Starring Tallulah Bankhead (excellent), William Bendix, Walter Slezacek and Mary Anderson (2802199). 3.00 Channel 4 Racing from Epsom. The 3.10 Martin Gaves Stakes, 3.40 Vodka Stakes (H'Cap) Stakes, the 4.10 Mail on Sunday Mile (Qualifier) (H'Cap), and the 4.40 Vodka Trophy H'Cap Stakes. Followed by Broke! (55425809). 5.05 Zig and Zag's Dirty Deeds (S) (3248828). 5.35 Holyoaks (R) (S) (139199). 5.55 Babylon 5 (S) (564248). 7.00 Hidden Kingdoms. In Madagascar, 90 per cent of the animals and 80 per cent of the plants are found nowhere else in the world. But 85 per cent of Madagascar's ancient forests have been destroyed. Is it too late? (S) (4557). 8.00 Tales from the Wasteland. Older people who witnessed the birth of the welfare state - only to see it fail them - speak out. See Preview (S) (7967). 9.00 Cold Lazarus 3/4. Emma (Frances De La Tour) accepts the offer of David Siltz to provide unlimited funding (S) (5658606). 10.10 Unlabeled Used People (Beeban Kidron 1992 US). It's 1969, and Jewish widow Shirley MacLaine gets picked up at her husband's funeral by suave Italian widower Marcello Mastroianni. Jessica Tandy and Kathy Bates also star in Beeban Kidron's "Oranges Are Not the Only Fruit" (1993 US). 12.25 NBA Live: The Finals. A Jacques Rivette New Wave classic makes way for more from Chicago Bulls/Seattle Supersonics basketball encounter - as there weren't already enough sport on our screens this weekend (73135552). To 3.55am.	AS LONDON EXCEPT: 12.30pm Anglia News (553351). 4.30 The Road Show (4471). 5.00 The Village Show (4637). 5.30 The 30th Anniversary Special (12.00am). 6.00 The People's Choice (12.00). 6.15 The People's Choice (12.00). 6.30 The People's Choice (12.00). 6.45 The People's Choice (12.00). 7.00 The People's Choice (12.00). 7.15 The People's Choice (12.00). 7.30 The People's Choice (12.00). 7.45 The People's Choice (12.00). 8.00 The People's Choice (12.00). 8.15 The People's Choice (12.00). 8.30 The People's Choice (12.00). 8.45 The People's Choice (12.00). 9.00 The People's Choice (12.00). 9.15 The People's Choice (12.00). 9.30 The People's Choice (12.00). 9.45 The People's Choice (12.00). 10.00 The People's Choice (12.00). 10.15 The People's Choice (12.00). 10.30 The People's Choice (12.00). 10.45 The People's Choice (12.00). 11.00 The People's Choice (12.00). 11.15 The People's Choice (12.00). 11.30 The People's Choice (12.00). 11.45 The People's Choice (12.00). 12.00 The People's Choice (12.00).

Radio

Radio 1
 47.9-59.9MHz
 7.00am Kevin Greening 10.00 Dave Pearce 2.00 Trevor Nelson's Rhythmic Nation 4.00 Top 40 7.00 Interactive Futures 8.00 John Peel 10.00 Andy Kershaw 12.00 Mary Anne Hobbs 4.00-5.00am Clive Warren

Radio 2
 88.9-101.9MHz
 7.00am Ian Macdon 9.05 Steve Wright's Sunday Live 11.00 Parkinson's Sunday Supplement 1.00 Desmond Carrington 3.00 Benny Green 4.00 Radio 2 Young Musician 4.30 Sine 5.00 Sine 5.30 Sine 6.00 Sine 6.30 Sunday Half Hour 9.00 Alan Yell 10.00 Fifty Years On 12.00 Sue Vickary 3.00-6.00am Steve Madden

Radio 3
 90.7-101.9MHz
 7.00am Sacred and Profane. 3.50 Choice of Three. 3.00 Simon Gray's Sunday Morning. 4.00 The Sunday Play. 4.05 Vivaldi: Concerto in D. Debussy: Trois chansons de Charles d'Orléans. Saint-Saëns: Paraphrase on Liszt. Haydn: The Creation (excerpts). Chopin: Scherzo No 2 in B flat minor. Purcell: Thy hand, Belinda (Dido and Aeneas). Mendelssohn: Symphony No 4 in A. Glazounov: La Marmite morte. Composer of the Week: Weber: Mass No 2 in G. 2.15 Music Matters. 2.00 News: Role Play. Hamlet. (6/5). 2.55 The Sunday Concert. Berlin: Overture: Le Corsaire. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No 4 in G. Debussy: Brigg Fair. Bartok: Suite: The Miraculous Mandarin. 3.05 Spirit of the Age. 3.05 Bath Festival. Prokofiev: Double Violin Sonata in C. Brahms: Violin Sonata in G. 5.45 The Sunday Feature: The Real Mozart. Bob Pack reads from Gabriel Garcia Marquez's 100 years of Solitude. 6.30 Brahms: Violin Sonata in A. Szymanowski: The Fountain of Areusa. Ravel: Violin Sonata in G. 7.30 The Sunday Play: Le Cid. By Pierre Corneille. 9.20 Choir Works. Tye: Mass. Ego bone. Elgar: The Light of Life. 11.15 Traditional Music. 11.45 Record Review. 1.00 Through the Night. Operatic airs by Donizetti, Puccini, Verdi, Mozart and Strauss. Mozart: Divertimento in B flat. Beethoven: Triple Concerto in C. Haydn: Symphony No 94 in G (Surprise). Music by Turin and Cima. 5.00 Sequence.

Choice

Archaeologists and historians help Leslie Forbes to construct A History of Britain in Six Menus (11.45am R4, left), starting with a typical Roman oyster - ostrich brains, cows udders and rotting fish (but not flamingoes - the supermarket was out of them).

Radio 4
 82.4-94.9MHz
 7.00am News. 7.10 Something Understood. 6.55 Weather. 7.00 News. 7.10 Sunday Papers. 7.15 The Living World. 7.40 Sunday. 8.30 The Week's Good Cause. 8.55 Weather. 9.00 News. 9.10 Sunday Papers. 9.15 Letter from America. 9.30 Morning Service. 10.15 The Archers. 11.00 (LWT) Test Match Special. 11.15 (FM) A History of Britain in Six Menus. See Choice. 11.45 (FM) A History of Britain in Six Menus. See Choice. 12.15 (FM) Desert Island Discs. 12.55 (FM) Weather. 1.00 The World This Weekend. 1.55 Shipping Forecast. 2.00 (FM) Gardeners' Question Time. 2.30 (FM) The Classic Serial: The 7th Drum. By Gunter Grass. (2/2). 3.30 (FM) Pick of the Week. 4.15 (FM) Analysis. 5.00 (FM) News: Tales from the Back of Beyond. (1/5). 5.30 (FM) Poetry Please! 5.50 Shipping Forecast. 5.55 (FM) Weather. 5.55 (LWT) Test Match Special. 6.00 (FM) Six O'Clock News. 6.15 Feedback. 6.30 In Business. 7.00 Children's BBC Radio 4: The Eagle of the Ninth. By Rosemary Sutcliffe. 7.30 A Good Read. 8.00 (FM) The Natural History Programme. 8.00 (LWT) Open University. 8.00 Masterclass. 8.30 Education in Europe. 9.00 Learning through Literacy. 9.30 A Good Read for Social Psychologists. 8.30 (FM) Leviathan. 9.00 (FM) The Cutting Edge. 9.30 (FM) A Many-Faceted Thing. 9.59 Weather. 10.00 News. 10.15 Medicine Now.

Satellite

SKY ONE
 5.00am Hour of Power (80644). 6.00am London (6821538). 11.30 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 11.50 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 12.00 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 12.10 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 12.20 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 12.30 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 12.40 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 12.50 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 1.00 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 1.10 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 1.20 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 1.30 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 1.40 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 1.50 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 2.00 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 2.10 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 2.20 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 2.30 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 2.40 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 2.50 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 3.00 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 3.10 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 3.20 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 3.30 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 3.40 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 3.50 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 4.00 The Big Breakfast (11.30am). 4.10 The Big 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The big picture

Meet the Applegates

Sat 10pm C4

Michael Lehmann has proved an acute critic of American white-picket fence suburbia. His debut film, *Heathers*, a cutting black comedy about petit-bourgeois high school values, was followed by this mordant satire. In it, a family of giant insects from the Brazilian rainforest (led by Ed Begley Jr and Stockard Channing) disguise themselves as the model smalltown Ohio residents in order to infiltrate US society and blow up a nuclear power plant. Despite being insects, they find average human foibles such as materialism and adultery damned hard to resist.

Television preview

RECOMMENDED VIEWING THIS WEEKEND

by Gerard Gilbert



The Turnaround Sat 8.20pm ITV
The Precious Blood Sat 10pm BBC2
Docs on the Box Sun 8pm BBC2
Tales from the Wasteland Sun 8pm C4

To that significant but under-represented part of the population for whom football is less important than life or death – less important, even, than picking their teeth or visiting the dry cleaners – this weekend's TV schedules will be a bit like one of those 1950s sci-fi movies where the hero starts turning into a reptile. By Sunday afternoon, the schedules will be so hideously transformed by *Euro 96* that they will have no recourse but to zap their sets with the remote control and go for a long walk.

Help seems to be at hand, though. A major tranche of alternative viewing comes gift-wrapped under the title *Docs on the Box* (Sun BBC2), one of those themed evenings on which BBC2 seems ever more keen. Take the wrapping off, however, and the contents are a touch disappointing, one new documentary – a history of the TV medical drama – and a load of old repeats. The documentary, *Playing Doctor*, does throw up a lovely quote from Alan Alda, though: "Imitation is the sincerest form of television." If he coined that, Alda can go to his grave a happy man. As for the selected episodes of *Dr. Kildare*,

Casualty, *MASH* and *Dr. Finlay's Casebook*, I chose *Dr. Kildare* (Sun 8.05pm) – being a series I'm just young enough not to remember. Compared to ER's Anthony Edwards or *Casualty*'s Clive Maudlin, Richard Chamberlain – as the eponymous medic – is pretty vacant, and it's hard to see what inspired 35,000 females to write to him every month. *Surgeon Chamberlain*, as in this episode, with such well-rounded thespians as James Mason and Margaret Leighton, and he looks like a puppet Gerry Anderson discarded from *Thunderbirds* for being too wooden.

Clive Owen is an actor who I am always surprised doesn't generate more fan mail. Maybe the characters he plays are always just a bit too arrogant to generate fanmail. Anyhow, this aloof persona lends itself well to his South London private eye, Nick Sharma, in *The Turnaround* (Sat 8.20pm). Sharma has a sexy soul-singer girlfriend, indulges in the odd spiff of ganga and has lost several Armani shirts on the greyhound bus, essentially he's a direct descendant of Philip Marlowe, and happily Owen plays the tough-guy irony-free. Where Marlowe is a romantic at heart,

though, one suspects that the closest thing to Sharma's heart is a copy of this month's *Avon* magazine. The best of the rest involves sectarian violence in Northern Ireland and life in headline Britain. *Grassroots: The Precious Blood* (Sat BBC2), is a first-rate *Inside Two* and *Ighite* recommendation. *Amadeus* plays a Belfast woman whose husband was shot dead by terrorists in the 1970s, and she's now a teacher. Enter Kevin McNally as an amateur boxer, and a born-again Christian, who's finding it harder than he hoped to forgive himself for his previous existence as a UVF hitman.

Tales from the Wasteland (Sun C4) brings us more of the walking wounded from post-Welfare State Britain, including a half-blind diabetic from a Leeds council estate and a woman from Hartlepool with only 40 pence in her purse to last her through the weekend. If that sounds too grim, you can always switch channels and watch 22 millionaires and potential millionaires kicking a piece of inflated leather around.

The big man

Euro 96: England v Switzerland
Sat 3pm ITV

Will we at last hear the end of the Cathay Pacific telly business now that Euro 96 is finally kicking off? It may be a relief for the players actually to play football rather than having to dodge questions from reporters along the lines of "Where were you on the night of the flight back from Hong Kong?" In the first match after the official opening ceremony at Wembley, Terry Venables (above) will be hoping that his side rises to the biggest footballing occasion in this country since the World Cup Final 50 years ago and defeat the competent Swiss.

Saturday television and radio

BBC1

- 7.25 News, Weather (5513205).
- 7.30 Children's BBC: Oscar's Orchestra. 7.55 Robinson Sucroe. 8.15 The Raccoons. 8.45 Marvel Action Hour. 9.45 Grange Hill. 10.15 Sweet Valley High. 10.35 The O Zone.
- 10.43 Weather (3750156).
- 10.45 Grandstand. Introduced by Sue Barker. 10.50 Cricket – First Test: live coverage of the third day's play between England and India from Edgbaston. 1.05 News. 1.10 Football: look forward to this afternoon's opening game of Euro 96 at Wembley, England v Switzerland. 1.35 Cricket – First Test. 3.45 Tennis – French Open: the women's final. 5.00 News Round-Up (S) (16301427).
- 5.10 News, Weather (9553999).
- 5.20 Local News and Weather (6661717).
- 5.25 Dad's Army (R) (1162885).
- 5.55 Full Swing. Jimmy Tarbuck hosts the golfing game show. Eric Sykes and Henry Cooper dust down their Pringle sweaters (S) (529224).
- 6.25 The New Adventures of Superman (S) (494576).
- 7.10 Confessions. Simon Mayo hears more admissions, such as that of a woman who did something odd at a murder mystery weekend. Last in the series, and a confession: I'm relieved (S) (536779).
- 7.50 The National. Live. "I'm a bit of a snob." Monkhouse begins the countdown (S) (609137).
- 8.05 Bugs. The all-action team of former soap stars comes up against a powerful computer program that possesses a dangerous artificial intelligence. Part one of two (S) (850224).
- 8.55 News and Sport: Weather (Followed by National Lottery Update) (316175).
- 9.20 While Justice Sleeps (Alan Smith 1994 US). Justice left the only thing snoozing around this low-budget issue movie which strives for the torrid, while mostly hitting the torpid. Cybil Shepherd may have been given a new lease of life by her sitcom *Cybil*, but she's not on particularly sparkling form here as the Mid-west widow who discovers that her daughter is being abused by a trusted friend of the family (S) (536779).
- 10.45 Euro 96. Highlights of the opening ceremony and the first match in Euro 96, as England take on Switzerland. Plus, a report from the German, Portuguese and Italian camps as the teams prepare for their opening fixtures (S) (733514).
- 11.45 Cricket – First Test. Richie Benaud introduces highlights of the third day's play (S) (739514).
- 12.25 The Mighty Quinn (Carl Schenkel 1989 US). A fairy ordinary tale of murder and intrigue boosted by its cast and Caribbean setting. Denzel Washington plays the independent-minded police chief who finds the chief suspect in a murder case is his boyfriend friend, Robert Townsend. James Fox, M Emmet Walsh and Mimi Rogers co-star (S) (750364).
- 2.00 Weather (1927644). To 2.05am.

REGIONS: Wales: 5.20pm Wales Today. NI: 5.20pm Newsline.

BBC2

- 6.00 Open University: The Way to Holmes (790427). 6.25 Up to the Mark (6779934). 6.50 Family Centre (3273088). 7.15 Savages and Noble Savages (4023972). 7.40 Man-Made Macromolecules (1216392). 8.05 The Great Exhibition (6118330). 8.30 Sergeant Musgrave at the Court (8370381). 8.55 Sexual Selection and Speciation (5320066). 9.20 A Matter of Resource (3671408). 10.10 Energy from Waste (1359408). 10.35 Evaluating Pre-school Education (8683576). 11.00 Statistical Sciences (9366798). 11.25 Visioning in Action (4678408). 11.50 A Language for Movement (257205).
- 12.15 Watch Out. Polcasts (S) (1859069).
- 12.30 Global Warming (2958392).
- 12.35 The Lives of a Bengal Lancer (Henry Hathaway 1935 US). Gung-ho Hollywood Victorian glorifying virile rites of passage on the North-West Frontier as British Army buddies Gary Cooper and Randolph Tone see off waves of shrieking turbaned chappies (78810330).
- 2.20 Distant Drums (Raoul Walsh 1951 US). The second Gary Cooper movie of the afternoon is an altogether lesser affair, an eastern "western", set in 1840s Florida, where Cooper's expeditionary force is getting grief from Seminole Indians. Not much of a support cast (678327).
- 4.00 Cricket – First Test. England v India. Live coverage of the final session of play (S) (307866).
- 7.00 What the Papers Say. With Jonathan Cooper of the *Daily Express* (S) (560514).
- 7.15 News and Sport: Weather (665069).
- 7.30 Scrutiny. Sarah Harrison follows the work of British MPs who comprise the Environment Select Committee (S) (522779).
- 8.10 Young Musicians 96 Workshops Sarah Walker explores some of the Asian music flourishing in Britain, including Gamelan music from Indonesia, and bhangra (S) (855779).
- 9.00 Steptoe and Son (R) (1866).
- 9.30 Have I Got News for You. John Bird and John Fortune. Shown yesterday (S) (11427).
- 10.00 Screen Two: The Precious Blood. See Preview, above (S) (690424).
- 11.20 Later with Jools Holland. Crowded House, Patti Smith, American hip-hop trio the Fugees, and Northern Irish trio Ash (S) (93779).
- 12.30 The Milky Way (Luis Buñuel 1969 Fr/It). Buñuel in a coolly ironic anti-clerical mood, as two pilgrim-tramps (Laurent Terzieff and Paul Frankeur) make their way from Paris to the Spanish shrine of Santiago di Compostela. If you're not feeling particularly priest-infected, the barbs and witticisms might seem somewhat obscure (Followed by *Weather*) (2864199).
- 2.10 Young Musicians 96: Encore. Series of recitals by past finalists in the BBC Young Musicians contest, beginning with 1976 clarinet finalist, Michael Collins, playing Stravinsky (585557). To 2.25am.

ITV/London

- 6.00 GMTV 6.00 News, Weather. 6.10 Re-Wind. 6.30 Bananas in Pyjamas. 6.40 Eat Your Words. 7.10 Barney and Friends. 7.40 Disney's Wake Up in the Wild Room. 8.55 Mighty Morphin Power Rangers. Plus, Mr Motivator in Cyprus (7049885).
- Scratchy & Co. Malcolm Jeffries and Denise van Outen are in southern Spain with boy band Let Loose (S) (81164224).
- 11.30 The Chart Show (S) (58088).
- 12.30 The Basement. Youth magazine. Does fashion matter? Cue much incredulous teenage eye-rolling (S) (28717).
- 1.00 News, Weather (7594812).
- 1.05 Local News (S) (9553).
- 1.10 Euro 96 – Live. The opening ceremony (including a fly-past by the Red Devils and music from Simply Red), followed by live coverage of England v Switzerland. The kick-off is at 3pm, and Brian Moore is the man with the mule (49436885).
- 5.10 News, Weather (1258327).
- 5.20 Local News, Weather (6656885).
- 5.25 International Gladiators (S) (7839205).
- 6.20 You Bet! Impressions that Darren Day was modelling his act on Cliff Richard have now been confirmed by Day's release of a cover-version of "Summer Holiday". Anyhow, grinning boyishly, he's joined again by the statuesque Diane Foudeale, also in *Gladiators*, and guests Michelle Collins and PJ and Duncan. Challenges include trying to take off and land a plane blindfolded, and identifying classic American cars by touch (S) (698205).
- 7.20 Man O' Man (Including Lottery Result) (S) (803595).
- 8.20 The Turnaround. Private eye Nick Sharma (Clive Owen) searches for a client's missing sister in this re-run pilot episode – being shown again by way of introducing four new one-hour adventures. See Preview (R) (S) (6905717).
- 9.50 News, Weather (162175).
- 10.05 Saturday Live. More stand-up comedy routines, with ring-master Lee Hurst and regular side-kick Harry Hill. Tonight's guests are Rich Hall – the bemused-looking American on last week's *Have I Got News for You*, and impressionist Alastair McGowan. Music from Tears for Fears (107953).
- 11.05 American Grants (George Lucas 1973 US). The highly influential nostalgic comedy following the exploits of a group of college leavers one night in 1962. Starring Richard Dreyfuss, Ron Howard, Charles Martin Smith, Paul LeMat, Cindy Williams and Candy Clark – and the mandatory sound track of contemporary pop (13069408).
- 1.10 Euro 96 Replayed. Another chance to see the whole of this afternoon's match between England and Switzerland. Hope it's worth it (43349606).
- 3.45 TV Sport Classics I (45309286).
- 4.35 ITV Sport Classics II (4748515).
- 5.05 News (50977). To 6.00am.

Channel 4

- 6.05 Sesame Street (R) (8952595).
- 7.05 Little Daisies (R) (4180359).
- 7.35 World League Football (R) (1244175).
- 8.00 Gaelic Games. Football League champions Derry meet Armagh in the first round of the Ulster football championship, while Tipperary take on Waterford in a Munster hurling clash (54327).
- 9.00 The Morning Line (S) (17868).
- 10.00 High Five. Surfers (S) (84972).
- 10.30 NBA 24/7. Another chance to see last Thursday's programme of basketball action (R) (74408).
- 11.00 Trans World Sport (97934).
- 12.00 Calcutta Chronicles. New series about Calcutta, narrated by Tim Pigott-Smith, starts with a visit by a British trade delegation to West Bengal's democratically-elected communist governors (S) (98088).
- 12.30 The Great Maratha (26359).
- 1.00 Channel 4 Racing: The Derby. The world's most famous flat race, which continues to be diminished as the race is hidden away among the mass of sporting action to be found on your average Saturday in early June, is the main attraction in this afternoon's race card from Epsom. Brought Scott introduces the 1.45 Vantage H'cap Stakes (60); 2.25 Vantage Derby (1m 4f); 3.10 Fairford "Tota Rest" (S) (97934).
- 3.50 World League Football (R) (1244175).
- 4.25 Vantage Derby (1m 4f) (77427935).
- 5.05 Brookside Omnibus (R) (1746840).
- 6.30 Channel 4 Racing: The Derby. Re-run, backed by a further by-furlong analysis (S) (953).
- 7.00 A Week in Politics. Vincent Hanna and Andrew Rawnsley take a wry look at the week's political agenda (S) (7779).
- 8.00 Cutting Edge. On the hoof with North Yorkshire's Cave Rescue Organisation as they prepare for the so-called "silly season", when ill-equipped explorers get themselves into all sorts of unnecessary trouble. Presumably there's not much risk of drowning (S) (8427).
- 9.00 The Gaby Rasin Show. Gaby's so-far confirmed guests are Aileen Getty and actor Chris Penn (S) (8663).
- 10.00 Meet the Applegates (Michael Lehmann 1990 US). See the Big Picture, above (461917).
- 11.40 Howlido – Life on the Street. Baylis and Pemberton investigate the sudden death of a police dog (R) (S) (63972).
- 12.40 City of Fear (Irving Lerner 1958 US). B-movie specialist Lerner was a great favourite of Martin Scorsese, a director with considerable good taste in fellow film-makers. Vince Edwards plays an escaped convict who steals a canister of radioactive material thinking it's heroin. A city goes into panic (8215373).
- 2.00 World of Skinhead. The likes of Watford Jon and Chisley Boy of Madness talk about the lot of your average skinhead. First shown as part of the *Tribe* Time season (R) (S) (99712). To 3.00am.

ITV/Regions

- AMBLA
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (28717). 1.05 Anglia News and Weather (7638953). 5.20 Anglia News, Sport and Weather (6656885). 11.05 Film: AWOL. Absent without Leave. Action thriller starring Jean-Claude Van Damme, Harrison Page and Deborah Renard (13069408). 4.00am American Gladiators (26441). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (65996).
- TYE TESTYOURSURE
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (28717). 1.05 Regional News, Weather (7638953). 5.20 Regional News, Weather (6656885). 3.45am The War of the Worlds (5303642). 4.35-5.30am Cue the Music (1855915).
- CENTRAL
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (28717). 1.05 Central News and Weather (7638953). 5.20 Central News and Weather (6656885). 4.35am American Gladiators (26441). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (65996).
- ITV
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (28717). 1.05 Regional News, Weather (7638953). 5.20 Regional News, Weather (6656885). 3.45am The War of the Worlds (5303642). 4.35-5.30am Cue the Music (1855915).
- WESTCOUNTRY
As London except: 12.30pm Movies, Games and Videos (28717). 1.05 Westcountry News and Weather (7638953). 5.20 Westcountry News and Weather (6656885). 11.05 Film: AWOL. Absent without Leave. Action thriller starring Jean-Claude Van Damme, Harrison Page and Deborah Renard (13069408). 4.00am American Gladiators (26441). 5.00-5.30am Summer of Sailing (65996).
- S4
As C4 except: 8.00am Gaelic Football (54327). 10.00 High 5 (84972). 11.00 The Averages (97934). 12.00 Boy Meets World (98088). 12.30pm Rock's Modern Life (26359). 5.05 Brookside (1746840). 6.30 Holydays (953). 7.00 Newyddion Nos (555682). 7.15 Cefn Gwlad Y Tŷ (416175). 7.45 Meryl a Glenda (415446). 8.15 Dym Ddwy: Hwt Dai Gwyn (770853). 8.45 Gogled Iwerddon – Fa Ffordd? (379934). 9.30 Channel 4 Racing: The Derby (63345). 10.00 The Gaby Rasin Show (1750). 11.00-12.40am Film: Death in Small Doses. True story starring Richard Thomas (John-Boy from *The Waltons*) as a landscape gardener who is accused of murdering his wife with arsenic. With Gwyneth O'Connor, Jess Harp, Gary Frank and Shawn Elliott (230779).

Radio

- Radio 1
(51 69 88) FM
7.00am Kevin Greening 10.00 Dave Pearce 12.30 Danni Baker 2.30 Jo Wiley 5.00 John Peel 7.00 Lovegrove Dance Party with Garry Rampling 9.00 Radio 1 Rap Show 12.00 The Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall 2.00 Essential Mix: Slem 4.00-7.00am Charlie Jordan

- Radio 2
(89 90 76) FM
6.00am Mo Dutta 8.05 Brian Matthew 10.00 Save Britain's Saturday Show 1.00 A Swift Laugh 1.10 The Jasper Carrott Trio 2.00 Jock Stiles 4.00 Nick Barnes 5.00 Reading Music 6.00 Lyle Lovett in Concert 7.00 Voices 7.30 Choiring of the Year Gala Showcases 8.30 An Evening of Classical Greats 10.30 Sheridan Morley 12.05 Sue McGray 4.00-7.00am Mo Dutta

- Radio 3
(93 24 66) FM
7.00am Record Review. 9.00 Building a Library. Rodenick Swanson compares available recordings of Cesar Franck's three Organ Chorales. 10.15 Record Release. Prokofiev: Violin Concerto No 1 in C. Hindemith: Konzertmusik for brass and strings, Op 50. Mahler: Symphony No 4. 12.00 Private Passions. Michael Berkeley talks to Australian-born publisher Carmen Cahill, founder of Virago Press, about her diverse musical tastes and her conductor Kevin Beckett. (3/5).

- 3.45 Young Composer Workshop. BBC Philharmonic/Maryn Brabbins. David Pyatt (horn). Sarah Walker introduces a programme recorded at the final concert of the 1996 Young Musicians of the Year composers' workshop. (1/2).
- 4.30 Mendelssohn. Piano Quartet in C minor, Op 1.
- 5.00 Jazz Record Requests.
- 5.45 Music Matters.
- 6.30 Anna Bolena. Donizetti's first major international

Choice

The art of running things: Roy Mearns (left) takes a searching, in-depth look at the world of a managing director in *People Like Us* (10.30am R4); while John Fletcher's *The Tiger* (2.30pm R4) tells the story of Zahir-ul-Muhammed, Mogul conqueror of India.

- 12.00 (FM) Money Box. 12.25 (FM) I'm Sorry I Haven't a Clue. 12.55 (FM) Weather. 1.00 News. 1.10 Any Questions? Jonathan Dimbleby's are Roger Good. Limerick and guest debate the criminal justice, the Rt Hon Peter Lilley MP, Anne McAvoy, Deputy Editor of the *Spectator*, and Dr Garry Stang MP, Shadow Secretary of State for Food, Agriculture and Rural Affairs. 1.55 Shipping Forecast. 2.00 (LW) Test Match Special. 2.00 (FM) News. Any Answers? 2.30 (FM) Saturday Playhouse. *The Tiger*. Saeed Jafrey stars in John Fletcher's historical drama. See Choice. 4.00 (FM) News. Livechat. 4.30 (FM) Science Now. 5.00 (FM) Film on 4. 5.45 (FM) Personal Obsessions. 5.50 Shipping Forecast. 5.55 (FM) Weather. 6.00 (FM) Test Match Special. 6.25 Week Ending. 6.50 Ad Lib. Robert Robinson talks to a group of disabled people to find out if they feel a part of a community or merely labelled. 7.20 Kaleidoscope Feature. Five years after his death, Cristina Odone presents a personal view of the longest journey Graham Greene ever undertook – his journey to Tibet. 7.50 Saturday Night Theatre: *The Revengers' Comedies*. By Alan Ayckbourn, with Jan Strickland and Liz Williams. (2/2).

- 9.50 Music in Mind. 9.55 News. 10.00 News. 10.15 Stanza. Simon Amstell talks to James Fenton, Oxford Professor of Poetry, poet and journalist. 10.45 Colour Radio. 11.00 Striking Chords. Blur producer Stephen Street, Penguin

- Cafe Orchestra leader Simon Jeffes, and jazz singer Marlon Hayes at breakfast 9.05 Weekend personal tastes in music with Sarah Ward. (2/6).
- 11.30 First Men in the Moon. By H.G. Wells, adapted by Joe Quirk. With Gerald Simden as the eccentric Professor Cavort and James Boland as the insouciant Bedford. (1/4).
- 12.00 The Late Show: Queen of the May. Written and read by David Benedictus. 12.48 Shipping Forecast. 1.00am As World Service.

- Radio 5
(603 08) FM
6.05am O'Joy Tackle 6.30 Brian Hayes at Breakfast 9.05 Weekend with Kershaw and Whitaker 10.35 No Entry 11.00 Euro 96 Sport on Five 5.55 Saturday Superleague 6.05 The Treatment. 9.05 Clear the Air 9.30 The Big Fight 10.35 Half and Half 11.00 Night Extra 12.05 Night Talk 2.00 Up All Night 5.00-6.05am Morning Reports

- Classic FM
(1010 10) FM
6.00am Sarah Lucas 9.00 Classic Countdown 12.00 Classic Gardening Forum. From the Gatocham Garden Club, Scotland. 1.00am Mann 3.00 Nick Bailey 6.00 Monthly. Master Musician 7.00 The World Opera Season. Offshoot: Tales of Hoffmann. With Neil Shiffert, Luciano Serra, Rosalind Plowright, Jessye Norman, Chorus and Orchestra of the National Opera, Brussels/Sylvian Cambreleng. 10.00 The Classic Quiz 12.00 Andrea Leon 4.00 Classic Travel Guide 5.00-6.00am Michael Fantone

- Virgin Radio
(1215 119 128) FM
6.00am Janey Lee Grace 8.00 Ross and And Greatest Hits 10.00 Richard Skinner 2.00 Mark Forest. Including the Album Chart. 6.00 Mitch Johnson 10.00 Robin Banks 2.00-6.00am Howard Pearce

- World Service
1.00am Newsweek 1.30 Letter from America 1.45 Britain Today 2.00 Newsweek 2.30 People and Politics 3.00 Newsweek 3.30 Music Review 4.00 World News 4.15 Sports Roundup 4.30 Fourth Estate 4.45 White On 4.55 Pop Short 5.00 Newsweek 5.30 Short Story 5.45 On the Move

Satellite

- SKY ONE
7.00am Undun (6854866). 11.30 Groovy Lashed (5179038). 11.50 The Door (666021). 12.00 WWF (58572). 1.00 The Hit Mix (34392). 2.00 The Adventures of Brisco County Junior (12777). 3.00 Hawkeye (712587). 4.00 Xing Fu, the Legend Continues (50868). 5.00 Motocross Island (9446). 6.00 WWF (54156). 7.00 Sliders (95427). 8.00 Unsolved Mysteries (47525). 9.00 Cops I (48782). 9.30 Cops II (59671). 10.00 Stand and Deliver (15895). 10.30 Revelations (28243). 11.00 The Movie Show (51951). 11.30 Forever Knight (11632). 12.30 Dream Live (33996). 2.00-6.00am Hit Mix Live (3825278).

- SKY MOVIES
6.00am Knights of the Round Table (1953) (91840). 8.00 Broken Arrow (1950) (36358). 10.00 The Karate Kid (1984) (40632). 12.00 A Wedding on Wisteria Walk (1982) (15682). 2.00 I Love Trouble (1994) (78750). 4.00 Pee-wee's Big Adventure (1985) (47501). 6.00 Vagabonds (1983) (30514). 8.00 I Love Trouble (1994) (78750). 10.00 Mindwarp (1991) (258069). 11.45 Object of Obsession (1994) (759514). 1.25 Against the Wall (1994) (158712). 3.15 Ed McMahon's 87th Practice Lightning (1995) (2444605). 4.40-6.00am The Karate Kid (1987) (8810195).

- MOVIE CHANNEL
6.00am The Treasure of Swamp Castle (1987) (91822). 8.00 My Neighbor Totoro (1993) (77601). 10.00 Return to Hong Kong (1992) (40895). 12.00 Mercy Mission: The Rescue of Flight 771 (1993) (17224). 2.00 MacGyver: The Last Treasure of Atlantis (1994) (76392). 4.00 Kid in the Hood (1994) (2392). 6.00 Spring Fling (1995) (95155). 8.00 Tombstone (1994) (838088). 10.30 The Shadow (1994) (6128663). 12.00 The Last Outlaw (1993) (121557). 1.45 Subspecies (1991) (4714880). 3.25-6.00am A Business Affair (1993) (5498135).

- SKY NEWS GOLD
12.00am Canyon Passage (1946) (30224). 2.00 The Egg and I (1947) (30392). 4.00 Elmer Gantry (1960) (185445). 6.30 Mutiny on the Buses (1973) (49917). 8.00 The Killers (1964) (75621). 10.00 Cohn (1961) (75201). 11.35 The Parole in Needle Park (1971) (588224). 1.25-3.10am The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie (1972) (5881218).

- SKY 5
7.00am Give Us A Cue (5576780). 7.30 Going for Gold (7779865).

- 7.55 The Sullivan Omnibus (8315080). 10.00 The Goodies (258028). 10.30 Classic Sport (7885972). 12.00 Neighbours Omnibus (3028271). 2.15 EastEnders (73879088). 5.00 Tilt Death Us Do Part (1212576). 5.35 Get Some! (2687224). 6.00 The 1995 (7793576). 6.45 It Ain't Half Hot, Mum (8210477). 7.50 What a Carry On! (1038408). 7.50 Bread (2690601). 8.30 Cops (3898686). 9.35 Tenet (5683187). 10.40 Danger UXB (5620453). 11.45 Throw Momma from the Train (1987). (898798). 1.20 Public Eye (525880). 2.15-7.00am Shopping at Night (5495373).

- SKY SPORTS
7.00am World Sport Special (58501). 7.30 WWF (64408). 8.30 Racing News (62576). 9.00 Big Time Boxing: Julio Cesar Chavez v Oscar De La Hoya (67243). 11.00 World Wide Rugby: Australia v Wales (75175). 12.00 Sports Starline (58821). 5.30 Super League: Sheffield v St Helens (268243). 8.00 Big Time Boxing: Naseem Hamed v Daniel Alcázar (258868). 10.30 International Cricket: England v India (46205). 11.30 World Wide Rugby: Australia v Wales (70863). 1.00 Super League: Sheffield v St Helens (48890). 3.00 Big Time Boxing: Naseem Hamed v Daniel Alcázar (15538).

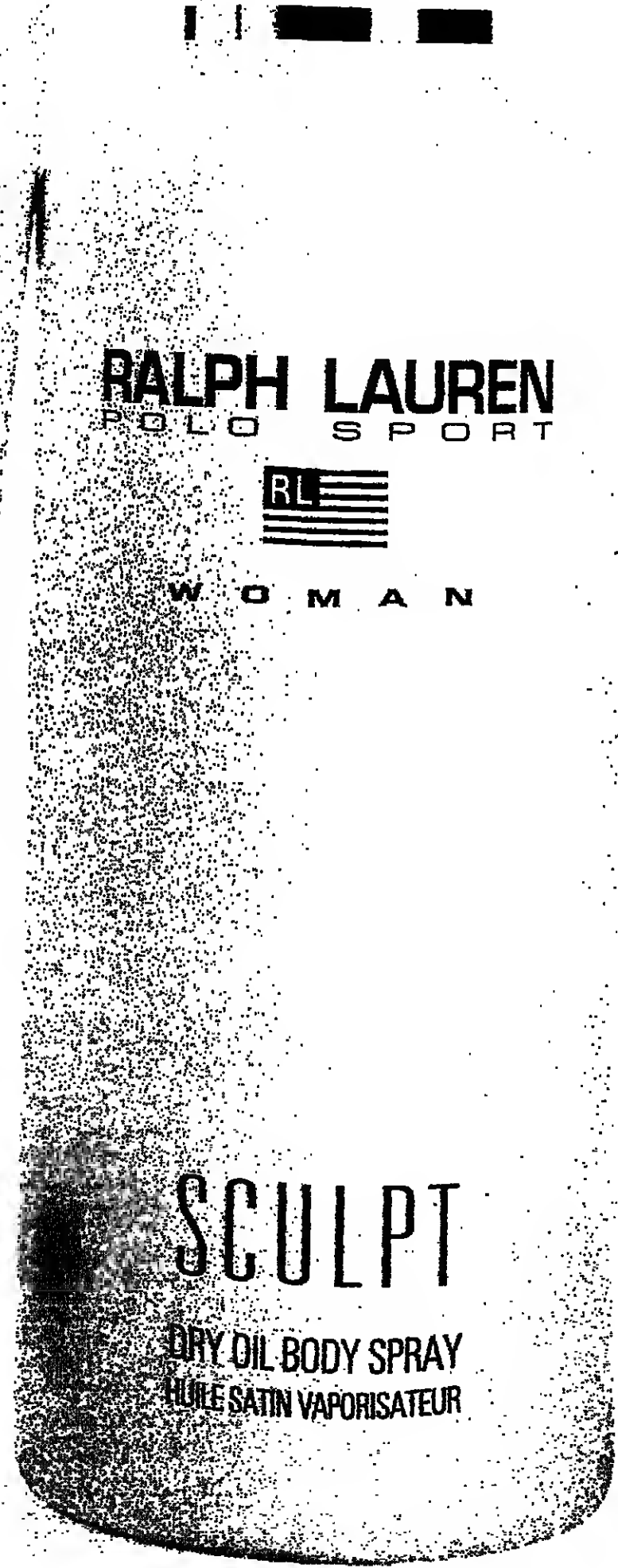
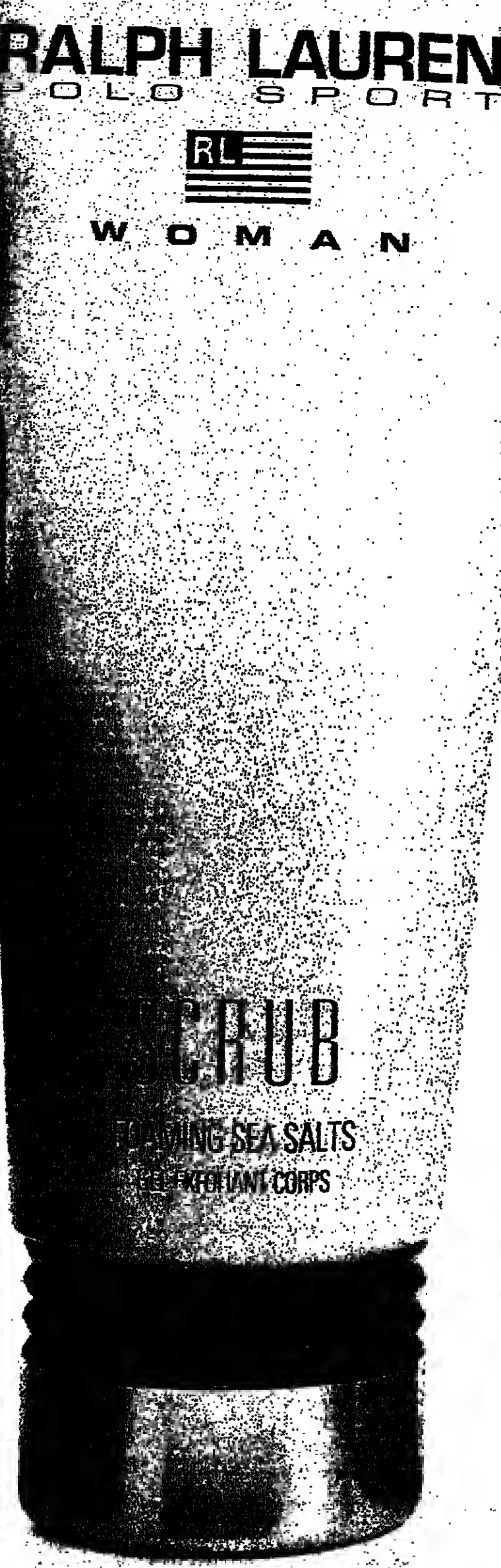
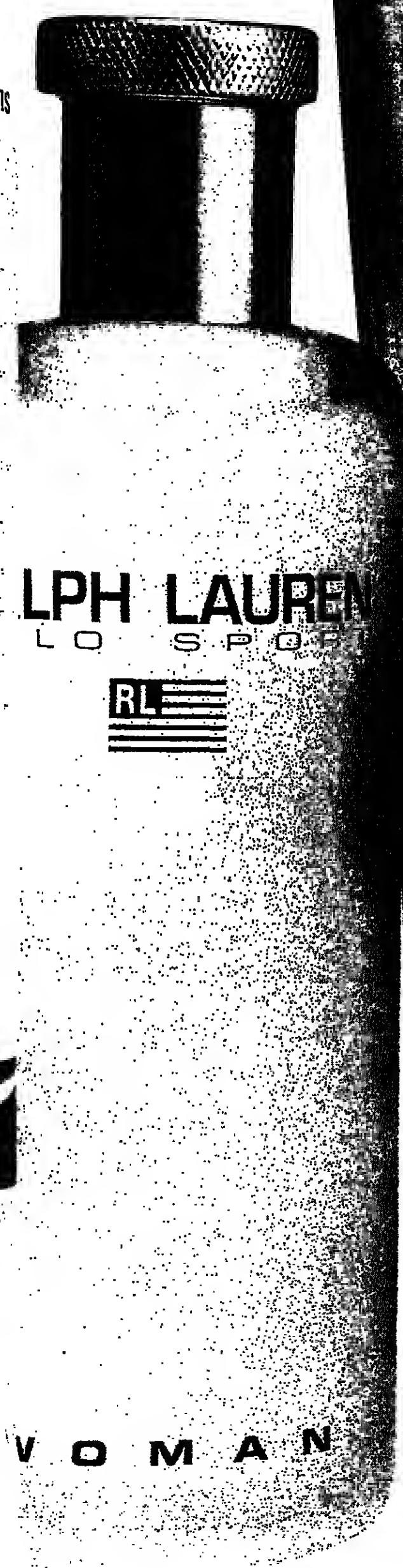
- SKY SPORTS 2
7.00am Soccer AM (2603040). 11.00 End Zone (7038243). 12.00 Golf USA: Buick Classic (5856484). 2.00 PGA European Tour English Open (5444175). 5.00 Inside the Senior PGA Tour (494663). 5.30 Opposite Lock (2878682). 7.00 The Winning Post: Newmarket and Southwell (7020224). 9.00 Swift Sailing (4882578). 9.30 Golf USA: Buick Classic (5853717). 11.00 PGA European Tour: Murphy's English Open (2146392). 12.30-1.00am Finish Line (7843034).

- LIVE TV
6.00am Video Box 6.30 Home Shopping 7.00 Video Box 7.30 Fate & Fortune 8.00 425 9.00 Mind & Body 9.30 Video Box 10.00 Fashion Show 10.30 Spanish Archer 11.00 Video Box 11.30 Fate & Fortune 12.00 Canary Wharf 1.30 Why Files 2.00 Pin to Go 2.30 Sport 5.00 Weigh In 5.30 Fashion Show 6.00 Video Box 6.30 Spanish Archer 7.00 425 8.00 Video Box 9.30 Why Files 10.00 Topless Darts 10.30 Fashion Show 11.00 Topless Darts 11.30 Stand Up 12.00 Lunchbox Valley Ball 12.30 Live TV 1.30-6.00am Night-Time Programmes



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AMS

the saturday story



A softly, softly siege

So far, the FBI has waited patiently while armed extremists play out America's longest stand-off. Now the pressure is on, says Tim Cornwell

In the early morning darkness of 29 September last year, a six-vehicle convoy left a log house in the Bull Mountains in eastern Montana. The Freemen were on the move, heading 120 miles north-east to the family ranch near Jordan occupied, but no longer legally owned, by 65-year-old Ralph Clark. At least two of about a dozen people in that mid-night caravan - Rodney Skurdal, a former Marine sergeant, and LeRoy Schweitzer, a crop-dusting pilot - were wanted fugitives. But while the FBI tipped off Montana patrolmen about their journey along mostly empty roads, there was no attempt to stop them.

Though a company of right-wing survivalists was about to arrive on his doorstep, Sheriff Charles Phipps concluded they were heavily armed and "ready to kill", and best left alone. In one of the most remote and unpolluted areas of the US, he simply did not have the manpower - or the firepower - to challenge them. It was six months before the FBI itself elected to challenge the Freemen, though it had had them under surveillance for nearly a year, well before the Oklahoma City bombing last April horribly brought home the threat from a resurgent loony right. By that time they were well settled in their new headquarters; they had a hunker, a fishing lake for water and food, supplies and a well-stocked arsenal.

Using an undercover agent posing as a Freemen sympathiser, Schweitzer and a second Freemen leader were lured out and arrested on 25 March. Without them, it was thought, the motley crew left inside the ranch would rapidly crumble. But a curious milestone passed this week. At 75 days and a cost of several million dollars, Jordan became the setting of the longest armed siege by law enforcement on record in the US.

Jordan is deep in the northern plains, far from the breathtaking beauty of the Rocky Mountains to the West, a place where few tourists venture. It is bitterly cold in winter and baking hot in summer, and the chinook winds sweeping over the Rockies produce dramatic swings in temperature. The nearest city of any note is Billings, 150 miles away down straight, single-lane roads where tiny towns are typically 30 miles apart. Ranching is practically the only way of life for the 1,500 residents of Garfield County, high school rodeo the favoured summer sport. Signposts on the dirt roads point to family ranches as much as 10 miles away. After more than two months on the Freemen beat, reporters forced to hunt down rooms with local ranchers have ended up helping them deliver their calves.

A cartoon from the early days of the siege has the FBI and all its gunnery pointed squarely at the Freemen's shack. "You're surrounded," an agent is shouting through a megaphone. "If I'll make you happy, we'll move your lawn. OK, who wants pepperoni on their pizza?" But the siege has, so far, been a public relations success for the FBI. In its extraordinary display of patience - the Freemen have toted their rifles as they sipped drinks in deck chairs on their veranda, and rode round their compound on horseback - it has massaged even its toughest critics.

The mass deaths at Waco and the shootings of a 14-year-old boy and his mother in an earlier stand-off with white supremacists at Ruby Ridge, Idaho, have led FBI and other federal agents to be blasted as trigger-happy paramilitaries. Militia groups have portrayed them as the enforcers of a tyrannical government.

Now the FBI has proved it can wait. In Jordan's hars, agents hobnob with Montanans to show they are salt-of-the-earth types. Many residents, fearful at first of a bloody fire-

fight, have signed a new petition urging the FBI to employ "reasonable force". Ranchers have laid flowers at the site where one agent, the operation's only casualty, was killed in a car accident.

By contrast, the Freemen's stock has sunk with their natural allies in the militia and "Patriot" movements. Two right-wing leaders, Charles Duke, a Colorado legislator, and James "Bo" Gritz, a decorated Vietnam veteran who runs combat training courses popular with survivalists, have denounced them after failing to talk them out. Gritz was frustrated by what he called their "legal mumbo-jumbo". Duke ended by calling them common criminals sheltering behind children and said the FBI should "teach them some pain". And the Militia of Montana, one of the best-known of such groups in the country, has also washed its hands of them.

This week, however, the siege entered what is potentially a dangerous coda. On Monday, the new-look FBI director, Louis Freeh, reluctantly signalled a tougher stand by cutting off the electrical power to the ranch. The bureau hinted that it was losing patience after 42 different intermediaries had failed to talk the Freemen out. In a transparent show of force, three armoured cars were

moved closer to the site while a helicopter buzzed overhead. The next likely step, it is reported, is to jam radio and television reception to further the Freemen's sense of isolation and uncertainty.

On Thursday the new tactic seemed to produce results: the two children remaining inside, Courtney, 10, and Jaylann, eight, left with their mother, Gloria Ward, and her common-law husband. For weeks negotiators had tried unsuccessfully to get them to leave. The children remove a major headache for the FBI in the event that they force the Freemen out. But the nagging question is how those left inside will respond to the ratcheting up of pressure, what one veteran negotiator called this "psychological brain surgery" used in many a siege but which failed so miserably at Waco.

The remaining Freemen and their hangers-on, including a 16-year-old girl with her parents from North Carolina, are an unpredictable mix. After approaching them so softly for so long, the FBI may have a hard time persuading them that it is seriously considering a "tactical solution".

The problem is they are sitting in there with guns and very blatantly waving them around

up fake money orders, and face charges of "criminal syndicalism" as a result. Jacobi, a former Canadian policeman, is an adherent of the white supremacist Christian Identity church and is described as the Freemen's religious instructor.

The county attorney, John Bohlman, pleaded publicly with President Bill Clinton to move earlier against the Freemen after they defied a series of warrants in his district. He recalls a 27-page declaration that Skurdal sent him one week before the siege began, outlining a "true bill" for \$100 against the local Lutheran church. Rodney Skurdal promised to issue "hunting rights" to judges and ministers and said there would be "no bag limit". He forecast his own death. While the 43-year-old man has no history of violent crime, Mr Bohlman believes there is plenty of potential.

"Skurdal, unless he is taken by surprise, will not surrender," Mr Bohlman says. "I think he has to have a violent end in order to fulfil his own concept of his destiny. I don't think he is just going to walk out."

The sole remaining teenager in the compound, Ashley Taylor, has been filmed riding a red bicycle around the ranch. In North Carolina, Ashley seemed like any other high school girl. She dated a local carpenter and told people that her parents "taught people about the government". In fact, say authorities, her mother Dana Dudley and companion Russell Landers were members of a militia group in North Carolina that tried to set up its own court system. One member attempted to make a citizens arrest of a local judge. They are wanted on a list of charges that run from fraud to cocaine trafficking, and have allegedly taken a hard line against concessions. When Gloria Ward's sister came to try to win her niece's departure, Ms Dudley called her a "prostitute of the state".

The Freemen are charged only with making threats and financial fraud and most have no history of violence. Their ranch is not a particularly defensible position. They could probably force them out, says Cliff van Vandt, a former chief negotiator for the FBI. But as ever, it is the arsenal of assault weapons and armour-piercing bullets they have acquired under unenforced US gun laws that expose them as dangerous paranoids. So far they have thrown sand to the face of a giant with absolute impunity.

"What we have is people charged with white collar crime, not charged with capital crimes," Mr van Vandt says. "They have made threats but not carried them out. The problem is they are sitting in there with guns and very blatantly waving them around."

Poor old Pavarotti has been unable to drop the necessary weight in order to sing so beautifully without getting out of breath. Apparently he has to lose three supermodels' worth of fat to get himself in shape. Being in love just isn't the rush to the cottage cheese it used to be. The exercise bike purchased for him by his new love lies unpurchased upon and gathering dust. I feel sorry for the poor old bugger. Maybe he should have a word with Fergie and enter the hazy world of slimming pills. On the other hand, I tried them many moons ago. They just made me eat my dinner faster.



Pavarotti: pound those pedals

From the Alamo to Jordan, Montana

The Alamo, 1836

Davy Crockett and James Bowie were among the 200 defenders who perished during a 12-day siege of the San Antonio mission by 4,000 Mexican soldiers. The Lone Star State went on to win its independence, and the cry "Remember the Alamo" has roused Texans ever since.

Wounded Knee, 1893

Two members of the American

Indian Movement were killed and one federal marshal wounded during a 68-day siege of the occupied village of Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

Ruby Ridge, 1992

Three died at Ruby Ridge, Idaho, during a 11-day siege, which began when federal marshals attempted to arrest white-supremacist Randy Weaver on a weapons charge. Snipers shot Weaver's wife dead; his 14-year-

old son and a marshal were killed in a shoot-out.

Waco, 1993

The 51-day siege of David Koresh's Branch Davidian sect in Waco, Texas, began with an attempt by government officials to search the compound for weapons in the course of which four agents and six cult members died. The siege ended in an inferno in which 72 cult members died.

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LIMITED PERIOD ONLY

Jo Brand's week

The press seems to have whipped people into a vague type of hysteria, judging by the reaction a planeload of passengers had to a young girl travelling back from Spain after suffering a bout of meningitis. I wonder how the passengers found out about it in the first place. I would also like to have been a fly on the wall while the passengers came to their reasoned and informed decision to proceed Mr Christian-like to Blight without the girl. Unfortunately, most people these days do not read the papers properly. If at all, so they rely either on a selection of soundbites before they turn over to Home and Away, or two lines accompanied by a scary headline sandwiched between a picture of someone famous and attractive and an advert for a new diet. Hence the dreaded word, be it meningitis or BSE, just has to be uttered and everyone is thrown into a frenzy of histrionics. As a lot of people don't intend, I'm sure, to change their newspaper from a comic to a broadsheet, perhaps it is up to the tabloids to lay information about these types of illnesses on the line clearly and without drama, before the entire country starts refusing to travel with someone that once saw a cow.

I noticed that in one of the documentaries currently on the box about poverty, many of the families who were portrayed as struggling with terrible conditions and the blank face of bureaucracy had one thing in common - most of them smoked. This will of course provoke the normal outcry from I'm Alright Jack Land which always includes the words, "If they can afford to smoke, they can't be that hard up," or "It's outrageous, they should be spending that money on their children." This from people who probably think nothing of spending the sort of money these people spend per week on fags on a good brandy or a fat cigar.

I wouldn't want to persuade anyone to start smoking, but the plain fact is that some of us do and we don't want to stop. For people who have hopeless lives particularly, it is one small pleasure in a dull, grinding existence. Hauling oneself out of the type of poverty and the substandard housing some of these people live in isn't the price of a packet of Silk Cut a day, it's much more. It also involves those so ready to condemn being a little less mean spirited.

I find I cannot let a comment by the illustrious Mr Garry Bushell or his

marvellous television show this week, go unremarked upon. During one of his well argued and intellectually impressive rants about anything he can think of a tired joke on, he huffed and puffed about the choice of Beethoven's *Ode To Joy*, which will be used as the theme for Euro 96, complaining that it was a "Kraut" piece of music. "Don't get me wrong," he went on to say, "I love Beethoven." Confusing or what?



Ludwig van Bushell: confused?

I went up to Derby last Friday to hah on about psychiatric nursing at the university and on my way back dropped in to see a friend who has been managing a pub up there for a while. It's some time since I've done a Friday night in a city like Derby and I have to say it was a bit of a shock.

Wandering down a smallish road, peppered with drinking holes, I was surprised to see enormous bouncers outside every pub and the streets completely given over to the neanderthal laddish behaviour that I had fondly imagined confined itself to my nightmares. I'm sure Derby is no different from most other cities on a Friday night, but it was hell on earth, consisting as it did of staggering, loutish, screaming individuals all on a one-way ticket to vomiting.

Now most of us like a wild night out now and again, but this uncontrolled vision of Bacchanalia scared the hell out of me. No wonder so many women don't go out on their own at night.

Junior doctors appear to be getting a raw deal, depending on the area in which they are working. A recent report suggests that many are being asked to do jobs they have not been taught to do, or are missing out on supervision. I always got the feeling when I was a nurse that some consultants felt that because they'd had to go through it, why shouldn't these lads?

If this feeling prevailed everywhere,

the commentators



John Bellamy's 'Weeping Vessel', an exhibit in this year's Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, comes under severe public scrutiny

Photograph: Colin McKillop

Hang-ups and put-downs

The RA's Summer Exhibition is a glorious celebration of amateur aspiration, writes Rebecca Fowler

A imperious woman in a lilac beret surveys the paintings, shaded from the sweltering English sunshine, and points to a derisory smile to one of the best starting exhibits at the Royal Academy's 238th Summer Exhibition. It features a balding woman with her breasts surveying a bald bird in a large beak, and is identified by the number 627. "I've been coming for 40 years and just gets worse each time," says Lisa Oldrich, 71, with some satisfaction in a safe distance from the exhibit. The type of work and the colours have become so much more violent, hilly some of them are just hysterically funny, and that one, well that one just hides. Then you look them in and see the prices and it's even funnier.

This year's cause célèbre, *Critic Kills* by RB Kitaj, dedicated to his late wife who died of a stroke after a savaging of the artist's works at the Tate, must be strangely at home here. Because of the sheer variety and volume, no other exhibition lends itself less readily to the scrutiny of critics. It is the public who criticise, and it is also the public who buy these paintings.

There is also comfort to be drawn for aspiring masters from the fact that when John Constable persuaded the academy to hang the *Haywain*, an unusually realistic painting for its day, it was so badly received he was offered a price for the frame not the painting. It would fetch more than £20m at auction today.

For its critics the exhibition has become nothing more than a tawdry jumble sale, an overcrowded selection of works that are overly traditional and fail to represent progress in art. But for its followers, it is the one date in the artistic calendar on which

Constable was offered a price for the 'Haywain's frame

artists have an almost equal chance of showing their work in one of the most prestigious galleries in Europe. Gill Hutchinson, an economics lecturer in London, says: "I've been coming to the exhibition every year and I think this is the best yet. Of course, the exhibition will never fail to invite derision: there are simply too many exhibits for it ever to succeed on purely artistic grounds.

But as an institution it is a glory, a mishmash of the good, the not so good, and occasionally the great, and more so than ever the possible great of the future. It is also one of the rare occasions in which the toffs do not offend. Instead white-haired men in flowery shirts and floppy hats, who might have been destined for the army, stroll through the gallery enthusing about art; the sweat pours off them cheerfully in the famous Weston Rooms where the smallest paintings hang as crowded as any football terrace; and people are not what they seem.

A crop-haired waiter serving the Pimm's is delighted to be asked his opinion. "Go and look at 1130. That's mine," he says. The waiter is Michael Gill, 26, an art student from Liverpool whose abstract work, entitled *City III-Oh*, is priced at £1,800. Sure enough his work of swirling blue, grey and brown images dominates a wall in the next room where it is being surveyed by visitors. "I don't like it at all, maybe it's smaller," says Ben Gifford, 32, a

struggling artist. "I don't know what it represents, but the picture of the thing in the corner that looks like a fan is rather cooling on a day like this," says Pamela Patman, 51, a housewife from Woking.

The most enduring criticism of the exhibition remains the dominance of the Royal Academicians, who have the divine right to show six paintings while outsiders are forced to go through the selection process. The Academicians' paintings often dominate and overshadow the works of commoners, who have fought tooth and nail for their few inches of wall.

"There are so few chances for unknown artists to get their works seen, and that is what makes this exhibition so special," says Sue Bell, 48, a caterer from Cardiff. "That was the original idea, that anybody could exhibit their works regardless of who they are. If you're an established Royal Academician you will get your works shown anyway."

Despite the claims that it remains traditional, elitist, and a hotchpotch of flower arrangements and fuddy-duddy old art-beans, the Summer Exhibition is a glorious celebration of the amateurish aspirations, and genuine achievement, where tomorrow's *Haywain* may hang beside august works and a painting of a pet spaniel.

DAVID AARONOVITCH

Lie of the land



I may seem odd, but a lot of his friends and acquaintances are very upset that Paul Chellis is not dying of cancer. Many of them (fans, probably, of all those movies that feature doomed lovers with titles like *No Time to Love*, *A Season in the Sun* and *Going, Going, Gone*) had contributed to his £4,000 wedding, the limousine, the champagne and expensive presents.

Had they thought that he would live, they wouldn't have bothered - after all, what need does a healthy man have of a set of Waterford crystal glassware? But this week they discovered that all those tears so satisfyingly shed in the church - all that pathos that they had joyfully participated in - was misplaced. Mr Chellis was not rushing straight from the honeymoon into an almost certainly hopeless operation on a malignant tumour of the head. Far from it - he was going to have a routine operation for mastoiditis, from which the recovery rate is a rather unalarming 100 per cent.

Naturally, his new wife takes his side. Indignantly, (if naively), she enjoins those cheated of a four-Kleeneex evening to "be glad that he has got cancer after all". But what the disappointed guests want to know is how it happened. Because it is a little difficult to accept that it was a misunderstanding. Mr Chellis was adamant that he had been led to believe the prognosis was grim. "The specialist told me that I had a 50-50 chance of pulling through," he explained. "And I am due to start chemotherapy in two weeks." The hospital is just as certain that he was told no such thing.

The surgeon explained to him twice that it was a routine op, which lasts an hour. There is no question of him undergoing chemotherapy.

Chemotherapy is not one of those words that is easily confused with something else. So, less charitable souls are bound to conclude that this was a case of exaggeration, to say the least. Is it not conceivable that the bridegroom sought to elicit more sympathy (probably from his bride to be, in the first instance) than his condition actually warranted? It would certainly not be the

first time that a man has resorted to such a stratagem. I know whereof I speak, and here is my confession: when I was younger I actively contemplated telling fibs about my mental and physical health to attractive young women, in order to gain their sympathy and access to their bodies.

My favourite plan was to go out for a drink and hint, darkly, at some shaming secret that was causing me anguish. Almost writhing with curiosity, the object of my desire would plug ruthlessly away until she finally wormed out of me the terrible truth: I was impotent. Had tried everything. Had

My plan with women was to hint darkly at some shaming secret ...

given up. If only ... but no, it was impossible. Such selfishness ... your place?

Men will shamefacedly recognise themselves to this, but many women will think I'm just trying to shock. Well then, *écoutez-moi*. A friend of mine - a conscientious and truthful man - went, in his early twenties, on a hitchhiking tour of Europe and Israel. And whenever he met an attractive woman, he told her the same sad tale. He had once been the happiest man in the world. When he married his childhood sweetheart - a girl of wondrous beauty and exceptional sensibilities - a lifetime of bliss beckoned. And then tragedy struck. A boat had sunk, a car had crashed, a plane had dived - whatever - and left him contemplating the wreckage of his young life alone. "It worked every time," he revealed. "They all wanted to console me."

So his view was that where flattery, assertiveness, a muscular torso, poetry or pearly teeth would often fail, an appeal to charity or sympathy was a sure-fire winner. In other words, forget the Legendary Lover gambit. Try Adopt a Penis.

Can Dr Death be a true hero?

PROFILE: Jack Kevorkian

The American doctor's plan to harvest the organs of euthanasia volunteers will provoke outrage. Has he gone too far? By Liz Hunt

He has been dubbed America's Dr Death, the Grim Reaper Incarnate, and his home visits are a prelude to the grave. He is the inventor of a "suicide machine" and his recommended route to eternal oblivion is a lethal dose of carbon monoxide.

He is Dr Jack Kevorkian, the founder of a Mercy Clinic in Michigan where people are helped to die. In six years he has helped 28 to escape their suffering, in the clinic, in their own homes and in apartments rented for the purpose. He has had his doctor's licence revoked, has spent time in jail and been threatened with long sentences six times. His peers have branded him a "reckless agent of death."

But today Dr Kevorkian, 68, the world's leading proponent of doctor-assisted suicide, is hailed as a hero by the *British Medical Journal*: as a man of action, a clinical Copernicus or Che Guevara, who took on the legal, medical and religious establishments, and said, "I dare you to stop me."

They tried and they failed. Instead, Dr Kevorkian's actions ignited an international debate about the right of a patient who has endured great suffering to seek a doctor's help in ending their life at a time of their choosing. He has never charged for his services nor has he once been condemned by the family of those he helped to die.

His campaign has achieved growing popular support for that right here and in America, where a federal appeals court has now recognised a "constitutional right to die" effectively in nine states, and the state of Oregon has legalised state doctor-assisted suicide.

"He is a maverick, but he is a hero to many British people who see the need to recognise and regulate medically assisted suicide," says



Grim Reaper: Dr Kevorkian has won widespread support from the American public for his campaign for euthanasia, but his plan to 'harvest' the organs of his patients could cost him the backing of the medical establishment

Merideth MacArdle of the Voluntary Euthanasia Society. "We owe him a great debt."

Two-thirds of Americans support doctor-assisted suicide, and an NOP poll in 1993 put British support even higher, at 79 per cent. A survey of doctors published last month by Glasgow University found that more than half supported rational suicide, and more than a quarter had been asked for help to die by desperate patients. Another survey, in 1994, found that 10 per cent of doctors admit to helping someone to die.

The British Medical Association remains implacably opposed to the idea, and hence the significance of the glowing tribute for Dr Kevorkian in today's issue of the *BMJ* which is co-authored by the journal's North American editor. The editorial castigates the conservatism that is rife in medicine which inhibits frank discussion of some of the fun-

damental issues of civil liberty and medical practice: "... only a few doctors have stood up and said 'Enough!' to their profession and society. Kevorkian seems to be one," the journal reads.

However, it now seems that someone should be saying "Enough" to Dr Kevorkian. Last month, a Michigan court failed to convict the doctor over his involvement in the deaths of two women. It was the sixth case to have been brought and to have failed and it is unlikely that any fresh lawsuits will be attempted. It was the case deemed most likely to succeed because neither of the women was terminally ill - one had multiple sclerosis and the other severe pelvic pain - although both wanted to die. As in every other suicide Dr Kevorkian has supervised, their wishes were meticulously documented and he had videotape recordings in which they expressed their desire for death.

But not content with the success of his creative efforts to legalise doctor-assisted suicide - it is predicted that many more states will follow the lead of Oregon in the next few years - Dr Kevorkian immediately began pushing at the barriers of what is ethically acceptable yet again.

For his next trick, Dr Kevorkian will assist at a suicide and then, with the prior consent of the deceased and the appropriate medical tests, his or her organs will be removed soon after death for use in transplant surgery.

Geoffrey Fieger, Dr Kevorkian's lawyer and agent in Detroit, Michigan, says that Dr Kevorkian has the support of "several surgeons" who would be willing to carry out organ removal. "It hasn't happened yet but it will. Soon. Even if I know when I wouldn't tell you," Mr Fieger said yesterday.

The harvesting of organs adds a new, commercial dimension to the right to die issue. Critics warn that the terminally ill may feel pressurised into assisted suicide so their relatives can benefit from the sale of their organs. For those supporters of Dr Death, it may be one step too far on the journey he began in 1990.

It was in that year that Dr Kevorkian, the son of Armenian refugees from Turkey and an obscure former pathologist in a suburb of Detroit, helped Janet Adkins, 54, who was suffering from Alzheimer's disease, to die using his specially devised suicide machine.

His interest in death was long established. He chose pathology because it is "studying the dead to help the living," but he dismisses claims that he is obsessed with it. He courted controversy early in his career with his suggestion that death-row prisoners could be used for medical experimentation just prior to death and that organs be harvested from executed criminals.

As a young doctor, Dr Kevorkian experimented as an artist and in one painting, called "Genocide," he used his own blood and exhibited it with dark red fluid dripping into a trough underneath the canvas. "I never called them art but philosophy in paint," Dr Kevorkian says.

The purpose was to provoke thought. To date, Dr Kevorkian has provoked millions to think about death, about their right to determine their own time and circumstances of departure from life. He has helped doctors face up to the dilemma of modern medical practice that enables more people to survive for longer but with a questionable quality of life. But perhaps now is the time for him to step aside, and allow a calmer discussion of the issues. The hero has made us uncomfortable for long enough.

HELLO MR WALDEN

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US jobs surge sparks fear of rate rise

RUPERT CORNWELL
Washington
and DIANE COYLE
London

A surge in the number of new jobs created in America last month raised the spectre of a rise in US interest rates and sent the financial markets into turmoil yesterday. But President Bill Clinton hailed the news as proof of a strong economy that can only help his re-election effort.

The Treasury bond market lost two points within 15 minutes of the release of figures showing that employment rose by 348,000 in May, and by 163,000 in April rather than the original estimate of 2,000. Share prices tumbled, triggering the New York Stock Exchange's automatic curbs on trading.

By late morning the Dow Jones index was down nearly 37 points at 5,630.62, after falling 67 points earlier. The yield on the benchmark long-term Treasury bond had risen to 7.07 per cent. Share prices and gilts in London, already ambivalent about Thursday's cut in base rates, followed suit. The FT-SE 100 index closed 53.5 points down at 3,706.8.

In the markets the initial reaction was a rush to sell, amid fears that the Federal Reserve will raise its key interest rate – possibly by a full half-point from the current level of 5.25 per cent – when its policy-making Open Market Committee next meets on 2 and 3 July.

The last three rate moves by the central bank have all been downward. But with GDP apparently growing at a solid 2.5 per cent or more, Wall Street increasingly believes that Fed chairman Alan Greenspan's main concern has switched from ensuring the five-year-old re-

covery does not run out of steam to guarding against a new upsurge in inflation. Yesterday, however, Mr Clinton brushed away the fears, claiming the unemployment news showed that growth was "steady and strong" with "no evidence of inflation". If this remained the case, the President added at a hastily convened news conference, "I would think the interest rates should stay down."

In fact, despite a slight rise in average hourly wage rates this spring little evidence exists of a structural upturn in inflation, currently running at 2.5 to 3 per cent annually. Recent rises in the price index have been caused by higher energy prices after the cold winter, and by the mid-western drought's impact on some food prices.

On the other hand, there have been clear signs of an upturn in retail sales and housing. Indeed, as the election campaign heats up, the ever-crucial issue of the economy could hardly be more favourable for the White House. Consumer confidence is strong, and at just over 8 per cent the so-called "misery index" – combining the inflation and unemployment rates – is its lowest in three decades.

Investors persuade BBA off Lucas bid

PATRICK TOOHER

The £1.2bn merger of the components groups Lucas and Vario looked secure last night after institutional investors scuppered plans by the engineering rival BBA to launch a hostile bid.

Coopers and Deloitte face Barings suit

JOHN WILLCOCK

The liquidators of the Barings Futures operation in Singapore which brought down the merchant bank are suing the division's auditors, Coopers & Lybrand and Deloitte & Touche for more than \$51bn (£460m) each.

Mr Mattar said Deloitte & Touche, which served as Barings Futures' auditors from 1986, when Barings Futures was incorporated, until 1993, was "completely satisfied that the audits... were conducted with all professional skill and care."

Spokesmen for the British parts of the two accountancy firms stressed that the legal action, taken by the liquidators Price Waterhouse, would be confined to Singapore and have no impact in the UK.

A spokesman for Rajah and Tann, solicitors for Price Waterhouse, said: "The claim is in excess of \$51bn (each) for negligence in their audits of Barings Futures." Nick Leeson lost more than \$860m while in control of Barings Futures leading up to and after Christmas 1994.

The suit, filed in Singapore's High Court, also claims that the auditors failed to detect Leeson's hidden account 88888, which was used to hide the gigantic losses that brought down Britain's oldest merchant bank.

Deloitte & Touche is being sued for negligence for the period 1992-1993 and Coopers & Lybrand for the period from then leading up to the firm's collapse in February 1995.

Entirely separately, the UK administrators of Barings, Ernst & Young, are suing Coopers in the UK and both firms in Singapore. Ernst & Young have refused to discuss how much its own claims are for.

The inspectors criticised Deloitte's treatment of the key 88888 account, saying that while the auditors were aware it existed they did not do enough to check on how it had been used. Deloitte has used "inadequate procedures," they concluded.

In Singapore, Deloitte & Touche's managing partner, Po'ad Mattar, confirmed the firm had been served a writ of summons and statement of claim by Price Waterhouse.

Coopers & Lybrand Singapore replaced Deloitte as Barings Futures' auditors for the year ended 31 December 1994. The inspectors criticised Coopers, saying appropriate procedures "were not followed."

He said the suit was "not unexpected" but his firm was "disappointed" that the liquidators chose to sue them in Singapore.

"We are confident that our work as external auditors was properly carried out and we intend to vigorously defend any claims against us," he said. He said the firm was being sued for an audit it had not completed and would fight the claim.



Sir Andrew Large: Asked to make recommendations on how new system can qualify for tax relief

Photograph: Edward Sykes

SIB urges key change to trading system

PETER RODGERS
Financial Editor

The Securities and Investments Board, the senior City regulator, is urging the Stock Exchange to rethink a key element of its new electronic trading system so that traders can qualify for tax relief.

In a move that is bound to anger member firms, the SIB wants the new breed of registered principal traders – who are to replace market-makers – to be given a wider role in supporting the dealings of the market as a whole.

The Chancellor has asked the SIB, chaired by Sir Andrew Large, to make recommendations early next month on how the restructured stock market can qualify for tax relief. But at the Stock Exchange the new plan represents a compromise after three years' argument among member firms and there is reluctance to alter it.

The disagreement between the SIB and the Exchange about the registered traders centres on the key issue of whether the traders deal on or off the main market.

The registered traders would swing into action whenever the new electronic order book system of trading – on which buyers and sellers are automatically matched – cannot cope, because orders are too large. They are an essential mechanism for keeping the market going.

Under the Exchange's proposals, the traders would deal bilaterally on large blocks of shares by telephone with their own customers or with other Stock Exchange member firms.

The Exchange's big members are said to prefer this because it is more cost-effective to devote capital to trading with their own approved customers rather than any investor who calls up to buy or sell. However, the SIB is trying to steer the Exchange away from this off-market telephone trading of large orders. It is looking for a system in which the registered traders are more closely linked to the main electronic order book, giving greater liquidity and openness to the market as a whole.

This set-up would make it easier to recommend giving stamp duty relief on the Chancellor's terms. SIB officials believe this method, used by the TradePoint dealing system, may not be transferable to the Stock Exchange, but weeks away from the deadline for recommendations they are continuing to search for a compromise closer to their ideal.

One compromise floated by the SIB would be to insist that the registered traders are obliged to deal with all users of the electronic order book.

But when large blocks of stock are not available on the electronic screens all users of the order book would be entitled to make a phone request to a registered trader for a quote. SIB officials acknowledge that there is no point in insisting on a system that the Stock Exchange cannot operate, but with stamp duty at stake they have a substantial carrot to persuade the Exchange to modify its proposals.

Martin Wheatley, head of market development at the Exchange, said: "In every other market it is accepted that there should be an order book, block trading and an interface between the two. That is what we are trying to adopt."

Despite the BBA announcement, it is by no means certain that the Lucas/Vario merger is now a done deal. Other companies, such as German engineering groups Mannesmann and Linde, may yet enter the fray.

The Lucas/Vario merger is not expected to be completed by September, leaving a small window of opportunity for another potential predator.

From mobiles to horses, Sir Ernest keeps moving

JOHN WILLCOCK

Sir Ernest Harrison of Rascal has had quite a week. The lively 70-year-old entrepreneur has attended Vodafone's results on Tuesday, Rascal Electronics' figures on Wednesday, Chubb Security's on Thursday, the Oaks horse race meeting yesterday and plans to see the Epsom Derby today.

Sir Ernest's combined salary from his three businesses totals £867,000, and that doesn't include generous share options arrangements. His favourite way of spending it is on horses.

Sir Ernest's most valuable creation, Vodafone, of which he is non-executive chairman, sponsors both the Oaks and the Derby. The Hackney-born businessman also owns a stable of horses himself, one of which once came third in the Derby, although he is not entering any horses today.

Despite all this ceaseless activity, Sir Ernest shows no sign of slowing up, and has no plans to retire. Still executive chairman of Rascal and Chubb, he leads from the front. As one subordinate put it yesterday: "We're all running around trying to keep up with him."

The man has also earned a reputation as a tough cookie who doesn't suffer fools gladly. Famously he saw off two attempted takeovers of Rascal, by Cable & Wireless in 1988 and Williams Holdings in 1991.

Sir Ernest also masterminded Rascal's support of Camelot, the much-debated National Lottery organiser. Rascal still owns 22.5 per cent of Camelot.

Alders agrees £160m SwissAir duty-free deal

PATRICK TOOHER

One of the City's more curious takeover sagas appeared to have run its course yesterday when Alders, the department store group, agreed to sell its international duty-free operation to SwissAir for £160m.

SwissAir's offer, tabled two days ago, trumped an improved £145m bid from BAA made earlier on Wednesday.

The bid battle for Alders International began in earnest last month when airport operator BAA made a recommended £130m offer for the duty-free business. Then SwissAir stepped in, saying it would pay £145m, but there was initial confusion about the status of SwissAir's bid, from its Nucleon International unit, with Alders saying it was not a firm offer.

However, Tony Collyer, Alders' finance director, yesterday defended the company's handling of the bid, which had raised questions about management's fiduciary duty to get the best offer for shareholders.

"Our concern was that we ended up with a firm deal but until yesterday we only had a bid that was not recommended something to our shareholders that was only in the media," Alders' decision to turn tail and back the SwissAir bid de-

pends on shareholders voting against a resolution approving BAA's lower offer at an extraordinary general meeting on Monday. This should be a formality as BAA has already indicated it will not make a higher offer. Alders will then have to call another egm, probably early next month, to approve the SwissAir deal.

Last night BAA sought to hide its disappointment. A spokeswoman said "other options" in the duty-free area were being examined, though she declined to elaborate.

The bizarre auction has been good news for Alders shareholders, who saw the group's shares rise a further 4p to 210p yesterday.

STOCK MARKETS					
Index	Close	Day's change	Change (%)	1996 High	1996 Low
FTSE 100	3706.80	-53.50	-1.4	3657.10	3639.50
FTSE 250	4445.80	-34.80	-0.8	4508.60	4015.30
FTSE 350	1878.10	-24.30	-1.3	1945.40	1816.60
FT Small Cap	2239.44	-4.92	-0.2	2244.36	1954.06
FT All Share	1866.16	-22.33	-1.2	1924.17	1791.35
New York	5824.71	-42.48	-0.7	5778.00	5032.94
Yokohama	21751.81	-82.65	-0.2	22282.05	19734.70
Hong Kong	11198.55	-29.28	-0.3	11594.99	10204.87
Frankfurt	2557.43	+4.90	+0.2	2570.78	2253.36

Source: FT Information

INTEREST RATES					
Short sterling		UK medium gilt		US long bond	
1 Month	5.50	5.50	5.50	7.00	7.00
3 Months	5.50	5.50	5.50	7.00	7.00
6 Months	5.50	5.50	5.50	7.00	7.00
1 Year	5.50	5.50	5.50	7.00	7.00

CURRENCIES					
S/£		D/£		Y/£	
Yesterday	1.5417	Yesterday	0.8486	Yesterday	100.00
Change	+0.082	Change	-0.04	Change	0.0254
Year Ago	1.5943	Year Ago	0.6489	Year Ago	0.6272
Other leading rates of £/\$ and £/¥					
£/\$	1.5417	£/¥	154.17	£/\$	1.5417
Change	+0.082	Change	-0.04	Change	0.0254
Year Ago	1.5943	Year Ago	0.6489	Year Ago	0.6272

سكنا من الامل

The quiet hum of a privatisation without protest

COMMENT

For investors, the Government is feather-bedding the British Energy flotation on a scale that makes it very hard to resist

Not many people outside the Government and its advisers thought nuclear privatisation remotely possible this time last year. As it is, the flotation of British Energy, which gets under way with publication of the pathfinder prospectus on Monday, seems set to go through without fuss or controversy. Unlike the Railtrack sale, there's been scarcely a murmur of protest. The Labour Party doesn't seem to care, other than to ridicule the Government for the bargain-basement price at which it is being forced to sell, while environmentalists think it a good thing, since it ought to ensure that no new nuclear power stations are ever built on these shores again. As for investors, the Government is feather-bedding the issue on a scale that makes it very hard to resist.

The likely sale price has been cut back to a range of between £1.5bn and £2bn (some City houses believe it worth even less but this is little more than a try-on). Moreover, since this is an industry which over the next 40 years will be progressively run down, British Energy can afford to be very generous in its dividend policy. It won't be needing that whopping great depreciation charge shown in the accounts, so it makes sense to pay an uncovered dividend.

This coming year, British Energy plans to pay out twice its net profits in dividends. Most companies would regard such apparent extravagance as tantamount to a death wish. But in British Energy's case, it looks justifiable, although the payout is twice prof-

its, it is also only half cash flow. You can argue about the ethics of this since British Energy's largest amounts to payment of dividends out of capital originally put up at vast cost by the taxpayer. But from the company's point of view it makes sense.

The upshot is that these shares are going to be sold on a prospective first-year yield of between 7 and 8 per cent, with more to come as the years progress. To the retail market that's worth getting on for 20 per cent in the first year because of the partly paid nature of the stock and the discount available to private investors.

This is a company not without risk. It is highly vulnerable to any drop in the pool price for electricity, or any capacity shut-down. On the other hand management has established an enviable record, and reprocessing costs have been capped for the first seven years through fixed-price contracts with British Nuclear Fuels. Furthermore, the regulatory risk that bedevils Railtrack and other privatised utilities is virtually non-existent. The Railtrack float confounded the sceptics; British Energy, as it turns out, is going to be even more of a doddle.

The economic club remains secure

Even the Treasury seems to be succumbing to the mania for economic league tables. It is scratching its head over the pos-

sibility that Britain will have only the world's 10th biggest economy by 2015, down from sixth now and, let us not forget, first more than a century ago. In theory, that means Britain would also have to suffer the ignominy of dropping out of the Group of Seven.

Being part of G7 plainly has an importance that goes beyond that of sitting at the top table, for in so far as there is any attempt to coordinate economic policy on a global scale these days it comes from this organisation. It can be safely assumed that policy is coordinated to benefit member countries first and foremost. So being a part of it does matter.

If Britain, France and Italy were ousted and replaced by China, India and Korea, say, then policy would presumably be distorted accordingly. Which is why it is probably silly to worry about it. In fact, both China and India have both already overtaken the Swiss level of GDP. Even so Switzerland remains far more influential in international organisations by virtue of its importance in world financial markets and trade.

It is equally premature to worry that Britain will soon be excluded from the key international policy-making groups. Although Britain's economic performance has been disappointing in many respects over the decades, the UK presence in financial markets will preserve its influence for a long time to come.

The US and Japan will continue to have

more in common with Britain and Europe than they do with China and India long after these latter countries have overtaken us in terms of GDP. The purpose of a club is to bring together like-minded people in their own interests. There is no doubt that international organisations will have to change to recognise the growth of economies outside the existing Western elite, and the transition of a few countries from developing to developed status. But beyond a few, like Korea, which have clearly made that leap, bigger size will not mean greater influence for most of those that outstrip us.

Rewards for the Premier League losers

There was no hiding the disappointment of the losers in Thursday's epic battle for the rights to the Premier League. But with a day's reflection in hand, the also-rans can be justly proud that they forced Rupert Murdoch and his lieutenant, Sam Chisholm, to cough up far more than either had intended even a few months ago.

When the bidding looked like a one-horse race, with BSkyB set to renew its lucrative contract without a whimper from rivals, Messrs Murdoch and Chisholm thought they might get away with £100m a year, or £500m in total, for the right to coin it for another five years.

In the end, the winners were forced to pay

£670m, thanks to the emergence of two rival - and serious - bids, from Lord Holford's MAI-United News & Media and Mirror Group with Carlton Communications. Both sorely wanted to win, by all accounts. They understood the high stakes as Britain's most popular sport rushed headlong toward the age of digital television, with its promise of billions of pounds for players, club chairman and broadcasters.

But squeezing more money out of Mr Murdoch brings them some consolation. The economics of BSkyB are simple. It must earn big money to buy expensive sport and film rights to entice new subscribers. If it can achieve a virtuous circle, whereby every new programming strand added brings in more money from subscribers, then the profits mount. That is how Sky has grown to date, regularly checking up modest subscription fee increases year-on-year.

By spending so much on the Premier League rights, BSkyB will have to charge subscribers considerably more money come the autumn or see its returns to shareholders decline. Given the company's heavy multiple in the stock market (and the lucrative share options held by senior management) you can guess which of the two Mr Chisholm will choose.

The market is already a bit nervous that subscribers may not be so quick to accept the extra costs, and that churn rates might rise. There is certainly a risk, and the rival bidders can take the credit for creating it.

Australian mine quits De Beers

JOHN WILLCOCK

The owners of the world's largest diamond mine have dealt a blow to the dominant De Beers diamond trading cartel by pulling out of their price fixing agreement.

The Argyle mine in far north-west Australia represents about 6 per cent of all sales by the Central Selling Organisation, part of De Beers. The CSO controls around 80 per cent of the world's diamond trade by buying raw gems from most of the world's producers.

Analysts fear this move could prompt Russia to reconsider its decision to stay in the CSO.

"The question is: Will the Russian agreement survive this change?" said David Walker, director of research for gold and diamonds at ABN Amro Hoare Govett in Melbourne. "They might ask the CSO how come you can't even keep your own people in line?"

While Argyle, which is 56.8 per cent owned by the world's largest mining company RIZ-CRA and 38.2 per cent by Ashton Mining, is the world's biggest diamond mine by volume, it produces a large quantity of small sized, low value gems. These are fed to the Indian cutting market for jewellery production.

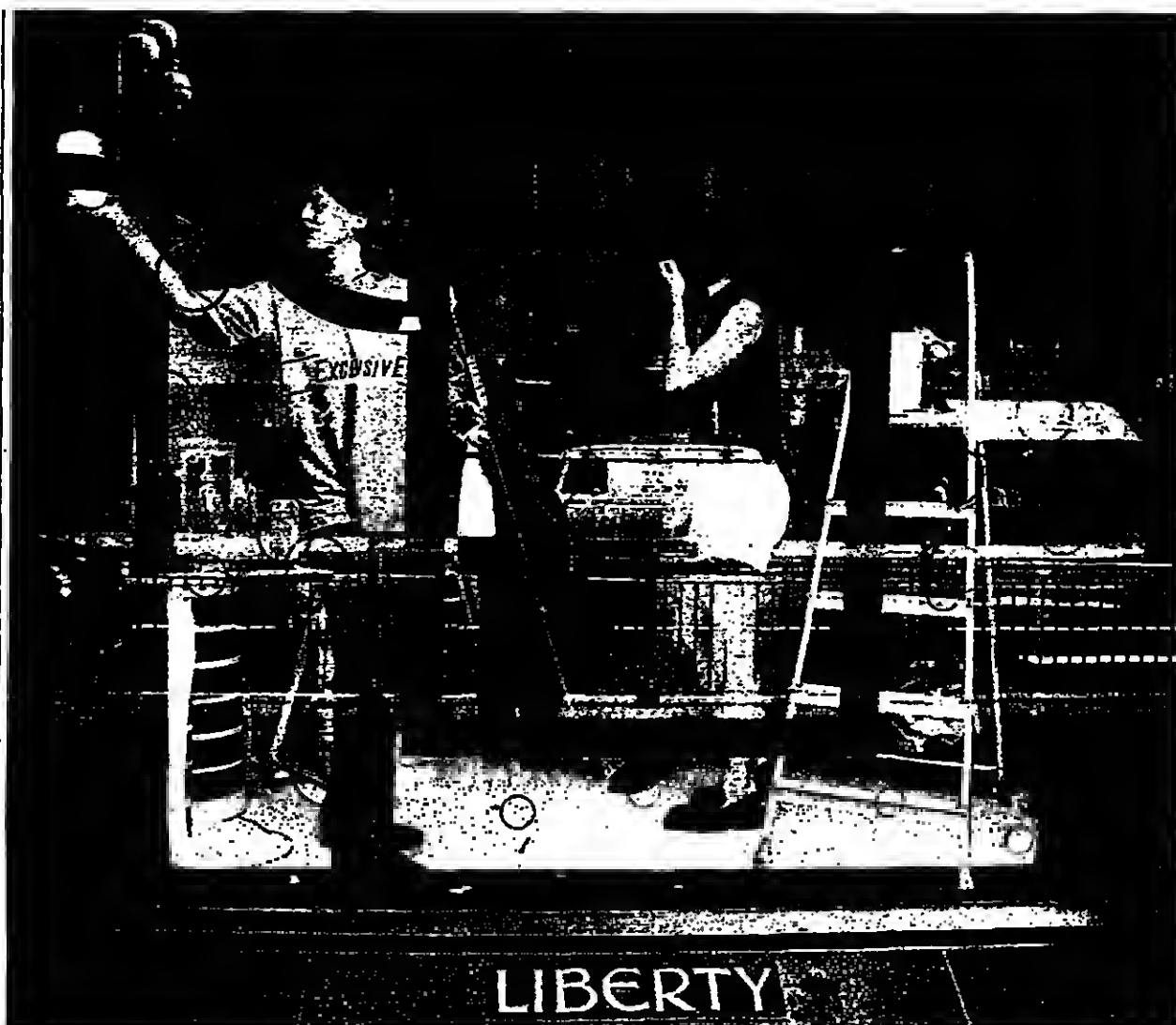
"Loss of a club member is a disappointment," said Tim Capon, executive director of the CSO. "But you have to put it in perspective - Argyle only represents 6 per cent of the value in terms of our business - and I don't see it as an earth shattering event."

In February, De Beers signed a memorandum of understanding with Russia, which is expected to guarantee that 26 per cent of total CSO sales come from Russia. The new accord is also supposed to limit the amount of gems Russia sells to non-CSO buyers.

Mr Capon said negotiations about a full agreement with Russia's diamond mining and trading group, Almaz Rosseti Sakha, are continuing, though they have been slowed down by the forthcoming Russian election. He said he did not expect the Argyle decision to have any impact on the Russians.

In its 1995 annual report, De Beers blamed production from Argyle in the last decade for "world over-supply" of smaller and cheaper diamonds and the reduction in their prices.

The average value of Australian diamonds is US\$15 per carat, compared with \$100-\$120 per carat in South Africa, and \$200 for offshore African deposits.



The full cost of shutting up Liberty, the upmarket retailer in London's Regent Street, will see the loss of 500 jobs and a restructuring charge of £18.7m, new management revealed yesterday. Denis Cassidy, chairman, said they would no longer make and distribute the distinctive fabrics which made Liberty famous. Liberty will continue to design patterns for fabrics, but will license out the rights to make and distribute them. The resulting closure of the textile operation in Europe and a warehouse in Burnley would add another 150 job cuts to the 350 declared last month, when Liberty announced it was selling all 20 of its regional stores.

The exceptional charge plunged the group to a £17.6m loss last year, after profits of £1.93m before. Mr Cassidy said: "There is a big hit, but the big hit is probably in the nature of a one-off and you've got a sparkling, clean business which can be developed quite rapidly."

Photograph: Colin McKillop

British G7 role threatened by economic 'slide'

DIANE COYLE
Economics Editor

The UK is on its way down the world economic league table, according to an internal Treasury document. Britain will move from sixth to 11th place by the year 2015 if the biggest developing countries continue growing at their present pace.

This demotion could have serious implications for Britain's role in international economic institutions such as the Group of Seven, the International Monetary Fund and the World Trade Organisation. The bigger its economy, the more weight a country carries in these organisations.

The leaked Treasury paper, *Strategic Considerations for the Treasury 2000 to 2005*, suggests that in order for the UK to retain its influence in future, it should back reform of the international organisations.

The document also assesses the department's long-term requirements for personnel and resources. Where the potential export sales lie, there Treasury officials will follow to smooth the way for businessmen.

For example, the Treasury - which currently sends officials to Washington and Brussels - might introduce postings in Delhi, Tokyo and Beijing.

The document extrapolates current growth rates to predict

which countries might be Britain's most important export markets in 20 years' time. Current UK export markets are predicted to grow more slowly than world trade.

Rapidly growing, big developing countries such as China, India, Brazil and Indonesia, are projected to burst into the international top 10, at least by sheer size as opposed to income per head. France, the UK and Italy would lose their current place among the seven biggest countries that currently make up the Group of Seven.

China would head the league, pushing the US and Japan into second and third place. India would pip Germany for fourth place, with Brazil, Indonesia, France, and Thailand then coming in ahead of the UK at No 10.

Most economists would agree that Asia will become the world's most dynamic region next century. The most successful Asian economies are already taking a more prominent role in the international organisations. For example, Korea has applied to join the Organisation for Economic Co-operation and Development and has agreed to contribute funds to the International Monetary Fund for emergency financial packages like the Mexican rescue.

Comment, page 21

THE INVESTMENT COLUMN

EDITED BY MAGNUS GRIMOND

Game on at London Clubs

London Clubs International, the London casino operator, is deservedly starting to attract admirers after having completed two full years on the stock market. Floated at 200p in 1994, the shares have outperformed the rest of the market by 113 per cent following yesterday's 4p rise to 527p.

The cause of this latest strength was evidence of another cracking year for the group. Pre-tax profits jumped 13 per cent to £33.3m in the 12 months to 24 March and, as the record shows, concerns about the volatility of the group's earnings have proved wide of the mark. The dependence on the two upmarket casinos, the Ritz and Les Ambassadeurs, where the big rollers tend to hang out, has been cut from 85 per cent to 65 per cent over the past two years. The reduction was all the more impressive given that both turned in another strong result last year.

By the same token, the middle and down-market operations have taken up the slack, with the Palm Beach in particular continuing the turnaround identified at the half-way. But there are many reasons to believe the story has a way to go yet.

For a start, last October's purchase of the London Park Tower Casino for an initial £16m is likely to chip in £2.5m in its first full year with the group. Then there is the contract to run Lebanon's first casino for 20 years, which LCI won just after the Park Tower deal. The potential there is substantial, given that the group involved will have a 30-year monopoly in the

country. The Casino du Liban, which will open in the autumn with 64 tables, will over double the number of London's biggest, is expected to generate £2m of fees for LCI.

Even more substantial is likely to be the impact of the proposed liberalisation of UK gaming laws. The hope that the limit on slot machines will be raised from six per club to two or three per table could add up to £5m to the bottom line, although the benefits could be a while off yet.

Valid doubts remain about LCI. The renewal of the lease on the Ritz casino beyond 1998 has yet to be agreed. Capital Corporation's Colony Club due to open in Mayfair will hit custom and Beirut is still hardly a businessman's dream. But with the industry consolidating, LCI's 48 per cent share of the London market has obvious attractions to a bidder. In the meantime, profits of £37m this year would put the shares on a prospective multiple of under 16. A firm hold.

Lottery hampers Park Food profits

Birkenhead-based hamper group Park Food has often been mentioned as a possible bid target. Such suggestions are perhaps hardly surprising as the outcome of any approach would hinge on just one vote - that of 64 per cent shareholder Peter

Johnson, who also chairs another Merseyside institution, Everton football club.

Last month the shares, depressed by an earlier profits warning, bounced off their year's low of 74p on news that fellow Park Food director Stuart Marks had sounded out Mr Johnson about the possibility of mounting a management buy-out. To avoid any potential conflict of interest, Mr Marks resigned from Park's board while information about the company was disclosed to him and his advisers.

No further takeover developments emerged with yesterday's results for the year to March, which revealed Park's first profits setback since 1988. Pre-tax income fell 31 per cent to £9.5m on sales 6 per cent lower at £161m.

Park blamed three factors for the shortfall. One was the National Lottery, which took loose change out of the pockets of some of Park's one million customers that would normally have gone into saving up for Christmas hampers at up to £200 a pop. Problems linked to the closure of Park's wholesale hamper office in Windsor and moving it to Birkenhead were also cited. But the biggest, albeit unspecified, hit was taken at Handling Solutions, the marketing services and promotions handling division run by Mr Marks. Big contracts on its direct mail and database management side failed to materialise until after the year end.

Given the highly seasonal nature of its business, Park continues to diversify into other areas. Test runs for a new type of flavoured potato snack have already started and it should move into commercial production in the very near future. About £4m of investment is riding on the success of this venture.

Profits are expected to rebound this year to at least £12m, implying a price/earnings ratio of 21, with the shares down 1p at 106p yesterday. But with Park in effect in play, the fundamentals of the business are unlikely to have much bearing on the shares in the short-term. And as the old stock market adage goes: never buy on hid hopes alone. Best watched from the sidelines.

IN BRIEF

• Copper prices were caught in a tug-of-war between powerful long and short. Investors huffing for supremacy on a volatile and active London Metal Exchange (LME) copper market yesterday. This followed a massive fall in price of 10 per cent in hectic trading on Thursday as speculative hedge funds sold their positions. During the sharp recovery, cash copper hit \$2,580 (£1,675) a tonne at one stage, up 15 per cent from Thursday's closing level of \$2,247. "It's a minefield out there," said one senior broker.

• The Government is to sell up to £236m of long-term Railtrack bonds it has held since March, just ahead of the £1.9bn privatisation of the company. The bonds were issued as part of the Government's restructuring of Railtrack's capital. SBC Warburg is handling the sale to institutional investors, which will be in the next few weeks.

• Some 200 company directors were disqualified by courts in the first quarter of 1996 compared with 100 disqualifications for the same period last year. The Department of Trade and Industry's executive agency The Insolvency Service said. The number of disqualification orders against directors for the year totalled 727 compared with 392 in the 12 months ended 31 March, an increase of 85 per cent and hinging the total of convictions for unfit conduct under the 10-year-old Disqualification Act to 3,000.

• Southern Water, already under siege from both Southern Electric and ScottishPower, came under attack from Labour after it unveiled a 16 per cent profits jump to £166m for the year to March. Labour claimed the results provided further justification for a windfall tax. Southern said it had maintained customer service standards at a very high level. Cost savings of £3.9m more than offset the £2.4m cost of last year's drought. The company warned that if the weather got hotter, a sprinkler ban in east Sussex might have to be extended.

• PepsiCo will open its first Pizza Hut outlet next week in the southern Indian city of Bangalore, where the first restaurant of its Kentucky Fried Chicken unit was ransacked by farmers after launch last June. Sandeep Kohli, head of PepsiCo in India said: "Acts of boogalooism will not deter us from opening our second restaurant in Bangalore." But the regional farmer's forum which ransacked the Kentucky Fried Chicken outlet warned it would remove Pizza Hut, because it opposed the entry of multinationals in "irrevocable" sectors on grounds that they would ruin millions of farmers.

• Pillar Property Investments is raising £43.9m through a underwritten one-for-four rights issue, pitched at 160p per share. Pre-tax profits rose 95 per cent to £6.4m, with £1.9m coming from property sales.

• OPEC ministers concluded their summer meeting, with delegates saying they agreed to boost their output quota from 24.5 to 25.033 million barrels a day, equal to about 37 per cent of the world's oil supply, to accommodate 800,000 barrels a day of new oil from Iraq.

• Ladbroke Group is set to establish a joint venture in China to build 20 five-star hotels over the next 20 years. China only has 40 five-star hotels, of which two, in Peking and Shanghai, are owned by Hilton. The venture will be with China International Industry and Commerce Corp, which also plans to open 100 three-star hotels.

CBI

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Telephone: 0171 379 7400

In association with THE INDEPENDENT

LONDON CLUBS INTERNATIONAL - AT A GLANCE					
Market value: £373m, share price 527p					
Five-year record	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994
Turnover (£m)	144	146	156	169	
Pre-tax profits (£m)	9.10	14.8	26.4	33.3	
Earnings per share (p)	10	18.5	26.7	30.1	
Dividends per share (p)		25.3	15.5		
*Pro forma as adjusted for the takeover proceeds					

market report/shares

DATA BANK

FT-SE 100
3706.8 -53.5

FT-SE 250
4445.8 -34.8

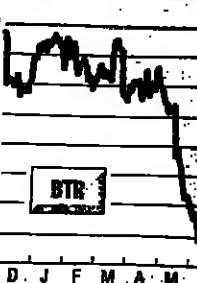
FT-SE 350
1878.1 -24.3

SEAQ VOLUME
730.9m shares;
32,892 bargains

Gifts Index
92.29 -0.34

SHARE SPOTLIGHT

share price, pence



American jobs boost sends a shudder through London

TAKING STOCK

MARKET REPORT

DEREK PAIN

Stock market reporter
of the year

Once again the American employment figures managed to send shares crashing. As soon as it became known that the number of people on the non-farm payroll had risen by 348,000—double the expected increase—the stock market collapsed without even waiting for New York's reaction.

Quickly a 10-point fall by the FT-SE 100 index was stretched to more than 50. At its worst Footsie was down 65.5; it closed at 3,706.8, off 53.5. Government stocks fell by up to 41.

The US jobs data is beginning to haunt the market. It is achieving a nasty habit for surprises. A few months ago the jobless numbers sent shares here and in New York tumbling as hopes of further interest rate cuts evaporated. Now the worry is that trans-Atlantic rates could be forced higher.

The savage mark-down il-

lustrated the fragility of the market, with political uncertainties increasingly eroding sentiment.

Worries about domestic interest rates were also rife. Thursday's modest cut could quickly become an embarrassment if the growing strength of the US economy forces an increase next month.

Only four blue-chips escaped the meltdown. British Aerospace was the one high-flyer, climbing 24p to 937p, a new high.

Merrill Lynch helped by putting a 1,400p target price on the shares. SBC Warburg was another making positive noises. Talk also swirled that BAe had linked with Boeing, the US group, to compete for a £2bn Ministry of Defence contract. Just to add to the excitement, which lifted the shares briefly to 944p, the market latched on to a story that Airbus Industrie, where BAe has 20 per cent, was



near to floating in London and Paris.

The others to survive the rout were Thames Water, up 7p to 578p, RTZ (3.5p to 971p) and Thom EMI (5p to 1,835p). Thames, the biggest of the privatised water companies, flowed on hopes of a bid, probably from the US. Turnover was heavy. RTZ clawed back a few coppers after Thursday's sharp fall following the collapse of the copper price and Thom reflected hopes of positive music when its last figures as a combined rental and showbiz group are played next week.

Profits are expected to score a £100m-plus gain to around

£525m but it is the planned split, breaking the group into stand-alone rental and showbiz operations, which is creating the main interest.

Some of the perceived takeover targets, particularly those with extensive US interests, were the worst casualties. Royal Bank of Scotland fell 23p to 509p; Commercial Union 20.5p to 578.5p and Pearson 23.5p to 668.5p.

BTR was in deep despair even before US influences appeared. Conglomerates are out of favour and BTR more than most. The shares were at one time down 10p in heavy trading. They finished off 6.5p at 269p, a new 12-month close

low. The 95/96 warrants fell 3p to 17p; they offer the right to buy shares at 258p.

Last month BTR, which has disappointed in recent years, added to the gloom when it said first-half profits would "be moderately" down.

Two Premiership football clubs, somewhat perversely, made a muted response to the television deal. Manchester United fell 24p to 439p and Tottenham Hotspur 7p to 454p. BSKYB's success was greeted with a 5.5p fall to 430.5p.

Lucas Industries reversed 15p to 239p as BBA revealed it had abandoned plans to merge with Vario, the US car parts group, in a £2.2bn deal. BBA, at one time up 15.5p, ended unchanged at 303p.

Lucas, in effect, motored against the trend, reducing an earlier 23.5p fall. BBA's intention had always looked un-

likely but the market is still convinced there is a strong chance of Continental, perhaps even American, takeover interest.

Cairn Energy is attracting bid speculation, gaining 9p to 274p. Talk is that Mobil, the US giant, could be interested. The market is excited by Cairn's developments off Bangladesh where, by all accounts, it has a rich strike.

GGT, the advertising group, put on another 6p to 244p on bid speculation and Blenheim, the exhibitions group where a bidder has been flushed out, added a further 7p to 458p. The shares started the week at 311p.

Liberty, the retailer, rose 42p to 395p on the latest reorganisation and MAID, in late trading, gained 38p to 359p on a buy recommendation from Merrill and talk that Reuters, the information group, planned to bid for the on-line information provider.

Libernet, a provider of high speed networks, is heading for AIM. Greg Middleton, the stockbroker, is handling a placing at 100p a share to raise around £10m to finance the roll out of a national network which will link computers with faxes, telephones and videos. Managing director Charles McGregor will retain a 25 per cent interest. Dealings are due to start on 18 June.

Sale of a 5 per cent shareholding in Surrey Free Inns is intriguing. There is talk the shares have been acquired by a single buyer. If they have SFT should reveal the identity next week.

Stockbroker Pannure Gordon has cut its forecast for Eumaster Arables, the printer, from 44m to £1.7m for this year. It looks for 44m next. The shares held at 105p.

Share Price Data

Prices are in sterling except where stated. The yield is last year's dividend, grossed up 10 per cent, as a percentage of the share price. The price-earnings ratio is the share price divided by last year's earnings per share, excluding exceptional items. Other details: Ex rights = Ex-dividend a £1.00 United Securities Market a Suspended 10p Parity Paid 10p Nil Paid Shares, 4 AM Stock. Source: FT Information

The Independent Index

The index allows you to access real-time share prices by phone from Seaq. Simply dial 0801 123 333, followed by the 4-digit code printed next to each share. To access the latest financial reports dial 0801 123 333 followed by one of the two-digit codes below.

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UK Stock Market Report 01 Bullion Report 05 Electricity Shares 40
UK Company News 02 West St Report 06 Foreign Exchange 03 Tokyo Market 21 High Street Banks 29

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Market leaders: Top 20 volumes

Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume	Stock	Volume
British Gas	27,000	British Telecom	27,000	British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000
British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000
British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000
British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000	British Airways	27,000

FT-SE 100 Index hour by hour

Open 3755.5 down 50	11.00 3752.1 down 82	14.00 3701.1 down 502
09.00 3781.1 down 22	12.00 3752.1 down 75	15.00 3701.1 down 502
10.00 3747.7 down 128	13.00 3752.1 down 101	Close 3706.8 down 53.5

Telecommunications

Telecommunications shares are among the top performers in the FT-SE 100 index, with British Telecom leading the way.

Textiles & Apparel

Textiles and apparel shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Retailers, Food

Retailers and food shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Retailers, General

Retailers and general shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Transport

Transport shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Water

Water shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Support Services

Support services shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Rights Issues

Rights issues are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Recent Issues

Recent issues are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Government Securities

Government securities are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Index-linked

Index-linked shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Shares

Shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Medium

Medium shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Long

Long shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Property

Property shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Insurance

Insurance shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Leisure & Hotels

Leisure and hotels shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Investment Companies

Investment companies are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Investment Trusts

Investment trusts are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Household Goods

Household goods shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Food

Food shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Gas Distribution

Gas distribution shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Car

Car shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Engineering

Engineering shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Building Materials

Building materials shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Chemicals

Chemicals shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Distributors

Distributors shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Alcoholic Beverages

Alcoholic beverages shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Banks, Merchant

Banks and merchant shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Banks, Retail

Banks and retail shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Breweries, Pubs & Rest

Breweries, pubs and restaurants shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Diversified Industrials

Diversified industrial shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Extractive Industries

Extractive industry shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Engineering Vehicles

Engineering vehicles shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

International

International shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Oil Exploration

Oil exploration shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Oil, Integrated

Oil, integrated shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Other Financial

Other financial shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Pharmaceuticals

Pharmaceutical shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Printing & Paper

Printing and paper shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Property

Property shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.

Support Services

Support services shares are also showing strong performance, with several stocks reaching new highs.



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Foreign Exchange Rates

100 Largest Insurance Funds							
Fund	\$Bil.	Mld.	Offer	Fund	\$Bil.	Mld.	Offer
Affinity Equity Sec 4	286	2764		Strack & Diamond Managed Accum	626	10073	
Affinity International Ser 4	288	2929		London & Manchester Flexible Acc	630		
Affinity International Ser 5	289	3000		Equity	631		
Affinity International Managed	290	1663		London	634		
Affinity International UK Equity	302	746		M I G Managed Bond Acc	664	10655	
Affinity International US Equity	302	1645		Equity	664	10655	

[illegible]

California Highway Patrol 2	8577	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 2	8563	8563
California Highway Patrol 3	8578	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 3	8564	8564
California Highway Patrol 4	8579	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 4	8565	8565
California Highway Patrol 5	8580	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 5	8566	8566
California Highway Patrol 6	8581	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 6	8567	8567
California Highway Patrol 7	8582	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 7	8568	8568
California Highway Patrol 8	8583	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 8	8569	8569
California Highway Patrol 9	8584	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 9	8570	8570
California Highway Patrol 10	8585	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 10	8571	8571
California Highway Patrol 11	8586	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 11	8572	8572
California Highway Patrol 12	8587	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 12	8573	8573
California Highway Patrol 13	8588	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 13	8574	8574
California Highway Patrol 14	8589	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 14	8575	8575
California Highway Patrol 15	8590	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 15	8576	8576
California Highway Patrol 16	8591	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 16	8577	8577
California Highway Patrol 17	8592	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 17	8578	8578
California Highway Patrol 18	8593	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 18	8579	8579
California Highway Patrol 19	8594	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 19	8580	8580
California Highway Patrol 20	8595	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 20	8581	8581
California Highway Patrol 21	8596	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 21	8582	8582
California Highway Patrol 22	8597	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 22	8583	8583
California Highway Patrol 23	8598	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 23	8584	8584
California Highway Patrol 24	8599	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 24	8585	8585
California Highway Patrol 25	8600	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 25	8586	8586
California Highway Patrol 26	8601	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 26	8587	8587
California Highway Patrol 27	8602	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 27	8588	8588
California Highway Patrol 28	8603	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 28	8589	8589
California Highway Patrol 29	8604	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 29	8590	8590
California Highway Patrol 30	8605	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 30	8591	8591
California Highway Patrol 31	8606	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 31	8592	8592
California Highway Patrol 32	8607	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 32	8593	8593
California Highway Patrol 33	8608	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 33	8594	8594
California Highway Patrol 34	8609	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 34	8595	8595
California Highway Patrol 35	8610	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 35	8596	8596
California Highway Patrol 36	8611	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 36	8597	8597
California Highway Patrol 37	8612	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 37	8598	8598
California Highway Patrol 38	8613	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 38	8599	8599
California Highway Patrol 39	8614	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 39	8600	8600
California Highway Patrol 40	8615	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 40	8601	8601
California Highway Patrol 41	8616	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 41	8602	8602
California Highway Patrol 42	8617	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 42	8603	8603
California Highway Patrol 43	8618	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 43	8604	8604
California Highway Patrol 44	8619	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 44	8605	8605
California Highway Patrol 45	8620	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 45	8606	8606
California Highway Patrol 46	8621	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 46	8607	8607
California Highway Patrol 47	8622	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 47	8608	8608
California Highway Patrol 48	8623	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 48	8609	8609
California Highway Patrol 49	8624	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 49	8610	8610
California Highway Patrol 50	8625	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 50	8611	8611
California Highway Patrol 51	8626	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 51	8612	8612
California Highway Patrol 52	8627	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 52	8613	8613
California Highway Patrol 53	8628	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 53	8614	8614
California Highway Patrol 54	8629	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 54	8615	8615
California Highway Patrol 55	8630	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 55	8616	8616
California Highway Patrol 56	8631	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 56	8617	8617
California Highway Patrol 57	8632	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 57	8618	8618
California Highway Patrol 58	8633	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 58	8619	8619
California Highway Patrol 59	8634	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 59	8620	8620
California Highway Patrol 60	8635	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 60	8621	8621
California Highway Patrol 61	8636	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 61	8622	8622
California Highway Patrol 62	8637	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 62	8623	8623
California Highway Patrol 63	8638	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 63	8624	8624
California Highway Patrol 64	8639	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 64	8625	8625
California Highway Patrol 65	8640	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 65	8626	8626
California Highway Patrol 66	8641	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 66	8627	8627
California Highway Patrol 67	8642	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 67	8628	8628
California Highway Patrol 68	8643	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 68	8629	8629
California Highway Patrol 69	8644	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 69	8630	8630
California Highway Patrol 70	8645	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 70	8631	8631
California Highway Patrol 71	8646	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 71	8632	8632
California Highway Patrol 72	8647	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 72	8633	8633
California Highway Patrol 73	8648	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 73	8634	8634
California Highway Patrol 74	8649	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 74	8635	8635
California Highway Patrol 75	8650	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 75	8636	8636
California Highway Patrol 76	8651	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 76	8637	8637
California Highway Patrol 77	8652	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 77	8638	8638
California Highway Patrol 78	8653	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 78	8639	8639
California Highway Patrol 79	8654	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 79	8640	8640
California Highway Patrol 80	8655	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 80	8641	8641
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California Highway Patrol 85	8660	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 85	8646	8646
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California Highway Patrol 87	8662	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 87	8648	8648
California Highway Patrol 88	8663	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 88	8649	8649
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California Highway Patrol 96	8671	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 96	8657	8657
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California Highway Patrol 105	8680	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 105	8666	8666
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California Highway Patrol 108	8683	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 108	8669	8669
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California Highway Patrol 198	8773	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 198	8759	8759
California Highway Patrol 199	8774	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 199	8760	8760
California Highway Patrol 200	8775	Patrolman 1st Mgt Stn 200	8761	8761

Dancer more than just a morning Glory

VODAFONE DERBY STAKES (Class A)

1 428-156 ACHARDIE (28) (Parrot Racing) C Britain 390
(chestnut colt by Pharty out of Sibley)

2 1111-24 ALHAANTH (25) Hendon A Malvern W R 1111 390
(they celt by Underwain out of Irish Valley)
C. A. 1111 24

3 022-8 BUSY FLIGHT #21 (air 3 wingman) 6:00 p.m. at 1st
 (day coll by Phanty out of Busting Nelly)
 A -011 CHIEF CONTENDER 23 air John Magnus P Chapple-Horn 390.....D Harrison 21

1-08 CLASSIC EAGLE 823 (Classic Bloodstock PLC) R Herts 390.....A Noddy 3


1. Shaarrit
2. Glory Of Dancer
3. Mystic Knight
BEST LONGSHOT
Jack Jennings

[illegible]

CLASSIC EAGLE


Runs In the colours of the deeply troubled Classic Bloodstock picture share-based syndicate of several hundred investors whose profit-curve to date would be more familiar to Freddie Laker than Richard Branson. Optimistic shareholders are more likely to learn once again that even the "Find The Lady" shysters outside the course offer better odds than bloodstock when it comes to investing your cash. Odds: 200-1

MISYANTOP




The likely favourite, but evidence that he has what it takes to win is so thin that Perry Mason would refuse the brief. Runner-up to Glory Of Dancer in the Dante and should be better at this trip, but this is the same Dante which was run at such a crawl that experts dismiss it as a reliable guide. A half-brother to Commander In Chief, the 1993 winner, and has a chance, but it is nothing like as strong as his

JACK JENNINGS



In the aftermath of victory for Bryan McMahon's colt, the scramble for an interview with the connections would be led by Steven Spielberg, wanting a contract for the film rights. McMahon, the son of a Liverpool docker, is more used to preparing handicappers and jumpers, and will be saddling a first Derby runner after 24 years with a licence. Has a small chance of a place based on his third in the


CLAIMS



SHANTOU

Sheikh Mohammed has spent hundreds of millions of pounds on bloodstock and won just about every race in the calendar. Yet still the Derby eludes him, despite the efforts of various sycophants to credit him with the success 12 months ago of Lammtarra, who was trained by Godolphin boss in the colours of the Sheikh's nephew. Even with Frankie Dettori on board, Shantou will not break

2000



ZAFORUM

History will be made if he can prevail. He would be the first maiden to win the Derby since 1887, the first ever winner whose name begins with a "Z," and most important of all, he would persuade a record number of punters to place up the turf and turn to the Ladies. With just one-third place to his credit in seven outings, losing is not so much a habit as an affliction.

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DOCK

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THE BERRY

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PULLOUT

SPORTING

sport



Linford Christie
Great Britain
Age 36

Reigning Olympic 100 metres champion and 1993 world 100m champion. Won his first major titles - European indoor 200m, European outdoor 100m - in 1986 at the relatively advanced age of 26. Recently extended his unbeaten run of victories in the European Cup to 15. Said last May: "I honestly believe I could go on for another three or four years."



Carl Lewis
United States
Age 34

Will be 35 on 1 July. Won four gold medals at his first Olympic Games in 1984. Has subsequently added four more and is seeking to break Ray Ewry's all-time record of 10 in Atlanta this year. Winner of the last three Olympic long jump competitions. Ran his best 100m in five years last month in a time of 9.94sec. "I feel like my old self again," he said.



Merlene Ottey
Jamaica
Age 36

Won four Olympic and five world championship medals at 100 and 200 metres before winning world title outright at 200 in 1993. Competed at the 1980 Olympics. Trained with Christie. Appointed a living ambassador for Jamaica in 1993. "The young ones are still afraid of me," she said. "They think of me as the grandmother, but that's all right."



Tessa Sanderson
Great Britain
Age 40

First international appearance in 1973. Recently came out of retirement after break of four years and gained Olympic javelin qualifying mark at first attempt. Due to equal all-time record of six Olympic appearances by a woman athlete when she takes to the field in Atlanta. Olympic champion in 1984, three times Commonwealth champion.



Judy Oakes
Great Britain
Age 38

Came out of a second retirement in 1994 to secure her second Commonwealth title and her fifth Commonwealth medal in five attempts. Record international appearances for Britain. Has also won several world powerlifting titles. Recently came second behind world champion Astrid Kurnus in the European Cup. Seeking to improve this year on her fourth place at the 1984 Olympics.



Mike Conley
United States
Age 33

Due to defend his Olympic triple jump title in Atlanta. Jumped 17.50m or more every year from 1984 to 1994 - he had an ankle injury in 1995. Last month he improved his long jump best to 8.46, further than he achieved to win 1983 world bronze. Deputy sheriff for Washington County in Arkansas, and professional trainer of police and attack dogs, including Rottweilers named after Olympic stars.

Linford Christie may defend his Olympic title, Carl Lewis is nearly back to his best and Tessa Sanderson aims to compete in her sixth Games. How do they defy the years?

When Baron de Coubertin founded the modern Olympics, he called upon the youth of the world to congregate every four years.

One hundred years on, however, the congregation preparing for Atlanta contains a significant number of athletes who hardly qualify for the term "youthful" - and not just in the explosive disciplines of sprinting and throwing, traditionally the domain of the twenty-somethings.

Four years after becoming the oldest man to win the Olympic 100 metres gold medal, Linford Christie - now 36 - is still to announce whether he will defend his title. But most of his likely rivals believe that he will be there, and if he does go he will make it difficult for anyone to beat him.

Christie is notoriously wary of talking about his age. He seems to view acknowledgement of the passing years as Superman might regard kryptonite. But his approach, patently, works.

At 35, the American sprinter and long jumper Carl Lewis is seeking to add to the eight Olympic gold medals he already has in his possession. His 100m in 9.94sec at last month's Atlanta grand prix, only marginally wind-assisted, offers statistical evidence that his aspirations are not outlandish. "I don't know what a 35-year-old feels like, so I don't make any concession to age," Lewis said. "I don't know what age is doing to me unless I feel it."

The position was put even more succinctly by Britain's javelin thrower Tessa Sanderson.

Her achievement of the Olympic qualifying mark of 60 metres three weeks ago after coming out of a three-year retirement has given her the prospect this summer of equalling the all-time record of six Olympic appearances by a woman athlete. "I'm 40," Sanderson said. "So what?"

If we are surprised at such prowess so late in life, we should not be, according to Professor Bruce Davies, the physiologist who has been director of the British Olympic Medical Centre for the last two years. We are simply confusing chronological age with biological time.

"Age is an appalling benchmark to judge whether someone can perform in society," Davies said. "We all know people who are 20 years old going on 50, or 50 years old going on 20."

Report by Mike Rowbottom

"Biological age and chronological age vary so much. People age at different rates - some people are simply genetically programmed to live a lot longer. To be able to perform for a long time in athletics, you have to choose your parents well."

Davies, who has fitness-tested hundreds of international sportsmen and women in the last 20 years, is convinced that athletic longevity is crucially a matter of genetics - even to the extent of being suitable for training. He points to research work carried out recently in Canada by Professor Claude Bouchard of the University of Montreal, which claims there is a gene

which allows some people to gain more from training than others. The bottom line in sprinting is that most top performers are between 19 and 26. It is at this age that there is the maximum ability to move one's legs fast. "Leg cadence is one of the only things you can't improve with training," Davies said.

But the current trend of lengthened athletic careers involves more than genetic determinism or youthful neurological capacity. Davies lists a number of factors which make it easier for today's international athlete to maintain their position. Recent advances in sports medicine have had a profoundly beneficial effect. Athletes now have access to preventative physiotherapy and information about diet and sensible training.

They run in shoes which have been designed to prevent athletic developing injuries which, 10 years ago, might have ended their careers.

Also, if athletes do succumb to injury, sophisticated surgery techniques have been developed which can mend injuries which would have meant retirement 15 years ago. But, as much as anything else, continuing at the top is about having the dedication to maintain specific fitness for a chosen event.

"People like Christie have a tremendous advantage over younger competitors in terms of experience and strength of mind," Davies said. "We are getting a change of attitude. People are beginning to realise that athletes are not over the hill at 25. In the past we have put ath-

letes on the shelf because of the mind-lock we have, particularly in this country. There is something to be said for the idea that you are as young as you feel."

There is, too, an element of solidarity among the thirty-somethings. Merlene Ottey, Jamaica's 36-year-old world 200 metres champion, drew inspiration from Christie's world indoor 200m record last year. "It gave me a real boost," she said. "If I made me think, he's the same age, running better than ever, so why not me?"

Finally, there is a very persuasive incentive for the long-distance competitor. The total award money on offer this year in the International Amateur Athletic Federation's grand prix series is \$3,338,000 (£2,225,000) - and that's not including the shoe deals.

In the 125cc section, the race could end up in a Japanese duel between the world champion, leader, Haruchika Aoki, and Masaki Tokimoto. The German Peter Ott, the surprise winner in Mugello last month, will be pushing them all the way.

Doohan seeking to break hoodoo

Motorcycling

Michael Doohan will bid for his third consecutive victory in Europe when the French 500cc Grand Prix returns to Le Castellet for the first time in five years tomorrow.

The Honda rider, who has a comfortable 25-point lead over Luca Cadalora in the world championship standings after winning in Malaysia, Spain and Italy, will try to improve his record on the Mediterranean track. The last time a world championship race was held at Le Castellet, the Australian had to be content with second place, behind Wayne Rainey.

Since an accident in Italy in 1993 left Rainey paralysed, the Californian manages his own Yamaha team. But a Honda will be favourite to win tomorrow.

Behind Doohan, Cadalora and Alex Criville will be determined to step up their challenge. Cadalora has struggled in qualifying in Italy. Criville took second place in Japan and Italy but was also frustrated in Spain when he fell on the last corner as the crowd, anticipating a Spanish victory, invaded the track.

A home victory also looks unlikely, even though the Frenchman, Jean-Michel Bayle, will be one of Yamaha's best hopes alongside Kenny Roberts Jr, the son of the American former world champion. Brazil's Alex Barros, also riding a Honda, and the Suzuki rider Daryl Beattie, runner-up to Doohan last year, are the other contenders.

In the 250cc race, the veteran Jean-Philippe Ruggia and compatriot Olivier Jacque will be the home crowd's best hopes for victory, however slim their chances against the dominant dominant world champion, Max Biaggi. The flamboyant Italian has won four races out of five since the start of the season and once finished second on his Aprilia.

In the 125cc section, the race could end up in a Japanese duel between the world champion, leader, Haruchika Aoki, and Masaki Tokimoto. The German Peter Ott, the surprise winner in Mugello last month, will be pushing them all the way.

NEWMARKET

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OUR ADVANTAGES: None. Right-hand track. July Course. Course is SW of town on A1304. 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FIRST TEST: Essex batsman keeps his head in difficult No 3 position after Indian bowlers launch determined fightback

Hussain holds England together

DEREK PRINGLE
reports from Edgbaston
India 214 and 5-0
England 313

A maiden Test hundred by Jaffer Hussain, in his eighth Test match, has given England a sizeable advantage in this two-day match. Batting at the top No 3 position - the eighth player to do so in the last 4 Tests - Hussain, whose 128 runs, 227 balls, had to weather an early fightback by Indian bowlers, who, aided by some incisive batting, had threatened to undermine England's good work on Thursday.

It was a fine innings that gave great sense on a pitch that was quickening and becoming less predictable by the session. True, it needed its omelets of luck, but otherwise was a knock that required a well-facetted approach, both in tactics and its choice of stroke. His batting with the tail here - he doubled his score on 64 to 128 - may yet prove to be the most crucial part of the Test from England's point of view.

Controversy also had its say, when the Essex man was half of the Indian team to be convinced that he had a leg-side delivery from vagal Srinath that they

appealed twice after their first offering had been turned down by umpire Darrell Hair.

Hussain is a fiery, passionate cricketer who takes the game seriously. His recent appointment as vice-captain of Essex and as captain on the recent A team tour to Pakistan, have mellowed and rounded the abrasive edges without losing the tenacious whole. It is this along with recent run of good form that has brought him another chance to fulfil his undoubted talent at Test level, though the milestone achieved here yesterday, may well prove the most important yet.

Coming to the crease after Nick Knight had edged the second ball of the day to Nayan Mongia, Hussain had to survive a searching, sustained spell from Srinath and Venkatesh Prasad, who together ended up bowling 43.2 of the 71.2 overs England faced yesterday.

Atherton, who seemed to have put his recent poor form behind him on Thursday evening, was next to go, driving at a wide-ish outswinger from Paras Mhambrey. Having added just two to his overnight score, he was perhaps guilty of relaxing against the new bowler.

Hussain had almost ground to a standstill when Graham Thorpe, who had looked by far the most assured of the two at that stage, was unhelpfully bowled by Srinath, the ball being

diverted onto the stumps off pad and inside-edge. However, it was no more than Srinath deserved for a morning spent toiling unchanged from the Pavilion End. A spell that had already seen Mhambrey push a sledged look from Thorpe for six a few overs earlier.

A similar shot, this time off Prasad, saw Mhambrey make no mistake as Graeme Hick succumbed to his old failing of not watching the bouncer closely enough. It was an irresponsible shot on a pitch where the short ball never bounced consistently and it left England in an uncomfortable state at 149 for 4.

Fortunately for the home team, Ronnie Irani then joined his Essex team-mate in a brief but brutal stand of 46. Uncovered by situation or reputation, Irani set off in a flurry of boundaries. Even Ian Botham did not start his career off with four successive fours and Irani's uncomplicated nature and strokeplay will no doubt bring out the inevitable comparisons again this morning.

In a curious way, his quick-fire 34, got the England innings going and it took the pressure off Hussain who had just painstakingly made his way to 30. Once Irani had gone, edging a beauty from Srinath that climbed to shoulder level, England lost three wickets in the space of eight balls - two of them brainless strokes by Lewis and Hick - but to Prasad, who finished with excellent figures of 4 for 71.

It was the moment Hussain was forced to take control and he immediately upped a gear. Although his off-side driving had been crisp, particularly when Kumble had given him any width, it now became imperious and powerful. In all he struck 18 fours and a six, which with his hundred in the bag, was smashed disdainfully over mid-wicket.

His dismissal, attempting another hook, gave Srinath his fourth wicket. But by then dark clouds were gathering and only two overs were possible before India, still 94 runs in arrears, went off for bad light.



Cleaned out: Graham Thorpe falls victim to Javagal Srinath for 21 at Edgbaston yesterday

Photograph: Allsport

Pride that transcends division

SIMON O'HAGAN

With their Indian background, Jimmy Irani and Mahesh Patel have perhaps felt even more of a thrill than one might expect of parents whose sons are making their England Test debuts.

Both Ronnie Irani's father and Min Patel's father have been at Edgbaston, bursting with pride and able to reflect on the course of history that has brought them and their offspring to this great moment in their lives.

While Mr Irani has come

down from his Lancashire home to follow events in the company of the former Pakistan Test player, Mushtaq Mohammad, Mr Patel has left his newsgroup in Sidcup, Kent, in his wife Aruna's hands and has with him his daughter-in-law Karuna, wife of Min.

"We agreed I could come and see Min here, and if he stays in the team then Aruna will go to Lord's," Mr Patel explained.

Unlike Mr Irani, who was born in India but came to England before Ronnie's birth - in Leigh - 25 years ago, Mr Patel was born and brought up

in Uganda, for whom he played cricket at the age of 14. He came to England to study and then took over his father's property business in Bombay.

It was in Bombay that Min was born, in 1970. "I used to take him down to the PJ Hindu Gymkhana club, and he would bring his plastic hat," Mr Patel said. Vinoo Mankad, one of the greats of Indian cricket, was the coach, and his example as a slow left-arm bowler was one of the reasons why Mr Patel wanted Min to bowl in the same style.

The Patels came to England

when Min was five and settled in Dartford. Min's talent was developed at Dartford Grammar School and then for the Blackheath club before he made his Kent debut in 1989.

It would be entirely understandable if Mr Patel was one who is proud to fail the Teltit test, but when asked if he had any residual feelings of support for the Indians, his response transcended mere partisanship. "I'm a sportsman," he said. "I just like to see a good game. I don't mind who wins or loses. If it's a good game I enjoy it." You can bet your life he's enjoying this one.

Irani the best of the new boys

HENRY BLOFIELD

One of the more unusual features of this first Test has been the presence of seven newcomers - four Indians and three Englishmen. Attention has been on all of them at different times on the first two days. They began as equals; after two days a pecking order is already developing.

Vikram Rathore opened for India on Thursday. He played one or two good strokes off the front foot before falling to a poor one off the back against Dominic Cork. He looked apprehensive, perhaps not quite up to it.

Ronnie Irani was given his first bowl before lunch on the first day and, with his fifth ball, one of no particular distinction, he removed Mohammad Azharuddin with the help of Nick Knight's brilliant athleticism at mid-wicket. When he batted yesterday he hit three lovely fours in his first full over: there were seven in all in a stay of 41 minutes and he left behind a glow of good impressions.

He also left one with the feeling that, as well as being a good and confident cricketer, he is a lucky one too, and this is of course an inestimable asset. Besides being a prodigious performer, Ian Botham was, for example, a lucky cricketer. Whenever he was recalled he invariably took a wicket in his first over, often with a bad ball.

In India's first innings Alan Mullally worked hard and bowled well enough to deserve to be given a good run, but whether more than that remains to be seen. On a day and a surface for seam bowlers Min Patel was given two overs as an after-thought when eight wickets had fallen and tea had gone. He overpitched but did nothing that would count against him.

Venkatesh Prasad bowled beautifully for India with the new ball and clearly has a long Test career ahead of him. Paras Mhambrey was tormented by skiers on the boundary, although, like the left-arm spinner Sunil Joshi, who did not get a single over, his bowling is still an unknown quantity.

Edgbaston scoreboard

India	214	5-0
England	313	
OVERS: 1-10, 11-20, 21-30, 31-40, 41-50, 51-60, 61-70, 71-80, 81-90, 91-100, 101-110, 111-120, 121-130, 131-140, 141-150, 151-160, 161-170, 171-180, 181-190, 191-200, 201-210, 211-220, 221-230, 231-240, 241-250, 251-260, 261-270, 271-280, 281-290, 291-300, 301-310, 311-320, 321-330, 331-340, 341-350, 351-360, 361-370, 371-380, 381-390, 391-400, 401-410, 411-420, 421-430, 431-440, 441-450, 451-460, 461-470, 471-480, 481-490, 491-500, 501-510, 511-520, 521-530, 531-540, 541-550, 551-560, 561-570, 571-580, 581-590, 591-600, 601-610, 611-620, 621-630, 631-640, 641-650, 651-660, 661-670, 671-680, 681-690, 691-700, 701-710, 711-720, 721-730, 731-740, 741-750, 751-760, 761-770, 771-780, 781-790, 791-800, 801-810, 811-820, 821-830, 831-840, 841-850, 851-860, 861-870, 871-880, 881-890, 891-900, 901-910, 911-920, 921-930, 931-940, 941-950, 951-960, 961-970, 971-980, 981-990, 991-1000		

Lee finds conditions to his liking

DEREK HODGSON

reports from Taunton
Warwickshire 255 and 58-1
Somerset 242

Shane Lee may be no great advertisement for the Australian Academy's bowling coaches, but as a batsman he makes a few eyes sparkle. The 22-year-old New South Welshman was a name to gamble with when Somerset signed him as their 1996 deputy for Mushtaq Ahmed; he is unlikely to be forgotten by most English bowlers by the end of the summer.

He middles the ball with precision and dispatches it with speed, confirming that he gets his feet into the right place at the right time. He may emerge as a true natural talent as last year's import from Brisbane, Andrew Symonds, although any had born in Wollongong is unlikely to be confused about his affiliations.

He and Marcus Trescothick resumed yesterday with Somerset still 149 behind. Conditions had changed, the heat haze that had helped Andrew Cadick's swing on Thursday had dispersed in a cool wind but the pair had still to face the world's next great fast bowler, Shaun Pollock.

Fortunately for Somerset Pollock, 22, is still learning and strengthening while the other Warwickshire seamen are not much further advanced. The spinners, apart from one over by Neil Smith, were ignored.

Lee drove and pulled gleefully while Trescothick mostly defended; Lee's 50 contained 11 fours. In 17 overs 69 were added and Somerset were set to overtake the champions when Lee was diverted by Graeme Welch on to the stumps and Trescothick, for a second successive match, was run out backing up.

Another profitable partnership might have developed with Rob Turner had not Lee driven Welch exuberantly again for extra cover to take a forward diving catch. Warwickshire's lead, only 13, was extended to 71 before Wasim Khan was snuffed up low at mid-wicket as the rain came.

Nottinghamshire fear worst

MICHAEL AUSTIN

reports from Trent Bridge
Northamptonshire 601-9 dec
Nottinghamshire 95-2

This attritional contest rings a bell for Nottinghamshire - of alarm. Faced with a monumental 452 to avoid following on, they slipped into the psychological chasm that afflicts many teams condemned to field in the heat for almost two days.

Losing Tim Robinson, their potential major-innings maker, to a slip catch and Graeme Archer, bowled off-stump by Curtly Ambrose when offering no stroke, simply played on the mind-game.

Still-vivid memories haunt them of Nottinghamshire's 781 for 7 declared last summer when Nottinghamshire had already scored 527, a total of 61 more runs than any team had ever made in a match they

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Nottinghamshire fear worst

MICHAEL AUSTIN

reports from Trent Bridge
Northamptonshire 601-9 dec
Nottinghamshire 95-2

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sport

Sampras succumbs to fatigue

Tennis

JOHN ROBERTS
reports from Paris

A topsy-turvy French Open provided another twist yesterday when an exhausted Pete Sampras, his quest to complete a set of the four Grand Slam titles frustrated, decided to return to Florida to rest for Wimbledon. In the absence of Sampras in London next week, Thomas Muster will be promoted to No 1 seed for the Stella Artois Championships at Queen's Club, even though he has never won a Tour match on grass.

Leaving aside the vagaries of the ATP Tour rankings, the defeat here of Muster, the defending champion, by Germany's Michael Stich in the fourth round undoubtedly ignited the championships, and the draining of Sampras by marathon matches gave Yevgeny Kafelnikov the impetus to become the first Russian finalist in the men's singles.

The sixth-seeded Kafelnikov, and Stich, who swept aside the Swiss Marc Rosset, 7-3, 6-4, 6-2, will meet tomorrow to decide the destiny of the title, while the battle-fatigued Sampras endeavours to take his mind off tennis.

"I've pulled out of Queen's," Sampras announced after losing to Kafelnikov in the semi-finals, 7-6, 6-0, 6-2. "I've decided to go home and put the racket up and not see a court - especially a clay court - for a while. I need some rest, mentally and physically, to get geared up to hopefully make it a four-Pete at Wimbledon. Next weekend I'll get back to London, walk through those gates at the All England Club, get those feelings and those good memories, and hopefully come out ahead there."

The sight of Sampras labouring to counter Kafelnikov's crisp groundstrokes in temperatures touching 100F was almost pitiable after his heroics in outlasting Sergi Bruguera, Todd Martin and Jim Courier. He had already played five hours and seven sets more than Kafelnikov, and it showed.

"That was not Pete like we are used to seeing him on the court," Kafelnikov said. "I think something was happening with him today. Maybe his back was bothering him."

Sampras did experience the odd twinge, but he emphasised that the troublesome back was not the reason for his discomfit. Having saved two break points en route to the first set



Yevgeny Kafelnikov hits out during his semi-final win over Pete Sampras in Paris yesterday

Photograph: Reuters

tie-break, and then lost the shoot-out, 7-4, after leading 4-2. Sampras "just felt that the balloon popped; everything was feeling very heavy, I just couldn't catch my breath, and I was flat-out tired."

Kafelnikov would have been enough of a handful for the world champion even if Sampras had been in top condition. He has dropped only one set in six matches, and that was in a tie-break against the Dutchman Richard Krajicek in the quarter-finals.

Technically, the 22-year-old from the Black Sea resort of

Sochi, is the first Russian male to advance to a Grand Slam singles final. Alex Metreveli, who lost to the Czech Jan Kodes in the 1973 Wimbledon final, always stressed that he was Georgian even though he represented the Soviet Union.

Stich, whose clay-court preparation was restricted to only two matches following ankle surgery in March, is delighted he decided to enter the tournament. Victory would make the No 15 seed the first German champion since 1937, when Henner Henkel defeated Britain's Bunny Austin.

An ability to adapt his attacking style to provide defensive cover when necessary has been the hallmark of Stich's intelligent progress through the draw.

Last time Stich reached the semi-finals, in 1991, he was defeated by Jim Courier but went on to win the Wimbledon title. "I think I'm a more complete player than I was at that time," he said. "I know I have the ability to change my game, and that's what I did today."

Even so, he seemed more surprised than anybody that he had advanced so far. "This is some-

thing I never would have believed could, or would, happen," he said. "Now I obviously can't say I'll take it round by round, because there's only one more round to play, so I have to try to win this now." It ought to be interesting.

Clare Wood will today try to become the first British women's winner at Wimbledon since Ann Jones in 1967. The British No 1 from Sussex, failed to win a match on grass last year but beat the top seed from Germany, Christina Singer 3-6, 6-2, 6-4 to reach a final against the sixth seed, Maria Vento of Venezuela.

Woosnam gets the brush-off

Golf

TIM GLOVER
reports from the Forest of Arden

In a perfect world for the sponsors they would hold a tournament on a weekend when nothing much was happening and, in this case, the summer of the players on the leaderboard would be Alamy, Lindgren, Affleck, McFarlane, Oldcorn. It is surprising that Alamo's advisers have not worked on this initial enterprise.

Instead the Alamo English Open competes against the world and a horse race and the leaderboard looks like a dog's breakfast. Nevertheless, it is a rich meal with £550,000 in prize money. A field that was not exactly star-studded in the first place yesterday lost one of its major players, Ian Woosnam.

The little Welshman shot 74 in the first round, after which he practised with a broom-handle putter. In the second round he made the quantum leap, discarded his orthodox putter and went into bat with the long handle. The result was another 74 and at four over par for the tournament Woosnam missed the halfway cut.

The putter he has adopted here measures just over 44 inches and the top of the shaft nestles beneath his chin. "I only missed one short putt with it," Woosnam said. He is going to shave half an inch off the club and he intends to use it at the US Open in Detroit next week. Traditionalists - and there are not many of those left in the professional game what with the advent of space-age alloys and balls that fly further than a European rocket - view the pendulum putter with suspicion bordering on contempt. It is almost akin to playing every other shot in snooker with a rest.

Woosnam, a terrific putter when he won the US Masters in 1991, arrived here saying: "If I'd been putting half decent I'd have won. I'm not going through hell every day but I'm not consistent enough. Working on my putting gives me a bad back. Just half an hour a day and it's horrible." One of the obvious physical advantages he gets

from the long putter is that he can keep his back straighter.

Sam Torrance is one of the most successful exponents of the controversial club - Gary Player, for example, thought the Royal and Ancient made a great mistake in not outlawing it - but the Scotsman was not a great advert for the cause yesterday. Torrance shot 72 but finished on Woosnam's aggregate of 148.

At least the championship is still blessed with the benign presence of Colin Montgomerie, the world No 3 and the man consulted to make the Forest of Arden course fit for an English Open. "Three rounds of 68 would do it," Monty said following a first round of 75. Yesterday he shot one of them although, like the Arrian, he was not exactly over the moon.

It could have been a lot lower very easily," Montgomerie said. "It's disappointing but you've got to take what you're given. I'm going in the right direction. I'm not looking for a place, I'm looking to win." Once again Monty's problem was his putting. He missed one from six feet, two from four feet and one from three feet. The greens are such that any putt less than a foot could be sponsored by Camelot - it's a lottery.

Despite his misses, Montgomerie had only one bogey whilst an eagle three at the 17th was some consolation. "We go to too many courses where the members have just finished playing," Monty said. "This is set up for a tournament and this is good for us. I would say that about 80 per cent of the players here are in favour of this type of course. It will sort out the best." Woosnam and Torrance might not agree. At one under par, Monty is six shots adrift of Andrew Oldcorn. Oldcorn, who had a 71, said: "The greens were just spooky. It was almost put luck. Anybody who has worn the cut can win."

Warren Bladon, of England, and Scotland Roger Beales qualified for today's 36-hole final of the British Amateur Championship at Turnberry from the semi-finals yesterday.

Hamed happy about American screen test

Boxing

GLYN LEACH

Naseem Hamed has a major problem, if one considers that to be possible for a 22-year-old whose earnings to date are estimated to be around £4m, with the cash registers still ringing.

The World Boxing Organisation's featherweight champion may have been sponsored by everyone from Adidas to Audi, he might hardly have lost a round in winning three professional titles and 21 fights, and he has achieved the rare distinction of transcending the sport in his

homeland. But he is virtually unknown in the United States, world boxing's place to be.

The key to Hamed fulfilling a potential that one is tempted to term unlimited lies in the reaction of the Showtime network's viewers to the Sheffield showman's first major US TV appearance, when he defends against the No 1 contender, Daniel Alcala of Puerto Rico, at Newcastle Arena this evening.

The stakes are high. If Hamed loses it will be the limit. If the reaction is poor or indifferent, Hamed's lavish gifts may never gain the recognition they deserve beyond these shores.

Hamed, though, will not be losing any sleep over this acid test to the irresistibility of his rise. "Americans will come to learn that there's a guy in Britain, from Sheffield, who is the best fighter in the world," he says. "And I will become a legend after a period of time. And part of that was always gonna involve beating Americans and making my name in America."

If Hamed is feeling added pressure going into this fight, he hides it well. The impression that this incredibly focused young man gives is that his US TV debut is just another one of those stages on the way to world domination, one more of those moments he has been preparing

himself for since he first laced on gloves as a seven-year-old.

"My attitude then was the same as it is now. I'm gonna become a legend," he said. "And I will become a legend after a period of time. And part of that was always gonna involve beating Americans and making my name in America."

"I can't wait to go there and beat their best. People rave on about American fighters, but at the end of the day they're human, right? They've got two arms, two legs and a chin for me to hit. If they box me, they're either gonna get knocked out, stopped or definitely beat."

It will be interesting to see whether America can take to its heart this Yorkshireman of Yemeni descent who has never been noted for his modesty. It is a commonly held misconception that Americans love absolutely all that is flash and trash. Like a burger, it has to be done just so. And there have, after all, been considerable problems between America and the Arab world of which Hamed, a devout Muslim, is very much a part. Perhaps through tact, Hamed pleads ignorance of such international tensions. "I'm not a politician," he said. "But obviously

I'm gonna have to change the American way of thinking towards Arabs if there's a problem. I think I will get enough clout to do that."

Fortunately for Hamed, his ability is as evident as his boundless optimism and almost supernatural self-belief. So much so that thirty-two over Alices, no slouch himself, is almost assured. Alices, 23, is undefeated in 15 fights and has shown promise, but his No 1 ranking with the WBO flatters him at this stage in his career and he will do well to last beyond the sixth round. Whether the USA will fail to Hamed as early remains to be seen.

SPORTING DIGEST

Britain take time to break down Canada

Hockey

Great Britain, who 24 hours earlier had beaten the Olympic champions, Germany, 2-1 in Bad Nauheim, yesterday struggled at Bisham Abbey to defeat Canada, 2-1 with goals from Nick Thompson and Kalbir Tahker, writes Bill Colwell.

Although in command for long periods, Britain showed little imagination in breaking down a Canadian defence in which goalkeeper Mike Mahood and the sweeper, Alan Brahm, were outstanding. The visitors took the lead against the run of play in the 28th minute when Brahm, latching on to a block by David Luckes, following Ken Pereira's penalty corner strike, put his team ahead.

A quickly taken free-hit a minute from the interval caught the Canadians off guard, allowing Thompson to score the equaliser. Britain's winner came four minutes into the second half from a free-flowing move started by captain Jason Lester, involving Chris Mayer and Russell Garcia, before Tahker scored.

Frenchman opens slender advantage

Equestrianism

Pierre De Bastard, a 32-year-old Frenchman who is based with the Cadre Noir at Saumur, held the lead when the dressage phase of the Bramham Three-Day Event finished yesterday, writes Genevieve Murphy.

Riding *Treasure du Cochet*, he holds a 1.6-point advantage over Blyth Tait, the overnight leader on *Stroke of Luck*, and Anne-Marie Evans, who has joined him in joint second place on *Dutch Treat*.

The best marks of the day came from the two who were riding the Olympic short-listed horses - William Fox-Pitt on *Cosmopolitan II* and Mary King on *Star Appeal*. Both are running *hors concours* (which means that they are not eligible for any prizes) but the selectors will have been pleased with *Cosmopolitan*'s 42 penalties and *Star Appeal*'s 45.

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STELLA ARTOIS

Woosnam gets the brush-off

The double life of a ferocious competitor

We have only known each other for a few minutes, but this does not prevent Peter Schmeichel, the Danish goalkeeper hoping to help his country retain the European Championship title, from standing in front of me and dropping his trousers. His body covers over me as he insists that I should take a good look.

We are sitting in one of the plush boxes overlooking a mercifully empty Old Trafford stadium. As no doubt Steve Bruce, now with Birmingham City, and Gary Pallister, will confirm, when the blond inspiration between the posts shouts an order, you tend to obey. In case you were wondering, the focus of attention was not to be his boxer shorts, but a hideous bruise covering most of his thigh, obtained during Manchester United's championship-winning game at Middlesbrough the other week.

I had just suggested to the softly-spoken and likeable Dane that his on-pitch manner was in stark contrast to his general demeanour. For example, I continued, you gave Jan Åge Fjørtoft a fearful verbal volley for a challenge that was a bit late. "I don't think it was a bit late," Schmeichel began. "I think it was disgracefully late. Andy Gray slaughtered me on TV for my reaction, but I had caught the ball when Fjørtoft's foot hit me. I just have to show you what I mean."

And with that the man who has won everything in the English game, as well as a European Cup-Winners' Cup winner's medal, revealed himself. Point taken. He does admit however that he can be just a wee bit grumpy in a game. "It's my way of feeding my energy into my concentration," he says, shrugging his shoulders in acknowledgement of my accusation. "I even do it in training although, believe me, Bruce and Pallister are no angels either. Don't forget, you only ever get to see me shouting at them because, when they do it to me, their backs are turned. Being a goalkeeper means you have to concentrate all the time, but I don't go around in everyday life

lan Stafford talks to Peter Schmeichel, who is the rock behind Denmark's European Championship defence

abusing people. It is like I am two different people."

While Eric Cantona has taken the lion's share of accolades, Alex Ferguson has made a point this season of underlining what a crucial role his goalkeeper has played in what double-winning campaign. Schmeichel has much preferred being called upon this time to produce the heroics rather than watch as an almost innocent bystander in previous years.

"It's been a lot better for me," he admitted. "Other seasons I've gone 20 minutes without making a save and that, believe it or not, makes it a lot harder for you to concentrate."

This time, though, I've been a lot more active. It took a little time for the youngsters to settle down and there were times when the more experienced players in the team had to play out of their skins to pull us through."

As he talks he leans in his chair. For a man whose head seems likely to explode on the pitch, he is remarkably laid back, a characteristic he believes he has picked up since arriving in England from Brøndby as an already well-established international.

"It's the biggest thing I've discovered since being in this country," he explained. "I'm definitely more experienced, but the fact that I can do what I please, and still enjoy my privacy, has given me the ability to relax."

What, else, then, has he learned from playing his trade in the Premiership, the once derided home of British football which has now been transformed into the end of the rainbow for many of Europe's top stars?

"For a start it took a little time to get used to how physical the game is over here. Every time I went for a cross someone would charge into me. I was never scared but I had to adjust to this new experience because in Denmark, with my size, nobody ever challenged me."

"The other thing that got me was the pace. It still does. Every time I have a friend from Denmark staying with me - and I always have guests in my house - they are amazed by the tempo of the game over here."

"Contrary to what I've read, I never felt there was a lack of skill in England. It was just that it needed the likes of Cantona - and especially Cantona - to produce an extra dimension."

Players like Gullit and Bergkamp have produced similar effects. What they and Eric have done is provide flair which has made everyone sit up and watch."

Schmeichel, like many of his other European colleagues now playing in the Premiership, is laid back and speaks with a great deal of intelligence. He, unfortunately, is in stark contrast to many of his English contemporaries. "Ah, well," he begins, in a kind of explanation. "I saw this programme on television the other night all about Sting. He said that only footballers and rock musicians have no brains. I thought that was brilliant."

Sting (together with the Manchester United team of the late 1970s) is a hero of the music-loving, and musical, Dane, who helped pen the Danish squad's song for the European Championship, and who spends most

of his spare time in a recording studio writing music and words.

The 32-year-old son of a Polish professional pianist, whose Danish mother also played piano and sang, formed a group as a small boy called "Gasoline," performing in the back of the coach taking his football team home from away games. "I used to play the guitar and sing. I don't sing any more, though, not since I realised it was out of one of my strengths. But I'm getting back into the guitar again."

His love of music will have to be placed on hold, however, while he deals with the small matter of trying to defend the European title. "I can't believe how strong the teams are this time," he said. "There really are no clear favourites. I reckon any one of about eight teams could end up as champions."

Does that include England? "Oh yes, absolutely. Terry Venables is finding the right formula. I don't think this trip to the Far East was necessary, but they have a strong team. If he can get England to peak, coupled with what will be a clear advantage of playing at home, then England must have a chance."

Just about the only team people are not suggesting can win the title is, ironically, the champions themselves. That suits Schmeichel down to the ground. "We're the lowest-profile defending champions ever," he said. "And you know something? That's fine with us."

"Don't forget four years ago we didn't have any star names, but played some great football. When I watched a replay of our semi-final against Holland, I couldn't believe how well we played. I was shocked, surprised and very proud to have played in that game."

One thing is sure. Sooner or later some poor Danish central defender will receive the most dreadful, televised ear-bashing from the man with over 80 caps to his name. "True," Schmeichel said. "But afterwards I will become the other man again." With or without his trousers on...



Guard duty: Schmeichel, an inspiration between the posts Photograph: David Ashdown

Laudrup to make up lost time

Denmark v Portugal
Tomorrow, Hillsborough
7.30pm

GUY HODGSON

If there was one Dane who had the edge knocked off his delight when his country won the European Championship four years ago, it was Michael Laudrup. He was pleased, of course, particularly as his brother Brian was a member of the winning team, but when you have blown a chance to share in glory you have every right to feel a little silly.

The Real Madrid striker was in his prime as Denmark surprised everyone by prevailing in Sweden, but an argument with the team's coach, Richard Møller-Nielsen, over the style of play led to Laudrup's self-imposed banishment. As it turned out, it was a bad time to be sulking.

The coach is the same and the tactics do not appear hugely different, but Laudrup, who will turn 32 during the tournament, is back with a last chance of the international glory that should have been his in 1992. "When you take a decision, whether it's football or your private life, you have to stand by it," Laudrup, who will lead the Danish attack tomorrow, said.

As for his change of mind about playing for his country, he explained: "With a lot of things, if you have something it becomes normal. When you don't have it, you miss it. It's nice to be back."

The match is heavy with significance. Brian Laudrup has sign-posted it as a potential qualification decider as he expects Croatia to go through from Group D with either Denmark or Portugal with them.

The Danes prefer to counter-attack but the Portuguese are not the easiest team to hit on the break. "Just to go on to the quarter-finals would be a great success for us," Michael Laudrup said. By tomorrow night the holders will have a better idea whether that success is attainable.

HOW TO PLAY

The Independent European Championship Football Forecast offers you the opportunity to use your footballing skill and judgement to answer the 11 questions printed below.

Make your selections from the answer panel below. For every correct answer you will earn the number of points attributed to that question. The individual with the highest number of points will win our prize, a VIP trip to see Milan in an important home match next season.

Details of how to enter are given opposite. You can enter at any point up until 12:00 noon on Saturday 8 June 1996, the first day of Euro '96.

HOW TO SCORE

Each of the 11 questions has a points value. If you answer any of the questions correctly you will earn the points attributed to that question. In addition to the 11 main questions you will be required to answer a tie-break question. This question does not have a points value and will only come into play should the necessity arise. The winner will be the individual who earns the most points in the competition.

QUESTIONS

All questions related to goals scored do not include goals scored in penalty shoot-outs.

1. Which striker from the list below will score the most goals in Euro '96? **points value 14**
2. Which striker from the list below will score the least goals in Euro '96? **13**
3. Which goalkeeper from the list below will concede the least goals in Euro '96? **11**
4. Which goalkeeper from the list below will concede the most goals in Euro '96? **10**
5. How many goals will be scored in total in Group C, (Czech Rep., Germany, Italy, Russia)? **15**
6. How many goals will there be in the England v Switzerland game? **5**
7. How many goals will there be in the Turkey v Croatia game? **7**
8. How many goals will there be in the Netherlands v England game? **6**
9. How many yellow cards will be issued in the quarter-finals? **9**
10. How many substitutions will there be in the Wednesday semi-final? **8**
11. How many shots on target will there be in the Netherlands v Scotland game, (figures based on ITV statistics)? **12**

Tie Breaker: How many goals will be scored in open play in Euro '96?

PRIZE

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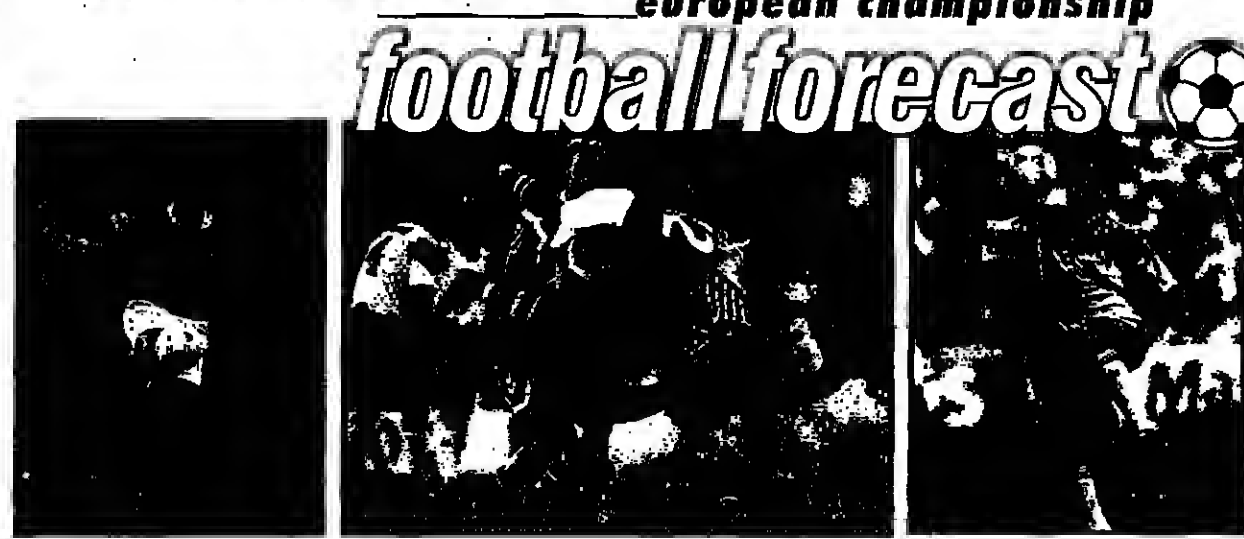
EURO 96

England

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England hasn't seen anything like it since 1966. Next month's European Championship will be the biggest sporting event staged on these shores since Bobby Moore's side beat Germany 4-2 in the legendary World Cup final 30 years ago.

No one knows whether 'Terry Venables' team can emulate history, but the drama and suspense of Euro '96 will captivate the nation.

Four years ago Denmark stunned the international football community by winning the European Championship in Sweden. Can they do it again? Will Jürgen Klinsmann lead Germany to victory? Can Paolo Maldini and his team erase the memory of Italy's 1994 World Cup final defeat? Will Alan Shearer prove he's England's most feared striker?

All questions will be answered at the Wembley final on June 30th. Meanwhile, our appetites already whetted by the presence in English clubs of leading Europeans (France's Eric Cantona and Holland's Ruud Gullit), we can expect a feast of football.

The opening game - England vs Switzerland at Wembley is on 8 June. Two days later Scotland play the Netherlands at Villa Park.

The 16 competing countries are divided into four groups, with the leading two from each section going forward to the quarter-finals. From then on it's sudden death.

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ANSWERS			
Strikers			
300	A. Shearer (England)	530	A. Shearer (England)
303	M. Stieklow (Belarus)	533	R. Schuster (Denmark)
304	Z. Zizic (Croatia)		
305	Z. Zizic (Croatia)		
306	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)		
307	D. Bergkamp (Netherlands)		
308	A. Zola (Italy)		
309	A. Zola (Italy)		
310	A. Zola (Italy)		
311	A. Zola (Italy)		
312	A. Zola (Italy)		
Goalkeepers			
500	P. Schmeichel (Denmark)	530	P. Schmeichel (Denmark)
503	V. Bala (Portugal)	533	V. Bala (Portugal)
504	V. Bala (Portugal)		
505	S. Mihalov (Belarus)		
506	S. Mihalov (Belarus)		
507	A. Kipke (Germany)		
508	A. Kipke (Germany)		
509	E. Van der Sar (Netherlands)		
Numbers			
800	One	844	Eighty-four
803	Three	845	Ninety-five
804	Four	846	Twenty
805	Five	847	Twenty-one
806	Six	848	Twenty-two
807	Seven	849	Twenty-three
808	Eight	850	Twenty-four
809	Nine	851	Twenty-five
810	Ten	852	Twenty-six
811	Eleven	853	Twenty-seven
812	Twelve	854	Twenty-eight
813	Thirteen	855	Twenty-nine
814	Fourteen	856	Thirty
815	Fifteen	857	Thirty-one
816	Sixteen	858	Thirty-two
817	Seventeen	859	Thirty-three
818	Eighteen	860	Thirty-four
819	Nineteen	861	Thirty-five
820	Twenty	862	Thirty-six
821	Twenty-one	863	Thirty-seven
822	Twenty-two	864	Thirty-eight
823	Twenty-three	865	Thirty-nine
824	Twenty-four	866	Forty
825	Twenty-five	867	Forty-one
826	Twenty-six	868	Forty-two
827	Twenty-seven	869	Forty-three
828	Twenty-eight	870	Forty-four
829	Twenty-nine		
830	Thirty		
831	Thirty-one		
832	Thirty-two		
833	Thirty-three		
834	Thirty-four		
835	Thirty-five		
836	Thirty-six		
837	Thirty-seven		
838	Thirty-eight		
839	Thirty-nine		
840	Forty		
841	Forty-one		
842	Forty-two		
843	Forty-three		
844	Forty-four		
845	Forty-five		
846	Forty-six		
847	Forty-seven		
848	Forty-eight		
849	Forty-nine		
850	Fifty		
851	Fifty-one		
852	Fifty-two		
853	Fifty-three		
854	Fifty-four		
855	Fifty-five		
856	Fifty-six		
857	Fifty-seven		
858	Fifty-eight		
859	Fifty-nine		
860	Sixty		
861	Sixty-one		
862	Sixty-two		
863	Sixty-three		
864	Sixty-four		
865	Sixty-five		
866	Sixty-six		
867	Sixty-seven		
868	Sixty-eight		
869	Sixty-nine		
870	Seventy		

HOW TO ENTER

- Study the 11 questions opposite carefully.
- Using your knowledge of football, choose an answer for each question from the answer list below.
- Make a note of your answer to each question together with each answer's three-digit code (to the left of the answer).
- You will use the three digit answer code to input your answer for each question into our computer telephone entry system.
- You will also be asked on our entry line to tell us verbally the total number of goals you believe will be scored in open play (not including penalty shoot-outs) throughout Euro '96. Make a note of your verbal answer before you call. There is no code for this question.
- Once you have selected your 11 answers you will have a list of 11, three-digit answer codes plus your figure of total goals scored in Euro '96. Now dial our entry line.
- If you have a Pulse phone, one which makes clicking noises when you dial, then dial 0891 363 392. If you have a Tone Phone, one which makes lone noises when you dial, simply dial 0891 363 391.
- By following the instructions given on the line carefully and double checking the selection is correct before you dial, your entry into the game will be quick and easy.
- Enter your 11 answer codes in order when asked on line using your telephone dial / keypad. You will then be asked to state your total goals scored in open play (not including penalty shoot-outs) during Euro '96 before you leave your own details. You will then receive your unique PIN number which is the only valid proof of entry. Have a pen handy to note this down.
- If you do not receive a PIN then your selection has not been registered.
- The lines are open 24 hours a day until noon on Saturday 8 June 1996. You may enter as many times as you wish and you will receive a different PIN for each entry.
- In the event of a tie between entrants, scored on the basis of the 11 answers given, the total number of goals scored in Euro '96 - as selected by each entrant - shall be taken into account. The entrant giving a figure nearest to the actual total number of goals scored in Euro '96 will be the winner.
- In the event of a further tie, a Euro '96 football quiz will be set by The Independent Sports Editor to decide the winner.
- Sorry, not available in the Republic of Ireland.

RULES

- All telephone calls are charged at 39p per min. Max call duration 8 mins. Entries made by pay phone cost approximately twice that made using a normal telephone.
- Competition only open to those dialling from the UK using the official Independent telephone entry lines.
- Answer selections, once made, cannot be altered.
- Newspaper Publishing: We reserve the right to stop the game at any time and change the conditions.
- Invalid, incomplete or incorrect selections will not be accepted.
- Sorry, not available in the Republic of Ireland.
- Newspaper Publishing: We are not responsible for any entries lost or delayed in transmission.
- Usual Newspaper Publishing rules apply. Editor's decision is final in all matters relating to the game.
- No correspondence, in writing or by telephone, will be entered into.
- Proof of magazine subscription will not be accepted as proof of entry.
- Employees of Newspaper Publishing, Mirror Group, TMI Ltd, European Group, agents and families are not allowed to enter.
- Closing date of the competition is midday Sunday 8th June 1996.

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EURO 96

The next month will dictate how the most gifted English player of his generation is regarded by history. Glenn Moore reports

Gascoigne awaits the time of his life

There is a scene in the film *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, in which Bob Hoskins is attempting to saw through the handcuffs which keep him connected to the cartoon rabbit. The cuffs keep slipping so Roger, using his cartoon dexterity, slips out of them to hold the chain tight. Hoskins, realising the absurdity of the situation, asks: "Why didn't you do that before?" The cartoon replies: "I couldn't, it wouldn't have been funny before."

Comedy: it is all in the timing. So, however, it is in a classic tragedy. Although there are times, when he is belching at camera crews, getting hair extensions, and telling the *News of the World* "it wasn't three-in-a-bed, my mate Terry was there as well", when Paul Gascoigne's life reads like a farce, it is not.

But it could be a Hamlet or a Macbeth. Gascoigne is the greatest English footballer of his generation. He can do things with a football which his peers can only dream about, never mind the average park player. Yet, like all the great tragic heroes of the theatre, he is basically flawed. In Gascoigne's case his ability to play football outstrips his capacity to handle the consequences. He would be happy (possibly happier) as the star of a pub team doing a few tricks on Sunday morning after a lot of lagers on Saturday night. In short, he is too good for his own good and it is when the pressure is on that he lets himself down most badly.

It happened in his moment of greatest triumph, when a rash tackle got him a yellow card which would have meant his suspension from the World Cup final he had inspired England to the brink of. It happened a year later when, having carried Tottenham to the FA Cup final, a wild tackle saw him carried out of it.

And so it has continued, on and off the pitch. Untimely injuries have pock-marked his

career while injudicious behaviour has ruined his reputation. Often the fall comes just as rehabilitation is in sight. Even this season, having won over an initially antagonistic Scottish press, he appeared drunk when he collected his player of the year award. Then, a fortnight before the start of Euro 96, he is linked to a Cathay Pacific plane and loutish behaviour in a Hong Kong club. Gascoigne's involvement in the former was massively exaggerated but his boozing presence was prominent in the latter.

Even his private life has tragic elements. His relationship with his girlfriend, Sheryl, clearly has strong roots. How else would they survive the constant estrangements, the continual surveillance, Gascoigne's confession of physical abuse, his reported drinking and flirting even as she lay in labour with their first child? Yet it never seems to get beyond a state of constant flux and, at present, they appear to be

'He is too good for his own good and when the pressure is on he lets himself down'

apart again. Now, for four weeks, Gascoigne again carries the hopes and fears of a nation upon his shoulders. At 29, he may have a lifetime's celebrity ahead of him but he will not have many more chances to justify it. Can our hero, at last, emerge triumphant, or will it end in tears again?

The omens are ambivalent. The biggest plus is his form as a footballer which has been improving ever since his hesitant return to action in last summer's Umbro Cup. "He was playing 15 minutes a game then," said Terry Venables this week. "Then for the first three months in Scotland he was showing cameo parts, living on the edge of games. As the season has gone on he has been involved in bigger chunks of it and by the end he was taking games by the scruff of the neck. He is looking sharp now."



If the cap fits... wear it backwards: Paul Gascoigne, England's clown prince, yesterday

Photograph: David Ashdown

"He was sensational when he was at Tottenham and I think he might be just as good as that now, even a bit better. It is a difficult comparison because he does things slightly differently. He shares the ball around a bit

quicker which releases him to go on his runs. Before, the first thing he thought of was beating people."

The change is partly because his pace has gone, sapped by injury and his "refuelling" habits.

But it is also a natural change, similar to that made by John Barnes.

Gascoigne has said that his ambition is to go through a match without giving the ball away. If he can do so without

reining in his ambition, it will be some performance. It is, however, an attainable goal. He is the best passer in the British game, not just because he sees passes few players can, but because all his passes, even the

simple ones, are beautifully weighted, they are a gold-embossed invitation to his teammates to play.

So, his ability is in place. What about his mood? Since the Hong Kong revelations broke Gascoigne has refused to talk to the press. One has sympathy with his view, even if the chief protagonist is a newspaper he has happily taken large sums of money from in the past and may do so again.

Beforehand, though, he was sounding good. He interviews the way he plays, expressively, almost compulsively, with nothing left out.

He may have more eloquent and thoughtful team-mates, but none are as revealing to talk to. Two snatches of conversation linger in the mind from a quiet moment in

China. One was a question about his knee. When Gascoigne sits down in his football kit it is the first thing you notice, whatever his hair colour and length. A deep, purple scar is etched into his

right knee like a river on a map. There are even tributary scars, so many are the operations he has had.

"It is not something I like to dwell on," he said, "but it is always there as a reminder that I am one bad tackle away from my career being over. It does make you aware of the need to make the most of things."

If he was reflective then, he was angered a few minutes earlier when it was suggested that Euro 96 offered him a chance to re-establish himself as a top-class international. "I don't have to establish myself myself as anything," he countered. "I've been an international for seven years, I've played in Italy, I've won the double with Rangers."

Maybe, but deep down Gascoigne must be aware that he has failed to live up to the promise of his compelling performances in *Italia 90*. He is, Venables said, very motivated

for this tournament. That, as Venables knows from the 1991 FA Cup final, is a double-edged sword. "You must not douse his fire and take away what he is so good at. The passion is part of his game," said Venables. "Just as long as he doesn't go over that line."

The Scotland game, against last season's rivals and teammates, may present the biggest test of his temperament. On previous form he will score a hat-trick and then get injured or sent off. Or, if he survives that, calamity will befall him in the semi-final. But maybe his luck is changing, and his mind. In recent games he has begun to adjust to the defensive discipline required by Venables; in China he showed an unexpected maturity off the pitch, picking his way through an interminable dual-language press conference with perfect diplomacy. For believers in fate, and Gascoigne seems more fated than most, the most telling incident came midway through last month's Scottish Cup final. Gascoigne was bursting towards the area when, from his right, came a lunging Hearts defender. It was a terrible tackle. Venables gasped when he saw it on television later. Gascoigne said: "It could have put me back in Princess Grace Hospital." Once it would have; this time Gascoigne saw it coming and rode the worst of it.

Gascoigne will always be unpredictable, that is part of his attraction. There is a sense of danger about him. Only a fool would predict his fortune this month but, for his engaging honesty, his transparent pleasure in playing the game, and, most of all, for his indomitable return from injuries which would have broken a lesser spirit, one hopes the gods are at last on his side. He ain't perfect, but for once he deserves their blessing.

Swiss knives out for King Jorge

Two years ago Artur Jorge underwent surgery for a brain tumour. "You look at life differently after something like that," said the Swiss coach. "Everything becomes positive."

Such an attitude, should it be instilled in his players, could have serious repercussions for England on this momentous day. Not that Switzerland's recent form under the tutelage of Roy Hodgson's successor bears much evidence of positive thought. Indeed the Portuguese coach brings his contentious selection into this game with the cries of "Jorge out, Hodgson in" still ringing in his ears after the 2-1 defeat by the Czech Republic in Basle last Saturday left Swiss supporters not a little disillusioned with their new full-time appointment. One win in four games? Hodgson could have done better even running the side from his new Internazionale office, Jorge's detractors reckon.

If the writing is on the wall for Jorge-boy, all the more reason then to give it all he has got today. After all, he owes it to

Clive White on the turbulent build-up to today's game for England's opponents

himself to get one back on Venables who, when coach of Barcelona, knocked Jorge's Porto out of the European Cup on their way to the 1986 final. Rumour - substantiated yesterday by striker Stephane Chapuisat (if you can believe him) - has it that Jorge will deploy three strikers today, thereby throwing into chaos England's freshly-laid plans of playing with just three at the back.

Looking at ease amid the rich furnishings of their country manor-house headquarters, Chapuisat conceded that they had that option with players of the quality of Kubilay Turkylmaz, Marco Grassi and, modestly for himself, Jorge, however, was coy about their ability to dictate to England. A multi-linguist with a degree in philosophy, he said: "It's a very difficult match for Switzerland. We are not the favourites and it's important that we know it."

No one would dispute Chapuisat's assertion that attack is Switzerland's strongest suit, particularly now that this Borussia Dortmund striker has apparently recovered his fitness after a cruciate ligament injury, and perhaps Jorge, renowned as a defensive coach at Paris St-Germain, really has had a change of heart since his illness. Their attacking strength might have been stronger still had Jorge selected two more of his country's many German-based players: the prolific Adrian Knup, who scored in the 3-1 defeat at Wembley six months ago, and midfielder Alain Sutter.

The surprise omission of two of "King" Roy's favourites left Jorge open to further criticism that he was attempting to placate the multi-racial Swiss Federation with a polyglot of players from the various regions of the country. Jorge is contemptuous of such claims. "I

don't know any coach who makes political decisions," he said, his copious moustache bristling with indignation. "Similarly, I don't choose players by their reputation but by their performance. Two players didn't come because in my opinion they had a very bad season. I frequently went to Germany just to watch Knup but I only ever saw him warming up. He rarely played. You cannot compare him with Chapuisat, who I think can be important for us."

For his part, Chapuisat still appears to be pining for Hodgson. "Six months with Artur Jorge isn't very long," he said. "We used to like to work with Roy Hodgson and a lot of people weren't pleased at the FA's decision."

It is also a much younger squad than that which acquitted itself so creditably at *USA 94*. Sebastian Jeanneret is one of the younger element. The 22-year-old from Neuchâtel Xamax has just one cap to his name, and yet could find himself deputising for the suspended Marc Hottiger, of Everton.

EURO 96

Group matches

Today: Group A: England v Switzerland (3.0) at Wembley, Tottenham: Greece vs Spain v Bulgaria (2.30) at Old Trafford. Group C: Germany v Czech Republic (3.0) at Old Trafford. Group D: Denmark v Portugal (2.30) at Hillsborough. Tomorrow: Group A: Netherlands v Scotland (4.30) at Villa Park. Group B: Romania v France (2.30) at St James' Park. Then 3.0: Group C: Italy v Russia (4.30) at Arsenal. Group D: Turkey v Croatia (2.30) at the City Ground. Then 3.0: Group A: England v Switzerland (4.30) at Villa Park. Group B: Romania v France (2.30) at St James' Park. Then 3.0: Group C: Italy v Russia (4.30) at Arsenal. Group D: Turkey v Croatia (2.30) at the City Ground. Then 3.0: Group A: England v Switzerland (4.30) at Villa Park. Group B: Romania v France (2.30) at St James' Park. Then 3.0: Group C: Italy v Russia (4.30) at Arsenal. Group D: Turkey v Croatia (2.30) at the City Ground.

Quarter-finals

Sat 22 June: Winners Group A v Runners-up Group B (3.0) at Wembley; Winners Group C v Runners-up Group D (3.0) at Old Trafford; Sun 23 June: Winners Group A v Runners-up Group C (3.0) at Villa Park; Winners Group B v Runners-up Group D (3.0) at Hillsborough.

Sat 30 June: (7.0) at Wembley.

McCoist in merry mood

PHIL SHAW reports from Stratford-upon-Avon

On the day when one bookmaker shortened the odds against Scotland so much as scoring a goal at Euro 96 from 8-1 to 11-2, their leading marksman was adeptly tucking away his chances in a press conference at their training camp in Shakespeare country.

Ally McCoist, 18 goals to his name from 52 caps, was reminded that he was hardly a merchant of menace during *Italia 90* or *Euro 92*. Did his failure to score in either worry him, his inquisitor pressed, or would he be happy as long as somebody netted for the Scots?

"Individual targets," McCoist began, solemn-faced and apparently about to trot out a platitude, "aren't important compared with the team's needs." As we dutifully scribbled, he added: "I'm sure you've all heard that rubbish before," and then dissolved into laughter.

Earlier, when Craig Brown shook his head in mystified denial of an alleged collision in training between Scotland's goalkeepers, the Rangers striker nodded encouragement to the assembled scribes. Out of the manager's line of vision, McCoist mimed blood spurting from head wounds like Marcel Marceau acting out a gory scene from a Sam Peckinpah movie.

Andy Goram and Jim Leighton were, it transpired, in fine fettle. Only one player, Eoin Jess, missed yesterday's sessions after reporting a thigh strain. However, the Coventry midfielder is expected to be available when Scotland - rated as 15th favourites at 80-1 to win the tournament - open against the Netherlands at Villa Park on Monday.

Brown, who will delay naming his side until an hour before the match, was unfazed by reports that Patrick Kluivert, the Dutch striker, may not be fit. "Whether he plays or not, we'll be prepared," he said. "Alex

Miller [assistant manager] and I saw them play very well without him against the Republic of Ireland, and anyway, whoever came in would have more experience."

Colin Hendry was more concerned that Scotland would have what he considered the psychological advantage of occupying Villa's Holte End. He also joined McCoist and Gary McAllister, the captain, in signing Uefa's "Fair Play Pledge". Noting that Hendry appeared to hesitate before obliging, another of the Scottish entourage suggested he was worried it might be a legal and binding document.

Over at St Albans, the mood in the Dutch camp was more sombre. After the blow of losing Frank de Boer at a late stage, and the doubts over Kluivert, Guus Hiddink, the Netherlands coach, will now have Peter Hoekstra and Phillip Cocu under treatment for ankle injuries as he travels to join Brown in watching today's opening game at Wembley.

Prepare for some aerial bombardment

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All eyes on man with Italian plan

Guy Hodgson hears how Arrigo Sacchi hopes to avoid the horrors of 1966

1966 might have been a good year for English football, in Italy they think back 30 years and shudder. Indeed, if precedent at major football tournaments in this country is anything to go by, Arrigo Sacchi might as well prepare his resignation speech now.

Arriving in Teesside as one of the favourites for the World Cup 30 years ago, the Italians departed in disgrace after losing to North Korea in the group matches. They tried to sneak back home at night but were ambushed by supporters at Genoa Airport and pelted with tomatoes. The players were caught red-handed, red faced and just about red everything by the time the supply of missiles had been exhausted.

Sacchi hardly expects the tomato treatment again, although it can be assured that the Italians are more than delighted to be in the north-west for Euro 96 rather than the north-east of their 60s shame. Nevertheless, his position is less secure than you would imagine, considering he got the Italians to the World Cup final two years ago.

"The ability to invent has become a sin," one of his critics wrote recently. "Sacchi wants players to run and run all the time; the imaginative flair could be drowned in a glass of water."

So far that water has had a duck's back effect on the Italian coach, who declined to pick Roberto Baggio and Gianluca Vialli for a group that also includes Germany, Russia and the Czech Republic. "This team can win the tournament," he said. "There is no doubt about that. But we are in a strong group and anything could happen."

Yesterday the Italian squad all sharp clothes and sharper attitudes – was let loose for the media at the Alsager training ground in Cheshire. Or rather one of them were, the likes of

Paolo Maldini, Dino Baggio, Fabrizio Ravanelli and Alessandro Del Piero preferring to let others do the talking.

Instead Parma's Gianfranco Zola, the man credited with keeping Roberto Baggio out of the squad in the qualifiers, was left to do the duty. Of course he felt Italy would do well, he said, but his attention was on English football.

"I watch it every week on television," Zola, who was born the month following Italy's débâcle in England 30 years ago, said. "When Faustino Asprilla came over here, I took a particular interest. I was keen to watch his progress."

He said he believed that Vialli would do well with Chelsea and even imagined he might follow his compatriot into the Premiership in a few years' time when his credentials were shot to pieces with a chance remark. Asked which English players impressed him – and it might have been the translator who let him down here – he replied: "I obviously know about Platini... but also Cantona."

The Juventus goalkeeper, Angelo Peruzzi, brought everyone back to reality with a crash, implying the Italians' opening match against Russia at Anfield on Tuesday might be less than a feast. "We will try to stop them with an offside trap," he said. "We want to stop them before they get near the penalty area."

That trap will receive its final honing against a team of Stoke City youngsters behind closed doors at the Victoria Ground tonight. Then it will be time for the Italians to justify their billing.

"We have not won anything since the World Cup in 1982," Milan's Demetrio Albertini said. "And people are impatient. No one is more aware of that than Sacchi."

Caminero kept in dark over team selection

Luis Caminero may have owed crucial to Atletico Madrid's domestic championship season, but he may not see Spain's starting line-up for tomorrow's Group B match against Bulgaria.

The influential midfielder is all aware that the Spanish coach, Javier Clemente, prefers keep his players guessing as his team selection, yet Caminero's chances have been diminished following his clarification that he wishes to leave Atletico.

Caminero, a key member of Spain's 1994 World Cup side, is not included in the first three line-ups in the past three matches. However, Caminero shrugged off suggestions that his problems with Clemente were affecting his form at Atletico for Euro 96, that's already over, he said, and not interested in anything

Spain v Bulgaria
Tomorrow, Eland Road
2.30pm

except thinking about the national team.

Caminero rates Spain as one of four favourites for the title, along with Germany, England and France. "There are several teams with good chances but no clear favourite," he said. "We can reach the final if we get that little quota of luck any team needs to become champions."

Javier Manjarin, of Deportivo La Coruña, is the more likely choice on the right side of midfield. Caminero can play on either side but Real Madrid's Jose Amavisca, just back from injury, is vying for the left position. The defence and attack seem settled, however, with Julen Guerrero as a deep lying playmaker and Juan Antonio Pizzi as the sole striker.



England fans rest after their first match in yesterday's six-a-side contest

Photograph: Robert Hallam

Fanfare for the footy fans

When Euro 96 began yesterday, a day earlier than had been expected, England kicked off against a team representing the St John's Ambulance. Bearing in mind England's capacity to inflict injury on people's sensibilities not to mention a couple of aeroplane television sets, this unlikely starting-point appeared entirely reasonable.

Switzerland failed to show, so who better to substitute for the team with the red cross than the ambulance men? At the six-a-side tournament that was the supporters' way of warming up for the real thing, the European Championship Finals which begin at Wembley today when England take on the Swiss, it helped not to take things too literally.

The Turkish side, for example, conveyed accents that owed more to North London than Eastern Europe. And what were Wales doing in Group B? It has been years since they have been anywhere near an international tournament.

Fun, friendship and involvement rather than serious sport were the order of the day at

Trevor Haylett sees the supporters warm up for Euro 96 with their own competition

Middlesex University where the Football Supporters' Association had organised a curtain-raiser designed to bring together the fans from Europe who have journeyed to England for the big event.

Not every team could make it, which explains the presence of some unlikely names including the St John's who are the FSA's chosen charity. The format was similar to Euro 96 with a plate competition for the group losers. That way Scotland could avoid their traditional early exit.

Early on, England were clearly under the influence of Gazza, Flatty and the rest – though they hurriedly pointed out they had not just arrived by plane. Despite having most of the game they drew 0-0 against the stretcher-bearers. Terry Venables would know that particular feeling.

Next they had to face the Scots, or at least a team of one genuine Scot, Andy Strachan Miller, one boasting a Scottish

grandfather and four English makeweights. Initially they had struggled to get a team at all.

"We had a lot of people who just turned up looking for a game," the FSA's Val Jones said. "They said that they were quite happy to be Turkey or Croatia, but Scotland? They said they're rather not."

Scotland's lack of preparation showed. They had not trained up for the day and that went for most of the others. As a relentless sun roasted aching limbs the pace dropped appreciably, though England continued to cling along nicely.

Against the odd enemy Adi Mowles' penalty put them on the way to victory. "That's definitely the highlight of my international career, which began at 10 o'clock this morning," he joked. "It's been a great day. The people involved here are not the hooligan type. This kind of thing can't do any harm at all."

Russia were an interesting

team, the best organised according to the FSA and the genuine article, composed of fans who had come over to England especially for the Championship. The same went for Germany, while the Bulgarian Embassy were called on to round up a side of their countrymen domiciled here.

Igor Petruhin, a Moscow sports shop assistant, has taken advantage of a friendship forged with a Newcastle fan during the 1992 tournament in Sweden to give himself a northern base from where he will take in Russia's group games. "Much has been made about the hooligan problem, but this event shows the friendship that exists between fans from all nations," he said.

The French, half a dozen French students at the university, had local knowledge on their side. They also had youth as well as Gallic flair, which was enough to see off England in the final. "Just like the real final in three weeks' time at Wembley," smiled match-winner Gauthier Legros. It's not just Eric Cantona who is showing the English how to play.

Uhrin ready to subtract three from six

Dusan Uhrin, the Czech Republic coach, kept his squad guessing yesterday when he said that three positions still had to be filled for tomorrow's opening Group C match against Germany at Old Trafford.

Uhrin named six players in contention for the vacancies – Michal Horak or Václav Nemecek in defence, Martin Frydek or Patrik Berger in midfield and Karel Poborsky or Radek Drulak in attack.

With his first-choice goalkeeper, Petr Kouba, definitely fit after sitting out Thursday's warm-up match against the

Czech Rep v Germany
Tomorrow, Old Trafford
5.0pm

Lancashire non-League club Bamber Bridge, which the Czechs won 9-1, Uhrin knows the rest of his line-up. However, he admitted that his selection might be influenced if he hears who is playing for Germany before the Czechs' final training session tomorrow, after which he will announce his side.

It will be a major surprise if Berger does not play. The Borussia Dortmund man was

the leading Czech scorer in the qualifiers with six goals in eight games, he is also one of five players in the squad who play in the Bundesliga and is therefore well aware of Germany's strengths and weaknesses.

The Czech striker, Pavel Kuka, of Kaiserslautern, expects to be marked by Berger's Borussia Dortmund club-mate Jürgen Kohler, of whom he said: "He's one of the best defenders in the world."

Germany's main injury problem is their midfielder Mario Basler, who flew back to Munich yesterday for treatment on

an ankle injury. It is believed that Basler picked up the problem before his country's 9-1 warm-up hammering of Liechtenstein in Mannheim on Tuesday, but he seemed to have shaken off the problem, playing 45 minutes before being substituted.

Berti Vogts, Germany's coach, said: "He may have aggravated the injury when he clashed with Oliver Kahn in the game, but he didn't report anything to me until yesterday when it swelled up." Like Uhrin, Vogts is not expected to name his team until tomorrow.

Premiership gets tough with agents

Football agents have been told they must be licensed next season to deal in Premier League transfers. Premiership clubs took the step at their annual general meeting in Coventry yesterday.

Fifa, the game's world governing body, has already introduced its own code of conduct for agents and now the Premier League clubs have extended that charter into their own rule book.

"Agents must be licensed from the start of next season and the Premier League will be running and administering that system," said a spokesman.

"There will be an application fee and it will be at the discretion of the Premier League Board as to who gets a licence. And agents will have to agree to conduct themselves in an ethical and professional manner and act for only one party in all transactions."

The Premiership also decided to tighten up on the large television screens which have been erected at several grounds, including north London rivals Arsenal and Tottenham.

Both clubs screened instant action but a League spokesman said: "It was agreed that clubs cannot in future relay coverage of the game currently being played without prior written consent of the Board."

TV money highlights club divide

PETER LANSLEY

Nationwide League clubs last night admitted they have reached the edge of an unbridgeable gap following Sky's £670m investment in the Premiership as the top clubs offered politically correct assurances over how they plan to spend their pocket money.

The Crystal Palace chairman, Ron Noades, a last-gasp play-off volley away from the Premiership, is now even more piqued the First Division spurned a joint television partnership with the top-flight clubs last December. At the basement end Mike Bateson, chairman of Torquay United, acknowledged the 72 Football League clubs are now completely reliant on "any small crumbs" the Premiership cares to offer.

David Dein, Arsenal's vice-chairman, spoke altruistically of the Premiership's responsibilities but in truth the top clubs are here to stay and the rest can look after themselves.

"The Nationwide League clubs are left with a major problem," said Geoffrey Richmond, chairman of newly-promoted First Division Bradford City. "The gap, already vast, comes close to being unbridgeable."

Bateson added: "Good luck to them. The gap's well set and can now only continue to grow wider. It is always possible the Premier clubs may get interested in Football League clubs' youth development policies and if they could scatter the odd £10 or £15m in our direction we'd be very grateful."

The Premiership's bounty will start falling from the Sky at the start of 1997/98 at an average annual income of £8m per club over four years. Taking into account BBC's £73m offering over the same period, ensuring Match of the Day lives on, the top 20 clubs will be sharing £186m a year, almost four times their current yield.

Dein said: "These are very exciting times for football. Attendances are up and it's flattering

the television companies are prepared to throw so much money at our game. Now football has got to be very careful how that extra income is disposed. Clubs are going to be evaluating their youth policies and further improving stadiums to make sure that fans benefit. It's very important that the money is used wisely and that it shouldn't just go on inflated transfers."

Bateson pointed out that the full impact of the Bosman ruling may delay transfer mania, while Richmond forecast that the players' wages that in the Football League alone have doubled in five years (from £45m in 1991/92), will benefit most. "I don't think there's a way off this conveyor belt," he said. "Despite all this money, the clubs won't ultimately be any better off – the whole lot will end up with the players."

Noades' angst at missing out on the higher slice is augmented by the fact his lead to jump aboard the Premiership's gravy train last year was frustrated by the Football League's Management Committee who instead opted for Sky's on-the-table offer of £125m over five years.

Noades said: "We warned them when they signed with Sky and ITV that they'd be much better off going on a percentage basis with the Premier League, that we shouldn't be selling our product independently. The present deal just announced would have been worth £37m a year to us as against the £25m we're getting."

His chagrin was however tempered by his belief the new Sky deal will make the Premiership the best league in the world. "It's marvellous for British football because it will enable the Premier League to attract the best players in the world – not only the ageing masters but the best of the young players."

Not that they are likely to be heading for Crystal Palace, who are established among a gang of perhaps six "pendulum" clubs set to be thrashing it out for promotion and relegation on an alternate basis.

CHAMPIONSHIP COUNTDOWN No 13 Czech Republic

Czechs could be surprise package

Unlike their eastern European rivals Bulgaria and Romania, who made their reputations at UEFA 94, the Czech Republic arrive on these shores unburdened by great expectations. They are, after all, in what has been quaintly dubbed the "Group of Death" along with Germany, Italy and Russia, and few expect them to survive.

But, also unlike Bulgaria and Romania, the Czechs have a mostly young team, they are still developing and improving, and are not over-reliant on big-name players who may be past their best. Almost certainly, there will be a shock result or two somewhere in this Championship, and it could be the Czechs who deliver.

They have a pedigree in this tournament – or, rather, the old nation of Czechoslovakia did, winning the 1976 Championship by beating West Germany on penalties in the final. Few quality players were lost when the Slovaks went their separate way in 1993, and the Czechs proved their worth as an independent footballing nation by topping a qualifying group that included the Netherlands and Norway.

Consistency, though, is a problem. They managed to lose to Luxembourg and draw with Malta in the qualifiers – but they also beat the Dutch and the Norwegians at home and drew away with both. Danny Blind, the Dutch defender, did not quite know what to make of them. "It seems as though they play with a total lack of a tactical system," he said. "In our two games against them I could not discover whether they were playing 5-4-1 or 4-4-2."

Tactics (or the lack of them) are the responsibility of Dusan Uhrin, a canny and pragmatic coach. His team are a mixture of key men playing with overseas clubs and players from the top two Prague sides, Slavia (who reached the semi-finals of the Uefa Cup this year) and Sparta.

In goal, Sparta's Petr Kouba is preferred to Newcastle's Pavel Nedved. The 31-year-old Miroslav Kadlec steadies the

Player to watch



Pavel Kuka (Kaiserslautern)

If the Czechs are to cause a shock, this man will probably do the scoring. Kuka only found the net once during the qualifiers, against humble Belarus, but he has found his form since with five goals in the last four friendly. Quick and direct, he loves running at defenders.

defence, in partnership with the tall, long-haired Jan Suchoparek, a combative central-half who loves to join attacks. In the style of Portugal's Fernando Couto.

A former Slavia player, Patrik Berger is the high hope in midfield. Only 22, he moved to Borussia Dortmund last summer and has come of age as a highly-skilled, confident playmaker who can also score goals. Radek Drulak, a year older than Berger, has only just established himself in the Czechs' starting line-up. Tall and blond, this hard-working midfielder is a good box-to-box player in the Bryan Robson style, who could make a name for himself in England.

Up front, Pavel Kuka may be asked to play as a lone striker. If not, his partner should be Radek Drulak, a 34-year-old journeyman forward with dodgy knees from Petra Dronovice, a village club who reached the Czech Cup final. CZECH REPUBLIC SQUAD: Goalkeepers: Petr Mrazek (Sparta Prague), Pavel Nedved (Newcastle United), Ladislav Mader (Sparta Prague). Defenders: Miroslav Kocisek (Kaiserslautern), Jan Suchoparek (Sparta Prague), Lubos Koubek (Petra Dronovice), Radek Drulak (Sparta Prague), Miroslav Kadlec (Sparta Prague). Midfielders: Jiri Nemec (Sparta Prague), Martin Prochazka, Pavel Berger (Borussia Dortmund), Karel Poborsky, Radek Drulak, Petr Kouba (Newcastle), Miroslav Kadlec (Petra Dronovice), Miroslav Kadlec (Sparta Prague). Forwards: Pavel Nedved (Newcastle), Radek Drulak (Petra Dronovice), Miroslav Kadlec (Sparta Prague), Milan Kocik (Sparta Prague).

Rupert Metcalfe

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TODAY'S FIXTURES

Football
EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP GROUP A
England v Switzerland (3.0) (at Wembley Stadium)
US Cup
Bolivia v Mexico (1.0pm) (at the Cotton Bowl, Dallas)

Rugby Union
FIRST TEST
Australia v Wales (1.0.30pm) (at Bathurst Park, Brisbane)
TOUR MATCH: Scotland (12) v Scotland (13.30pm) (at Murrayfield)

Rugby League
STONES SUPER LEAGUE: Sheffield Eagles v St Helens (8.0) (at Cardiff Arms Park club ground). First Division: Wakefield v Doncaster (6.0). Second Division: South Wales v Cardiff (3.30) (at Cardiff Arms Park club ground).

INTERNATIONAL MATCH: France 13 v Great Britain 20 (1.0) (at Toulouse).

Speedway
7.30 Ladies event
PREMIER LEAGUE: Bradford v Oxford; Swindon v Long Eaton.
CONFERENCE LEAGUE: Middlesbrough v Loughborough; Eastbourne v Ryde (6.45).

Other sports
BOXING: World Bantamweight Championship: Featherweight: Mike Spinks (England) vs Nigel Benn (Ireland) (8.0pm) (at the NEC, Birmingham).
CROQUET: Home Internationals (Southport).
EQUESTRIANISM: Bramham three-day event (Bramham Park, Wetherby).
GOLF: English Open (Forest of Arden, Warwick); Jersey Seniors Open (La Moire).
MOTOR RACING: Formula Three Championship (Oulton Park).
TENNIS: Bournemouth Open.

TOMORROW
Football
EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP GROUP B
Spain v Bulgaria (2.30) (at Old Trafford, Leeds)
GROUP C
Germany v Czech Republic (5.0) (at Old Trafford, Leeds)
GROUP D
Denmark v Portugal (7.30) (at Hillsborough, Sheffield)

Rugby League
STONES SUPER LEAGUE: Halifax v Bradford (8.0); Durham v Warrington (8.30); Wigan v London (9.30); Warrington v Leeds (9.0). First Division: Salford v Salford (12.30); Featherstone v Hull (1.0); Rochdale v Wakefield (3.0); Bradford v Wakefield (3.30); Huddersfield v Huddersfield (3.30); Hull KR v Swinton (3.30); Huddersfield v Wakefield (3.30); Preston v Doncaster (3.30).

American football
WORLD LEAGUE: Scottish Claymores v London Monarchs (1.0) (at Murrayfield, Edinburgh).

Other sports
CROQUET: Home Internationals (Southport).
EQUESTRIANISM: Bramham three-day event (Bramham Park, Wetherby).
GOLF: English Open (Forest of Arden, Warwick); Jersey Seniors Open (La Moire).
MOTOR RACING: Formula Three Championship (Oulton Park).
TENNIS: Bournemouth Open.

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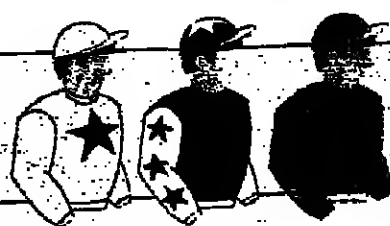
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EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP: Time for talking to stop as Venables' team take on Switzerland at Wembley in opening game

England expect flying start

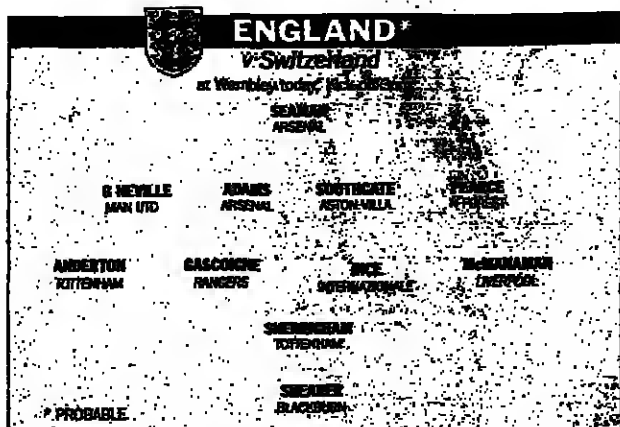
GLENN MOORE
Football Correspondent



By the time England's coach cruises through Wembley's big gates this afternoon, the opening ceremony of Euro 96 will be well under way. On the pitch volunteers will be enacting scenes from the development of the English game, from 500-a-side peasant village matches, to the advent of international football in 1872.

Just two days after the Premiership's better-skilled football received a £743m seal of approval, the national side will attempt to play a different game of the type usually seen on Eurosport rather than Sky. The emphasis will be on passing and possession.

Patience, Venables conceded, will be required, not least because the Swiss may not be as divided as advance reports suggest. "It would be nice to win and entertain but it will be a tight game and we need to be patient," Venables said yesterday. Given a choice he, the bulk of the capacity crowd and all English supporters, will settle for a draw win as long as it is a win. A draw would put immense pressure on England in their remaining games while the consequences of defeat do not bear thinking about. For the tournament too, an England win



Adams certainly sounded like a leader of men yesterday as he spoke about the little things a captain can do to give his side the edge.

That he recalled, is what he did with Steve Bould before Arsenal's European Cup-Winners Cup final in 1994. "Steve likes an omen," Adams said, "so I said to him - you see that, we're playing West Ham the Saturday before the final. Last time we did that we won the final, so we're bound to win now."

Had they played West Ham the previous time? "No, it was all rubbish but Steve didn't know. He played a blinder in the final. Anything to give us an extra edge."

That education is about to be tested. The Swiss are in some disarray but Venables, in an unfortunate choice of phrase, said he did not expect them to "pull over". Adrian Knup, their scorer in the 3-1 Wembley defeat in November, has been left behind but they still have three potent forwards - Kuhlitz, Turkylmaz, Marco Grassi and Stephane Chapuisat, a Bundesliga winner with Dortmund. The possibility of all three playing, and the need to take at least a point from the game, means Venables may opt to start with four defenders. Gareth Southgate would thus fill the floating role, pushing into midfield if the Swiss play with just two up. Paul Ince could then concentrate on nullifying the influence of the coveted Ciriaco Sforza, Switzerland's outstanding player.

However, it is important for England to be positive. Switzerland's weakness is the back. With Marc Haerli suspended, the Swiss are especially vulnerable. McManaman could be a specialist in this area. Venables is loath to lose a player who provides balance on the wing. Les Ferdinand is a threat with a groin strain but is only likely to a substitute. Coaches can have all sorts of ideas on how to bring on three.

Problems mount for unhappy Germany

Injury and problems with training facilities have further disrupted Germany's preparations for Euro 96, which had already been unsettled by defeat against France and apparent discontent in the camp.

Their coach, Berti Vogts, believes tournament regulations will allow him to replace Mario Basler, if the midfield playmaker's ankle injury does not respond to intensive treatment in Munich.

"I am an optimist and I am sure that Mario will be with us. But if he is out - which I must accept is now a possibility - then the rules and regulations allow us to make alterations to the squad until the kick-off of the opening match," Vogts said. Basler's injury posed another problem for Vogts, who was already vexed at having to rearrange his squad's training schedule only a day before Germany take on the Czech Republic at Old Trafford.



England's Nasser Hussain drives away a delivery from Anil Kumble on his way to his maiden Test century in the first Test against Edgbaston yesterday. Last out for 128, he was the mainstay as England built a first-innings lead of 99. Report: Page 27. Photograph: [Name]

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

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T E P E O
VINDICTIVE GOSPE
A R G H H F F
MARTIN LUTHER
U N I T I A L S
LATER INGLETON
E D E O M M E
TAMARIND RYBARI

ACROSS

- 1 X as a letter? (6,4)
- 2 Yard's attention drawn to regular beat at all times? (4,5)
- 3 King or nobleman, back to front? (4)
- 4 Country's lack of progress not for men (6)
- 5 Commenting on laws is very important (9)
- 6 Company shipping back into recent position (6)
- 7 Playing this game could be most useful (8)
- 8 Wireless runs with a current finally put in - it often gets hot (8)
- 9 Rubbish container hard to be found in a bridge (3,3)
- 10 Green gem? You could have same line with red, possibly (8)
- 11 Barry, accepting some work, turned for Balkan city (6)
- 12 No slouch, having taken in capital city (4)
- 13 Proposal to get stuck into swilling ale - becoming this? (9)
- 14 Finish in 23 hours, roughly? (4,2,1,3)
- 15 Sharp artist taken in by swindle? Quite the reverse, quite the reverse (3,6)
- 16 Is a fool self-satisfied? (4)
- 17 Three a good deal shortened by civic dignity (8)
- 18 Servant bidding farewell to it (5)
- 19 Organised leader of church getting in the amount of money? (7)
- 20 A bland grey rock, mostly (2,3,5)
- 21 Diplomacy used by one Conservative as a stratagem (6)
- 22 Symbol of shipwreck - has it been activated in a calm? (6,4)
- 23 Inequality? I fight it, within limits of desirability (9)
- 24 Treads to change, as a result of vehicle trial (4,4)
- 25 Kept up a velocity round middle of ocean, being ocean-going (4,3)
- 26 Father? About to wear trousers, mostly (6)
- 27 Large volume of dictionary, perhaps, has line for "coral island" (5)
- 28 Boy carrying nothing implies this is negligible! (4)

THE FRANKLIN SCRAMBLE Make the longest word you can from TERNAGAD Yesterday's Scramble: MUSKUM

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The first correct solution to this week's puzzle opened next Thursday win a Franklin Bookman Dictionary and Thesaurus worth £100. Answers and the winner's name will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4018, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5BL. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winner was A Lobo, Bradford.

Britain basks in £50m sporting weekend

HUGH BATESON

As the sporting summer swings into high gear today with the start of Euro 96, the Test match, the Derby and the French Open tennis finals, the people wearing the biggest smiles are not likely to be players or spectators but bookmakers, who expect more than £50m to be wagered on the weekend's major action.

"Euro 96 will be Britain's biggest betting event ever, with over £80m staked on the 31 matches," Jan Wassell of Ladbrokes said. "This weekend alone we expect Britons to wager £50m, including £10m on the football and £25m on the Derby."

This is the second year that the Derby has been run on a Saturday, rather than its traditional Wednesday, a controversial move which the bookmakers claim has cost them money. "The race looks particularly exciting this year with so many horses having a winning chance. Having said that, we don't expect the race to achieve the same betting levels as if it were returned to a Wednesday," Wassell said.

In Monday's 24-page sports section

"If all 16 teams were in a league, we'd struggle. But in a small league, with a wee break, we could come through. And with our support we could give anyone a game in a one-off situation"

In this week's Monday Interview, Craig Brown talks to Phil Shaw about Scotland's chances in Euro 96

In tomorrow's Independent on Sunday

Tottenham had just done the Double, but England v Scotland was a different occasion to any club fixture. The atmosphere was electric, and the barrier between the fans was tenuous. Spurs bought Greaves because we played well together for England. I used to get the bumps, and he'd get the bumps. I remember afterwards going for a drink with Dave Mackay and he said "all our goals were due to goalkeeping mistakes. But you can't let the wind slide if you put nine past Scotland"

Bobby Smith is one of five players who reflect on past England v Scotland encounters

COLONY CLUB

ANNOUNCEMENT

Under the provisions of the 1968 Gaming Act, the Colony Club has been granted a Gaming Licence at 24 Hertford Street, London W1D 3NA.

Gaming facilities will include: Roulette, Casino, Mini-Poker, Dice and Roulette.

From the 6th of June 1996

The Colony Club will be open from 12 noon and 4pm, with gaming available from 12 noon and 4pm.

Applications for membership must be made to the Club at least 48 hours prior to the first of gaming, as a condition of the Gaming Licence.

The Colony Club
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